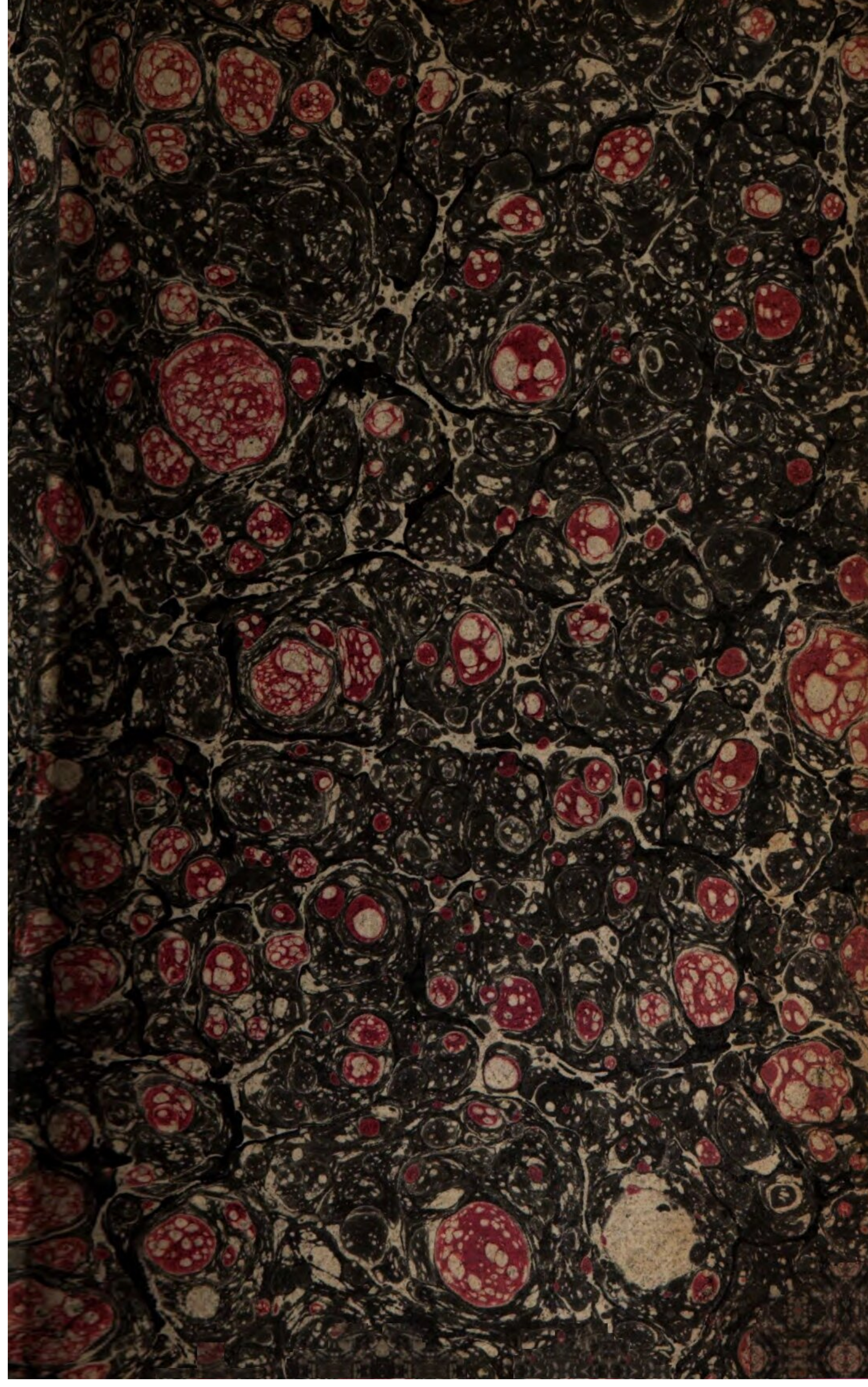
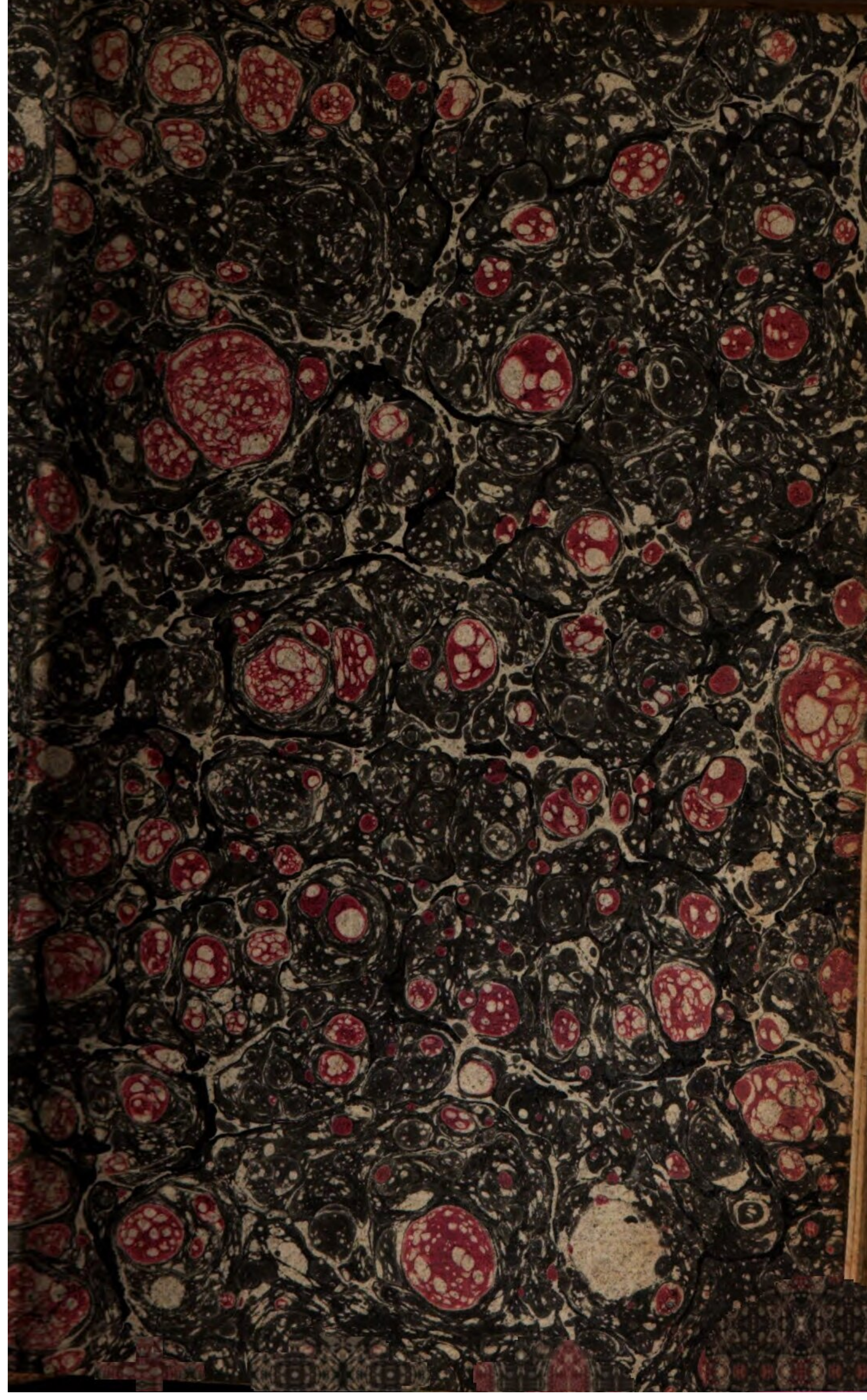












73-4

<36641640580018

<36641640580018

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

Collect. B. L. ang. pag. 4^e

J. NICHOLS'S
SELECT COLLECTION
OF POEMS.
VOLUME IV.

J. NICHOLS

SELECT COLLECTION

OF P O E M S

VOLUME IV.



Engraved by Basire

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:
WITH
NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

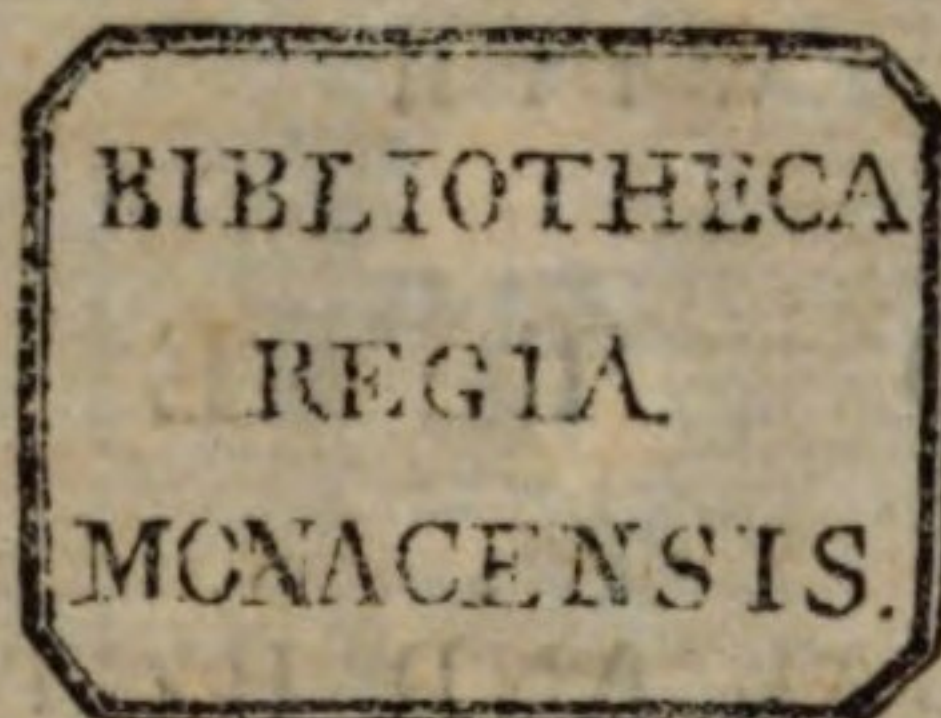
MDCCLXXX.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

P O E M S



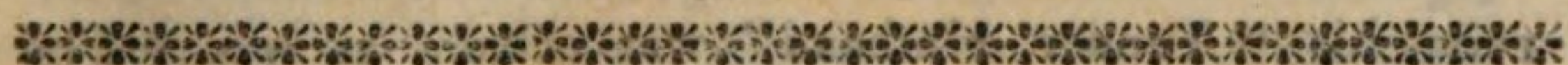
L O N D O N

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,

RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXII.

MISCELLANY
A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANY POEMS.



THE PROCESSION:
ON THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN MARY.

BY MR. STEELE*. 1695.

THE days of man are doom'd to pain and strife;
Quiet and ease are foreign to our life:
No satisfaction is, below, sincere;
Pleasure itself has something that's severe:
But long the fickle, wayward British isle
Its sorrows did with flattering joys beguile;

To

* This distinguished writer, who was a native of Dublin (his father being private secretary to James duke of Ormond), was educated with Mr. Addison at the Charter-house. His inclination taking a military turn, he entered into the guards, where he soon obtained an ensign's commission; and in that station commenced author, by writing his "Christian Hero," printed in 1701, and inscribed to the

To wild excess their frantic humours fly,
 While William's flowing fortunes buoy them high :
 But a chill damp and faintness seize on all,
 By dread Maria's universal fall :

Their

lord Cutts, under whom he served ; and followed in the next year by "The Funeral," a comedy ; which recommended him to the notice of king William, but too late in that monarch's life to be of any use to Mr. Steele. In 1703 his "Tender Husband" was acted ; as was "The Lying Lovers" in 1704. His next appearance as a writer was, in his own words, "in the quality of the lowest minister of state, as gazetteer ;" an office he owed to Mr. Addison's introducing him to the earls of Hallifax and Sunderland. In 1709 he began "The Tatler ;" and was soon after made one of the commissioners of the stamp-office. When he laid down this paper, we are told by Mr. Gay, "his disappearing seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity : every one wanted so agreeable an amusement : "and the coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other news-papers put together. It must indeed be confessed, that never man threw-up his pen under stronger temptations to have employed it longer ; his reputation was at a greater height than, I believe, ever any living author's was before him. It is reasonable to suppose that his gains were proportionably considerable ; every one read him with pleasure and good-will ; and the Tories, in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them. Lastly, it was highly improbable, if he threw off

"a cha-

Their wonted luxury all orders leave,
 With joint consent to be their selves, and grieve.

From distant homes the pitying nations come,
 A mourning world attends her to the tomb :

The

“ a character, the ideas of which were so strongly impressed
 “ in every one’s mind, however finely he might write in any
 “ new form, that he should meet with the same reception.
 “ To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman’s writings,
 “ I shall in the first place observe, that there is this noble
 “ difference between him and all the rest of our polite and
 “ gallant authors : the latter have endeavoured to please the
 “ age by falling-in with them, and encouraging them in
 “ their fashionable vices, and false notions of things. It
 “ would have been a jest some time since, for a man to have
 “ asserted that any thing witty could be said in praise of a
 “ married state ; or that devotion and virtue were any way ne-
 “ cessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ven-
 “ tured to tell the town, that they were a parcel of fops, fools,
 “ and vain coquettes ; but in such a manner, as even pleased
 “ them, and made them more than half-inclined to believe
 “ that he spoke truth. Instead of complying with the false
 “ sentiments or vicious tastes of the age, either in morality,
 “ criticism, or good-breeding ; he has boldly assured them,
 “ that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded
 “ them, with an authority which perfectly well became him,
 “ to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and
 “ good-sense. It is incredible to conceive the effect his
 “ writings have had on the town ; how many thousand fol-
 “ lies they have either quite banished, or given a very great
 “ check to ; how much countenance they have added to

4 MISCELLANY POEMS.

The poor her first and deepest mourners are,
First in her thoughts, and earliest in her care;
All hand in hand with common friendly woe,
In poverty, our native state, they go :

Some,

“ virtue and religion ; how many people they have rendered
“ happy, by shewing them it was their own fault if they
“ were not so ; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced
“ our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of
“ learning. He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of
“ pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of
“ making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the
“ dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables
“ and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the mer-
“ chants on The Change ; accordingly there is not one lady
“ at court, nor a banker in Lombard-street, who is not ve-
“ rily persuaded, that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar
“ and best casuist of any man in England.” In 1710-11, in
concert with Mr. Addison, he set up “ The Spectator ;” a
work, which, as Dr. Johnson observes, “ comprizes precepts
“ of criticism, fallies of invention, descriptions of life, and
“ lectures of virtue ; it employs wit in the cause of truth, and
“ makes elegance subservient to piety : it has now for more
“ than half a century supplied the English nation, in a great
“ measure, with principles of speculation, and rules of prac-
“ tice ; and given Addison a claim to be numbered among
“ the benefactors of mankind.” In 1712-13, Mr. Steele
began “ The Guardian ;” and in 1713, “ The Englishman,”
under which latter title he began a second collection in 1715.
In 1713 he was chosen member for Stockbridge ; but was
expelled March 15, 1713, for some libellous paragraphs in
“ The

Some, whom unfixable errors did engage,
 By luxury in youth, to need in age :
 Some who had virgin vows for wedlock broke,
 And, where they help expected, found a yoke;

Others,

“The Englishman.” — “I am in a thousand troubles for
 “poor Dick,” (says Mr. Addison, in a letter to Mr.
 Hughes, October 12, 1713), “and wish that his zeal for
 “the publick may not be ruinous to himself; but he has
 “sent me word, that he is determined to go on; and that
 “any advice I can give him in this particular will have
 “no weight with him.” Mr. Addison (as the event shewed)
 was too true a prophet. — In the eighth number of “The
 “Englishman,” Oct. 22, 1713, Mr. Steele inserted a letter,
 giving notice that “The Crisis” was then ready for the
 press; and concluding in these words: “The price of this
 “discourse will be but one shilling; and persons who are
 “willing to subscribe for numbers of them, are desired to
 “leave their names and such numbers with Mr. Samuel
 “Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain. I beg the fa-
 “vour of you to insert this in your very next paper; for I
 “shall govern myself in the number I print according to the
 “number of subscriptions.” After the subscription had con-
 tinued open more than two months, “The Englishman,”
 Number 26, Dec. 26, acquainted the public, that, “at the
 “desire of several ladies of quality, the publication of “The
 “Crisis” is put off till the female world have expressed their
 “zeal for the publick, by a subscription as large as that
 “made among the other sex.” This pamphlet at length
 appeared on the 19th of January, 1714. In the revi-
 sal and correction of it, he was assisted by Bishop Hoadly,

6 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Others, who in their want feel double weight
 From the remembrance of a plenteous state;
 There mothers walk, who oft despairing stood,
 Pierc'd with their infants' deafening fobs for food;
 Then

Mr. Addison, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Minshall. — At the end of 1713, Mr. Steele began "The Lover;" and in 1714, "The Reader." In this year he appeared as editor of a volume of Miscellaneous Poems; and wrote "The Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years;" and in 1715, "An Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World." In April that year, he was knighted by king George I; who had before appointed him surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, and governor of the royal company of comedians. In the same year he collected several of his pieces into a volume, under the title of "Political Writings;" and published a paper called "The Town Talk;" in 1718, "An Account of the Fifth Pool;" in 1719, "The Spinster," and "A Letter to the Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage:" and, January 2, 1719-20, began "The Theatre;" a task which seems to have been soon laid aside. In the twenty-eighth number the Author observed, that this paper "was not the product of a mind at ease, but written by a man neither out of pain in body or mind; yet forced to suspend the anguish of both with the addition of powerful men following his ruin, shy looks from his acquaintance, surly behaviour from his domesticks, with all the train of public and private calamity." He took leave of the town with a promise of "printing a new comedy called Sir John Edgar;" and at the same time solicited support in a design by which might

Then to a dagger ran, with threatening eyes
 To stab their bosoms, and to hush their cries;
 But in the thought they stopp'd, their locks they tore,
 Threw down the steel, and cruelly forbore.
 The innocents their parent's love forgive,
 Smile at their fate, nor know they are to live:
 These modest wants had ne'er been understood,
 But by Maria's cunning to be good;

None

might be divided "above ten *per cent.* six times a year." Sir Richard was smartly attacked for "The Theatre" by Mr. Dennis, when he had published six numbers, in a pamphlet called "The Characters and Conduct of Sir John Edgar," the name he had assumed in that publication. (This latter paper, "The Town Talk," and "The Spinster," have not yet been collected into volumes.)—On the 23d of that month, his patent of governor of the royal comedians was revoked; on which he printed a state of the case between the lord chamberlain and himself, computing his loss at almost 10,000 l. He published "The Crisis of Property," Jan. 31, 1719-20; and, "A Nation a Family; being the Sequel of "The Crisis of Property;" or a Plan for the Improvement of the South-Sea Proposal," Feb. 24.—"The Conscious Lovers" was acted with great success in 1722; and the king, to whom it was dedicated, gave him 500 l. Some years before his death, he grew paralytic, and retired to his seat at Llangunner near Caermarthen in Wales; where he died, September 1, 1729. He had been twice married; and his great esteem for his second lady is testified in a dedication to "The Ladies Library."—It appears by his "Reader," May 3, 1714, that he had materials for a

MISCELLANY POEMS.

None on their state now cast a pitying eye,
Hear their complaints, or will their want supply;
They move as if they went (so deep 's their moan)
Not only to her grave, but to their own;
That were relief, but coming days they mourn,
Oppress'd with life, and fearful to return.

With dread concern the awful Senate came,
Their grief, as all their passions, is the same.

History of the war in Flanders; which he proposed to print in folio, but did not execute. These papers afterwards came into the hands of Mr. Mallet; to whom 500 l. was bequeathed by the dutchess of Marlborough, to write the life of her deceased lord. It was intended by the dutchess to have been performed jointly by Mr. Glover and Mr. Mallet, under the immediate inspection of lord Chesterfield: but Mr. Glover resigned the undertaking; and although it is probable that his colleague had the papers directed by the dutchess delivered to him, and it is certain was several years employed about the work (which, he informed the duke of Marlborough in a dedication to his poems, 1762, was so far executed, that he hoped *soon* to present it to him); yet it is said, at the time of Mr. Mallet's death, in April, 1765, he had made but small progress in it.—Sir Richard was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in the pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone; a circumstance alluded to in the following couplet of "The British Cenfor," a satire leveled at Steele, in 1712:

"A Chemist now, whose vain projection broke,

"Was not his sense in part dissolv'd in smoke?"

His Laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London; and is now converted into a garden-house.—See an excellent poetical character of Mr. Steele, in vol. III. p. 77. N.

The

The next assembly dissipates our fears,
 The stately mourning throng of British peers :
 There is each member skill'd, and able known
 For every weighty purpose of a throne ;
 T' adorn or to defend their native isle,
 Or jarring neighbour states to reconcile ;
 But most from Ormond's port our souls we chear,
 And hecatombs expect for every tear :
 For to the foe is certain vengeance sent,
 When heroes suffer, and the brave lament ;
 To one their every character may fall,
 Somers, th' accomplish'd tongue which speaks them all.
 That comprehensive man, unskill'd in nought,
 With all the arts of learn'd assemblies fraught ;
 Ready his wit, his language free and pure,
 His judgement quick and sudden, yet mature ;
 He can their different powers at once dispense,
 So justly is he form'd to speak their sense :
 But now dumb sorrow represents them more
 Than e'er his powerful eloquence before ;
 Though, when his lips with their known sweetness flow,
 The world 's as silent as himself is now.

Now all are past, yon' wondrous man appears,
 We yield to gay distress and comely tears :
 Villiers ! * a name design'd by Nature chief,
 T' invite to joy, or reconcile to grief.
 The grofs of men were to coarse uses born,
 But Heaven made him creation to adorn ;

* Edward baron Villiers of Hoo, and viscount Villiers of Dartford ; created earl of Jersey, Oct. 3, 1697 ; died in August, 1711. N.

With mix'd disturb'd delight by all is seen.
 His moving manner, and his speaking mien;
 Rage, pity, and disdain, at once we trace,
 In the distracted beauties of his face;
 We measure his each step, each motion scan,
 The grief of woman! but the strength of man!
 To such an height his swoln afflictions grow,
 H' inspires the steed he leads * with human woe;
 The generous beast looks back to 's purple side,
 And now laments what was before his pride:
 No more at voice of martial musick bounds,
 He feels new passions as the trumpet sounds;
 Nor knows what power his courage stole away,
 But heaves into big sighs when he would neigh.
 Here at a stand our weary'd sorrow seems,
 Rack'd with new forms, and tortur'd with extremes;

Ere this sad triumph pass'd, we found relief,
 Continued anguish lost the sense of grief;
 But still the chariot fainting force supply'd,
 Anew we all reviv'd, anew we dy'd;
 Grief did all bounds ambitiously deny,
 Swell'd every breast, and melted every eye.
 Lo! Death himself! See him triumphant ride!
 Lo! the grim Being moves with sullen pride;
 His jaws are glutted for th' ensuing year,
 He'll shun our cities, and our armies spare:
 The mourners, plac'd on high with looks deject,
 With down-intended looks our souls direct.

* Lord Villiers was master of the horse to Queen Mary.

N.
Gold,

Gold, purple, tissue, crowns enchant the sight,
And move our grief, that us'd to give delight.
There drowfy gems their nature know no more,
But gather darkness now, as light before ;
There all that 's bright i' th' widow'd world is seen,
Too faint t' express ev'n the departed Queen.

No mortal beauty yet recalls an eye,
The next bright objects pass neglected by ;
But, as the fair-ones march, the lengthening row
Inspires a more familiar kindly woe :
One universal face their passion wears,
But Derby * hides in vain her gushing tears ;
In her, Affliction takes an abject state,
Something so very low, yet very great ;
No single cause so different grief could send,
She weeps as subject, servant, and a friend :
To close the pomp, the fair attendant maids
Appear true angels dress'd like fancy'd shades ;
Their clouded beauties speak man's gaudy strife,
The glittering miseries of human life.

Who that these passing obsequies had seen,
Would e'er believe this were that very Queen ;
That very Queen, whom Heaven so lately gave
A crown, in the same place where, now, a grave !
I see her yet, Nature and Fortune's pride,
A sceptre grac'd her hand, a King her side,

* Elizabeth countess of Derby, eldest daughter of Thomas earl of Ossory, and sister to the great duke of Ormond. The earl of Derby was one of the supporters of the pall. N.

Celestial

Celestial youth and beauty did impart
 Ecstatic vision to the coldest heart :
 We saw her children should succeed her sway,
 And future monarchs round her table play.
 Her people's acclamations rend the skies,
 The echoing firmament returns their cries.
 She, unconcern'd and careless all the while,
 Rewards their loud applauses with a smile ;
 With easy majesty and humble state,
 Smiles at the trifle Power, and knows its date.
 What being prov'd so furiously inclin'd,
 For power each morn assum'd, each night resign'd ?
 So short a period to her glories given,
 The crime of Fate, and the reproach of Heaven !

But to the sacred fane the pomp is led,
 The wide capacious palace of the dead.
 What hands commit the beauteous, good, and just,
 The dearer part of William, to the dust ?
 In her his vital heat, his glory lies,
 In her the Monarch liv'd, in her he dies.
 One was their soul : while he secur'd her rest,
 War's hardships seem'd luxurious to his breast :
 And, he abroad, no peace repose could yield ;
 She felt the distant dangers of the field.
 No form of state makes the great man forego
 The task due to her love, and to his woe ;
 Since his kind frame can't the large suffering bear,
 In pity to his people, he's not here :
 For to the mighty loss we now receive,
 The next affliction were to see him grieve.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE VI.

APPLIED TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY MR. STEELE.

SHOULD Addifon's immortal verfe
 Thy fame in arms, great Prince, rehearfe,
 With Anna's lightning you 'd appear,
 And glitter o'er again in war :
 Repeat the proud Bavarian's fall,
 And in the Danube plunge the Gaul.
 'Tis not for me thy worth to fhew,
 Or lead Achilles to the foe ;
 Describe stern Diomede in fight,
 And put the wounded Gods to flight :
 I dare not, with unequal rage,
 On fuch a mighty theme engage ;
 Nor fully, in a verfe like mine,
 Illuftrious Anna's praife, and thine.
 Let the laborious Epic ftrain
 In lofty numbers fing the man
 That bears to diftant worlds his arms,
 And frights the German with alarms ;
 His courage and his conduct tell,
 And on his various virtues dwell :
 In trifling cares my humble Mufe
 A lefs ambitious tract purfues ;
 Inftead of troops in battle mixt,
 And Gauls with Britifh fpears tranfixt ;
 She paints the foft diftrefs and mien
 Of dames expiring with the fpleen.

From

From the gay noise, affected air,
 And little follies of the fair,
 A slender stock of fame I raise,
 And draw from others faults my praise *.

T O M R. C O N G R E V E †;

OCCASIONED BY HIS "WAY OF THE WORLD."

B Y M R. S T E E L E.

W H E N Pleasure's falling to the low delight,
 In the vain joys of the uncertain fight;
 No sense of Wit when rude spectators know,
 But in distorted gesture, farce and show;
 How could, great Author, your aspiring mind
 Dare to write only to the few refin'd ! Yet,

* As he had at this period distinguished himself by three comedies, and seems here to insinuate that he had a turn for the lighter species of poetry; it is rather surprizing that we have no more of his poems. I imagine, however, that some of the verses by anonymous authors in *this* volume, which are said to be from Mr. Steele's collection, are his own. N.

† To this gentleman Mr. Steele thus inscribed his volume of "Miscellaneous Poems:" "My name, as publisher of the following miscellanies, I am sensible, is but a slight recommendation of them to the publick; but the town's opinion of them will be raised, when it sees them addressed to Mr. Congreve. If the patron is but known to have a taste for what is presented to him, it gives an hopeful idea of the work; how much more, when he is an acknowledged master of the art he is desired to favour? Your just success in the various parts of poetry, will make your approbation of the following sheets a favour to many ingenious gentlemen, whose modesty wants the sanction of such an authority. Men of

Yet, though that nice ambition you pursue,
 'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
 Implicitly devoted to his faine,
 Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful name;
 Though senseless they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
 As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell,
 In every way of writing to excell.

Your

your talents oblige the world, when they are studious to produce in others the similitude of their excellences. Your great discerning in distinguishing the characters of mankind, which is manifested in your comedies, renders your good opinion a just foundation for the esteem of other men. I know, indeed, no argument against these collections, in comparison of any other Tonson has heretofore printed; but that there are in it no verses of yours: that gentle, free, and easy faculty, which also in songs, and short poems, you possess above all others, distinguishes itself where-ever it appears. I cannot but instance your inimitable *Doris*, which excels, for politeness, fine raillery, and courtly satire, any thing we can meet with in any language. Give me leave to tell you, that when I consider your capacity this way, I cannot enough applaud the goodness of your mind, that has given so few examples of these severities, under the temptation of so great applause as the ill-natured world bestows on them, though addressed without any mixture of your delicacy. I cannot leave my favourite *Doris*, without taking notice how much that short performance discovers a true knowledge of life. *Doris* is the character of a libertine woman of condition, and the satire is worked up accordingly: for people of quality are seldom touched

Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
 In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
 Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
 With sweet distress your rural numbers flow;
 Pastora's the complaint of every swain,
 Pastora still the echo of the plain!
 Or, if your Muse describe, with warming force,
 The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse;

touched with any representation of their vices, but in a light which makes them ridiculous. As much as I esteem you for your excellent writings, by which you are an honour to our nation; I chuse rather, as one that has passed many happy hours with you, to celebrate that easy condescension of mind, and command of a pleasant imagination, which give you the uncommon praise of a man of wit, always to please, and never to offend. No one, after a joyful evening, can reflect upon an expression of Mr. Congreve's, that dwells upon him with pain. In a man capable of exerting himself any way, this (whatever the vain and ill-natured may think of the matter) is an excellence above the brightest fallies of imagination. The reflection upon this most equal, amiable, and correct behaviour, which can be observed only by your intimate acquaintance, has quite diverted me from acknowledging your several excellences as a writer; but to dwell particularly on those subjects, would have no very good effect upon the following performances of myself and friends: thus, I confess to you, your modesty is spared only by my vanity, and yet I hope you will give me leave to indulge it yet further, in telling all the world, I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE."

And

And her own William, glorious in the strife,
 Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life :
 You the great act as generously rehearse,
 And all the English fury 's in your verse.

By your selected scenes and handsome choice,
 Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice ;
 You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
 And teach to scorn what else we should admire ;
 The just impression taught by you we bear,
 The player acts the world, the world the player*,
 Whom still that world* unjustly disesteems,
 Though he alone professes what he seems.

But, when your Muse assumes her tragic part,
 She conquers and she reigns in every heart ;
 To mourn with her, men cheat their private woe,
 And generous pity 's all the grief they know ;
 The widow, who, impatient of delay,
 From the town-joys must mask it to the play,
 Joins with your Mourning-Bride's resistless moan,
 And weeps a loss she slighted when her own.

You give us torment, and you give us ease,
 And vary our affections as you please ;
 Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
 To load your friends with cares you only feign ;
 Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?
 But 'tis the only way you 'll e'er deceive.
 Then still, great sir, your moving power employ,
 To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

* " Totus mundus agit histrionem ;" an old theatric motto. N.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL*.

BY MR. STEELE.

WHEN my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid,
 Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
 Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd;
 To my fond eyes she all transparent stood,
 She blush'd, I smil'd at the flight covering flood.
 Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows,
 Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.
 I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,
 Kisses I snatch'd, the waves prevented more.

* With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleas'd with an epigram of Martial, in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators say, it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on that occasion we owe this epigram. STEELE.—See in The Spectator, No. 490, some excellent remarks on this subject. N.

PROLOGUE* TO "LUCIUS,"

A TRAGEDY BY MRS. MANLEY.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE†.

NAT Lee, for buskins fam'd, would often say,
 To Stage-success he had a certain way;
 Something for all the people must be done,
 And with some circumstance each order won;

* See the Epilogue by Prior, English Poets, vol. XXX, p. 271. N.

† To Sir Richard Steele Mrs. Manley inscribed her play. "While common Dedications (she observes) are stuffed with painful panegyricks, the plain and honest business of this, is only to do an act of justice, and to end a former misunderstanding between the author and him whom she here makes her patron. In consideration that one knows not how far what we have said of each other may affect our character in the world, I take it for an act of honour to declare, on my part, that I have not known a greater mortification than when I have reflected upon the severities which have flowed from a pen, which is now you see disposed as much to celebrate and commend you. On your part, your sincere endeavour to promote the reputation and success of this Tragedy, are infallible testimonies of the candour and friendship you retain for me. I rejoice in this public retribution; and with pleasure acknowledge that I find by experience that some useful notices, which I had the good fortune to give you for your conduct in former life with some hazard to myself, were not to be blotted out of your memory by any hardships that followed them." — See the particulars of their disputes in Cibber's Life of Mrs. Manley, and in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

This he thought easy, as to make a treat,
And for a Tragedy gave this receipt.

“ Take me, said he, a princess young and fair,
Then take a blooming victor flush'd with war;
Let him not owe to vain report renown,
But in the ladies fight cut squadrons down;
Let him, whom they themselves saw win the field,
Him to whose sword they saw whole armies yield,
Approach the heroine with dread surprize,
And own no valour proof against bright eyes:
The boxes are your own—the thing is his,
And ladies, as they near each other sit,
Cry, “ Oh! how movingly that scene is writ!”
For all the rest, with ease, delights you'll shape:
Write for the heroes in the pit, a rape;
Give the first gallery a ghost; on the upper,
Bestow, though at that distance, a good supper.
Thus, all their fancies working their own way,
They're pleas'd, and think they owe it to the play.”

But the ambitious author of these scenes
With no low arts to court your favour means;
With her, success and disappointment move
On the just laws of Empire and of Love!

TO CAPTAIN STEELE, ON HIS POETRY,

BY MR. THOMAS BISHOP*.

TILL now, I own, by partial kindness sway'd,
And rashly to a gross mistake betray'd,
I thought our calm retreat and peaceful shade
To Verse alone could lawful title plead.

* M. A. of Wadham College, Oxford, June 26, 1683;
which is all I can find about him. N.

TO CAPTAIN STEELE, ON HIS POETRY. 22

I much admir'd to find a Muse in arms,
Begot in camps, and bred amidst alarms;
I judg'd her like the Hectors of the age,
Whose wit is impudence, and oaths their rage.
The Poets might their favourite God allow,
In peace his tuneful lyre, in war his bow;
But, sure, those jarring instruments to join,
Requires superior force, and power divine.
I freely own my error, since in you
I find the Hero and the Poet too:
By double title you the laurel claim,
And wing your daring flight to endless fame.

MR. BISHOP TO HIS MISTRESS.

PITY, fair Charmer of my soul, those cares
Your faithful slave in his curst absence bears.
Regard the racking tortures of my mind,
And let my sufferings your compassion find.
Not greater are the agonies of death,
When with reluctance we resign our breath;
Scarce could my eyes sustain their latest view,
And my tongue falter'd when I spoke adieu;
A shivering coldness seiz'd on every part,
The vital stream was frozen round my heart;
A stupid dulness did each sense invade,
As though, when you were gone, my soul itself were fled:
Then soon the feverish heat again returns,
And every limb with utmost anguish burns.
Thus some poor banish'd wretch, condemn'd to roam
In countries barbarous and realms unknown,
With longing eyes looks on his native home;

His sad remembrance grieves for pleasures past,
And mourns the joys which he no more must taste.

MR. BISHOP TO A LADY, WHO, IN THE LATE STORM,
JUST LEFT HER CHAMBER BEFORE A CHIMNEY
FELL ON THE BED WHERE SHE LAY,

PARDON, fair Maid, that, to congratulate
Your happy fortune, I dare tempt your hate ;
Permit me in the public joy to share,
Though silenc'd Love no larger part must bear ;
Let me have leave among the rest to come,
That with officious gladness crowd your room.
Blest innocence ! to whom indulgent Heaven
So sure an instance of its love has given,
Whose guardian genius did so gently warn,
To fly from death, and shun approaching harm !
The standing pile could not so well declare
How virgin sweetness is th' Almighty's care ;
But the innoxious ruin does evince
The steady guard of watchful Providence.
Luxurious Death grew proud to pierce the heart,
Where blooming Cupid ne'er could fix a dart ;
But 'twas deny'd his sacrilegious hand
Should with the blood of such a prize be stain'd.
May still new mercies on your dangers wait,
And fresh deliverance stay th' approach of Fate !
With grateful zeal may all your praises flow,
And pay your great Preserver what you owe !

ON

ON AN ENSUING STORM.

BY MR. BISHOP.

O Thou Supreme, whose universal sway
 To all extends whom Nature does obey;
 The sacred dictates of whose powerful will
 Each element does in its course fulfil;
 At whose command the stormy tempests rage,
 To deal thy vengeance on an impious age;
 Let that bright host, who wait in the defence
 Of Virtue, Piety, and Innocence,
 Watch round the mansion of my charming fair,
 And make her safety their peculiar care!
 Or, if you call her to a hasty tomb,
 Let the same sentence seal my worthless doom;
 Unnecessary wish, when she is gone,
 In whom I liv'd, for whom I liv'd alone;
 On Death I need not for assistance call
 A single dart compleats a double fall.

VERSES BY THE SAME,

ON READING "MR. G'S APOLOGY FOR SELF-MURDER*."

A WAY, deluding Fiend, thy counsels cease,
 Nor lull my fancy to a dream of peace.
 Blest Heaven! what images dost thou present?
 What poisonous medicines to restore content?

Thou

* i. e. Gildon's. Charles Gildon, a Dramatic author, and one frequently mentioned in Mr. Pope's works. In the early part of his life he was editor of the posthumous works of Charles Blount, who destroyed himself on account of Love. In the preface to this Collection, Mr. Gildon defends the

Thou bid'st me shun the weight of misery,
 And talk'st how brave a thing it is to die;
 That cowards only fear to tempt their fate,
 And will compound for life at any rate:
 While true heroic valour scorns to live,
 Or, woman-like, to sigh, to whine, and grieve;
 But, urg'd by manly rage and fierce despair,
 Resolves by one bold stroke to end its care,
 And pass the Stygian Lake devoid of fear.

Know, curst Deceiver, all thy arts I see,
 Thy hidden malice, and black treachery.
 Though baulk'd of all the joys on earth I prize,
 Thou shalt not rob me of eternal bliss.
 Know, that I tremble not to lose my breath,
 But dare the most affrighting sense of death,
 And should with swiftneſs act th' advice you gave,
 Were there no prospect left beyond the grave:
 But 'tis the doom that waits the murtherer,
 The dreadful flames reserv'd, create my fear.
 The road of death can't my firm soul dismay;
 But, when it ends in Hell, I quit the way.

Whene'er my glaſs its laſteſt ſand ſhall run
 (Let my ſad woes prevail it may n't be long!)
 Softly may I ſigh out my ſoul in air!
 Stand thou, my pitying Guardian Angel, there!
 Guide and conduct her through the milky way
 To the bright region of eternal day!
 There will her ſorrows find a ſure releaſe,
 Unſullied joys begin, and everlaſting peace.

practice of Suicide, and ſeems to threaten to follow Mr. Blount's example. He lived, however, to entertain better ſentiments; and died Jan. 12, 1724. R.

S O N G.

SONG. BY MR. BISHOP.

WHEN Wit and charming Beauty meet,
 To form an excellence divine,
 I own the conquest is compleat,
 And with a willing joy my heart resign:
 What fool so mad to hope for liberty,
 When chains like yours can make us more than free?
 'Tis true, Eugenia, your fair eyes,
 Had gain'd the conquest long before,
 They made my heart your beauty's prize,
 But now your tongue has added something more.
 Myself your slave by double force I find
 You first attack'd my passions, now my mind.

THE CURE. BY THE SAME.

AT last th' uneasy chain is broke;
 Thanks to my stars, I now am free.
 Destructive Love no longer I obey,
 Nor to his laws my homage pay;
 With courage I despise his yoke,
 And range at liberty.
 How could my flattering fancy hope to find
 A beauteous she without deceit!
 The sex in general is a cheat,
 And why should I expect to meet
 Constant and fair in woman join'd?
 Fool that I was to be deceiv'd!
 And yet with so much art the train was laid,
 In such a pleasing draught the poison was convey'd,
 I with implicit faith believ'd.

How

How charming was each treacherous smile !

What softness did in every look appear !

A credulous heart she might with ease beguile,
Where swelling hopes had left no room for fear.

Oft, on my amorous breast reclin'd,

Her bending head Miranda laid ;

And, while I strove t' unfold my labouring mind,
She kindly listen'd to each word I said.

While eternal love I vow'd,

Her looks approving pleasure shew'd ;

When from her lips I snatch'd a balmy kiss,

Her sighs confess'd, she felt a share of bliss :

Love's kind disguise she with such art put on,

Had she been true she could no more have done.

Here stop, my Muse, and prudently forbear :

The captivating charms no more repeat,

Lest they again ensnare ;

Those Powers thou lately didst adore

Become victorious as before,

And all thy reason's force defeat.

No let her falsehood urge thy keenest spite ;

With bitterest gall and pointed malice write ;

Tell how the Syren practis'd to betray,

With all the wily arts and treachery,

With deep deceit and forgery,

Made thy fond unsuspecting heart her prey.

The hiding veil thrown off, we see

The monster's loath'd deformity ;

No more the gawdy charms can please,

No more the painted beauty strikes our eyes ;

The Music once dissolv'd, the serpent stings lies.

Curst

Curst is the wretch, whoe'er he be,
Whose doating sense, by Love betray'd,
To Beauty is a captive made,
And suffers under female tyranny;
Woman, whose malicious will
Designs his ruin, whose each smile can kill!

If with Woman you compare
The fleeting Wind, the faithless Sea;
Less fantastic these appear,
And but faint emblems of Inconstancy.

Though some doating Poet feign
A Virgin fair, whose flowing wit
And equal judgement in proportion meet,
In whom a thousand graceful Virtues shine,
Like Minerva, all divine,
She too must be the offspring of the brain.

ON CLOE'S PATCHES. BY MR. BISHOP.

SO looks the smiling face of day
In Heaven's gloomy black array
Of inoffensive clouds, that fly
O'er the bright surface of the sky;
From whence appears the purer light,
More splendid by the foil of night.
As Cloe in her patches deckt,
That more divine her charms reflect;
More lovely thus her looks appear,
With sweeter grace and softer air;
So Beauty reconciles extremes,
And brightness shines in jetty beams.

ON HER MASK. BY MR. BISHOP.

AH! happy Mask, that often lies
 A veil o'er Love's blest paradise,
 There keeps each blooming sweet that grows,
 The snowy lily, purple rose!
 Preserve them ever safe, to shew
 How pure by Nature first they grew;
 The sacred store with care maintain,
 Which let no vulgar eyes prophane;
 But, when poor Damon shall appear,
 To charm his mind, and ease his care,
 Then steal, kind Mask, with haste away,
 And all the blissful scene display.

 ODE TO ST. CECILIA*,
 BY THE SAME.

CECILIA, charming Saint! we raise,
 Our souls to thee in songs of praise;
 Fill with seraphic strains our thoughts,
 With Heavenly music tune our notes:
 For none dare speak or sing of thee,
 Unless inspir'd by sacred Harmony. A tune-

* The twenty-second of November, a day appropriated by the calendar of the church of Rome to Saint Cecilia, was religiously observed in most parts of Europe. This lady was eminently beautiful and pious, particularly skilful in music, and a martyr for the Christian faith. Towards the latter end of the last century an entertainment was instituted in commemoration of her, by many of the first rank in this kingdom; which was continued annually for a considerable time. A splendid entertainment was provided at Stationers Hall, which was constantly preceded by a performance of
vocal

A tuneful concert then be made,
Bring in the Lute and Viol to our aid;
The joyful train of instruments command,

Taught by Cecilia's powerful hand.

See how the trembling strings, all, at Cecilia's name,
In grateful notes give back their Music whence it came:

Behold how they rejoice to move, [above.
And celebrate her once abode below, as now her reign
The melancholy Flute forgets to mourn

Forfaken Damon's sad despair;

And all the rising notes return

"Cecilia!" in a brisk and more exalted air.

Tir'd with the rough alarms of war,
The martial Trumpet hither does repair,

Joys with a milder blast to swell,

And on Cecilia's praises dwell;

Joys here a peaceful Saint to yield [field.

Those sounds, due to the fighting hero and the noisy
vocal and instrumental music by the most capital performers.

This feast is represented by Mr. Motteux, in 1691, as "one

"of the genteelest in the world; there are no formalities

"nor gatherings like as at others, and the appearance there

"is splendid." The words, which were always an encomium

on their patroness, were set by Purcell, Blow, and others

of the greatest eminence; and it became the fashion for

writers of all ranks to celebrate Saint Cecilia. Dryden,

Pope, Addison, Yalden, employed their talents on this subject.

We have also Odes to Saint Cecilia by Shadwell, D'Urfey,

and some still more indifferent poets. But we may pardon the

trash which this fertile subject has given birth to, on account

of the excellence of Mr. Dryden's most admirable perform-

ance. It appears by Mr. Motteux that there were, in

1691, "admirable concerts in Charles-street and York-

buildings." N.

And

And the majestic Organ, known
 Cecilia's care and art alone,
 That warms us with divine desires,
 And kindles in our souls seraphic fires ;
 The founding Organ does aspire,
 With its monopoly
 Of tuneful sounds, to pierce the sky ; [choir.
 And join with its own Saint in concert in the heavenly
 Cecilia's sacred memory,
 Whilst Music lives, shall never die ;
 Music, the charming magnet of the whole,
 Of Heaven and Earth the mighty soul !
 Music, that sweetens all our mirth,
 And gives new blooming joys their birth,
 That drives pale sorrow from our breast,
 And lulls our waking cares to rest ;
 Our willing soul resigns to thee,
 Thou tun'st its passions to thy harmony :
 By thee 'tis led at every turn,
 And even joys with thee to mourn ;
 Quick as its thoughts at every sound flies out,
 And hovers o'er the trembling accent of each dying note.

GRAND CHORUS.

To Music and Cecilia's name
 Let every year return the same ;
 Whilst we the praise of both rehearse
 In founding accents, grateful verse ;
 And, in those praises that we give,
 We ourselves shall joyful live.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR, FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

Pardon, great Duke, if Britain's style delights;
 Or, if the Imperial title more invites,
 Pardon, great Prince! the failings of a Muse,
 That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
 Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
 And sing your victories in mournful lays,
 To cast in shadows, and allay the light
 That wounds with nearer rays the dazzled sight,
 Nor durst in a direct and open strain
 Such acts with her unhallow'd notes profane:
 In towering verse let meaner heroes grow,
 And to elaborate lines their greatness owe;
 Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
 Praises no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall Europe, by her Marlborough's sword,
 To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,
 Allow her weary Champion a retreat,
 To his lov'd country and his rising feat?
 Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
 Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys:
 Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
 And in the midst of every triumph fears;
 Betwixt her Queen and You divides her life,
 A Friend obsequious, and a faithful Wife.

Hail, Woodstock! hail, ye celebrated glades!
 Grow fast, ye woods! and flourish thick, ye shades!

Ye

Ye rising towers, for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old Henry come from Gallia's war.
The General's arms as far the King's o'erpower,
As this new structure does surpass the bower.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height,
The painted gardens, in their flowery prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme;
And, if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine;
There live the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in Albion's love and Anna's smiles.

While, from the Godlike race of Churchill born,
Four beauteous Rosamonds this bower adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the place
In charms might vie and every blooming grace;
But, bless'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favour'd by the Queen,
Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of England's Peers.

Thus the great Eagle, when Heaven's wars are o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of Venus burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns;
On some proud tree more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their Sire the generous Eaglets play;
Their Sire, well pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

IMITATED BY MR. FENTON*.

Since the hills all around us do penance in snow,
 And winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us below;
 Since the rivers chain'd-up flow with the same speed
 As criminals move tow'rd's the Psalm they can't read;
 Throw

* Elijah Fenton, descended from an antient family, and born at Shelton, near Newcastle under Line, in Staffordshire, being the youngest of twelve children, was intended by his parents for the ministry. He was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he embraced principles very opposite to the government, by which he became disqualified for entering into holy orders. After quitting the university, he was for some time usher to Mr. Bonwicke, a celebrated school-master at Headley in Surrey; and afterwards became secretary to the earl of Orrery: but how long he remained in that station, we cannot ascertain. After he quitted the service of this noble peer, it was his custom to pay a yearly visit in the country to his brother, who possessed an estate of 1000*l.* per annum. He was a man of great tenderness and humanity, and carried the fairest reputation. After a life at the close of it spent in ease and tranquillity, he died at East-Hampstead-Park, near Oakingham, on the 13th of July, 1730, much regretted by all men of taste, as, what is very singular, having never been obnoxious to the resentment of his brother-poets. He published in 1709 the volume whence this and the following poems of his are taken, under the title of "Oxford and Cambridge Verses," printed for Lintott, without a date. In 1717 he published a volume of his own

Vol. IV. D poems,

Throw whole oaks at a time, nay whole groves on the
 To keep out the cold, and new vigour inspire ; [fire,
 Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,
 But urge and pursue the grand business of drinking.

Come,
 poems, and in 1723 introduced upon the stage his tragedy of
 Mariamæ, built upon the story related of her in the third
 volume of *The Spectator*, which the ingenious author collected
 out of Josephus. He published also a very fine edition of
 the works of Mr. Edmund Waller, illustrated with full and
 useful notes of his own ; and wrote a *Life of Milton*, which
 Dr. Johnson very handsomely commends. Mr. Fenton was
 much beloved and esteemed by Mr. Pope, who honoured
 him with an epitaph. The "Oxford and Cambridge Verses"
 were thus inscribed to Lionel earl of Dorset and Middlesex :

"My Lord, I hope, on your return from having been ad-
 mired in foreign Courts to adorn our own, you will not be
 surprized with a privilege the Poets assume, of being trouble-
 some to persons of your rank. But they have more particu-
 larly applied themselves to your Lordship's family ; in which
 a continued race of Genius has both advanced their art, and
 encouraged its professors. We owe the rise of our English
 Tragedy to one of your Lordship's ancestors, who fixed us
 second to the Greek stage before Shakespeare wrote. And,
 my Lord, your father came the nearest of all the moderns to
 Horace, in the sweetness and gallantry of his Lyrics, and
 equalled him in Satire. Thus the stream flows pure in its
 descent, to receive a farther increase from your Lordship. We
 read of a Scipio and a Mæcenæ, who used to soften the trou-
 ble some honours of state by conversing with the Muses ; and
 cherished those arts of which they themselves were masters :
 yet as single instances of this kind are not frequent, so the

Come, pierce your old hogheads, ne'er stint us in sherry,
For this is the season to drink and be merry ;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold weather.
We'll have no more of business; but, friend, as you love
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us. [us,

vein is very seldom found to have continued a second generation. But, in your Lordship's line, Nature seems industrious to preserve the genius of Poetry, by successively uniting delicacy of taste, and brightness of wit, with the greatest abilities for council and action. Thus she reconciles the Seasons in her most generous productions, by allowing them to bear Fruit and Blossoms together, and both in perfection. These shining qualities made your Father the delight and wonder of his age; and had he not survived himself in your Lordship, he had been the envy of ours. The praises which he received from the most refined Wits of our nation have proved real prophecies of you; and it is with pleasure we foresee that posterity, to deserve the highest characters, will form themselves on the model of your family, and copy from my Lords of Dorset as the finest originals. But, my Lord, I am afraid I shall forfeit all hopes of your patronage, by violating your modesty; and therefore I only beg leave to add, that as the Cabinet and the Field have been happily supplied, to render her Majesty's reign, at least, a rival to her Virgin-predecessor's; so, to complete the parallel, it was necessary that you, my Lord, like another Sidney, should arise, to receive the softer arts into your protection; to excite the young Writers of this age to attempt those actions in verse, which will shine so fairly distinguished in our British story. My Lord, I am
Your Lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

E. FENTON."

Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour remains,
 And active brisk blood does enliven your veins,
 Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,
 Let your friend have the day, and your mistress the night:
 In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
 The night for intriguing was ever design'd;
 Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a shade,
 Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid:
 All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful sinner,
 Such a trespass is venial in any beginner; [her,
 But remember this counsel, when once you have met
 Get a ring from the fair-one, or something that's better!

CATULLUS, EPIG. V.

TRANSLATED BY MR. FENTON.

LET's live, my dear, like Lovers too,
 Nor heed what old men say or do.

The falling sun will surely rise,
 And dart new glories through the skies.
 But when we fall, alas! our light
 Will set in everlasting night.

Come then, let mirth and amorous play
 Be all the business of the day.

Give me this kiss—and this—and this!

A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss

Till we ourselves cannot express,

Nor any lurking spy confess

The boundless measure of our happiness.

CLAU-

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

BY MR. FENTON.

HAppy the man who all his days does pass
 In the paternal cottage of his race ;
 Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
 Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
 This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
 It saw his birth, shall see his burial too ;
 Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
 Are things experience never taught him yet.
 Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
 Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.
 Free from all anxious interests of trade,
 No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head :
 He never battle's wild confusions saw,
 Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
 A stranger to the town and town-employs,
 Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise ;
 He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
 Nor does the year by change of consuls know,
 The year his fruit's returning seasons show ;
 Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees,
 In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
 The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
 Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
 Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
 Whose tender fetts his infancy beheld.
 Of distant India, Erythræan shores,
 Benacus' lake, Verona's neighboring towers,

(Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,
 Alike believes them, and with like regard.
 Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
 The health and vigour of their brawny fire.
 The spacious globe let those that will survey,
 This good old man, content at home to stay,
 More happy years shall know, more leagues and
 countries they.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

BY MR. FENTON.

Would you, my friend, in little room express

The just description of true happiness;

First set me down a competent estate,

But rais'd and left me by a parent's sweat;

('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get:)

Not large, but always large enough to yield

A chearful fire, and no ungrateful field.

Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,

And rarely pester'd with a town-employ.

Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear,

A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear

As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,

And neither weak nor boorishly robust.

Nor fool nor knave, but innocently wise;

Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice:

But suited to my humour and degree,

Not nice, but easily pleas'd, and fit for me:

So let my board and entertainments be.

With

With wholesome homely food, not serv'd in state,
 What tastes as well in pewter as in plate.
 Mirth and a glass my chearful evenings share,
 At equal distance from debauch and care.
 To bed retiring, let me find it blest
 With a kind modest spouse and downy rest.
 Pleas'd always with the lot my fates assign,
 Let me no change desire, no change decline;
 With every turn of Providence comply,
 Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

H O R A C E, B O O K III. O D E III.

B Y M R. F E N T O N.

AN honest mind, to Virtue's precepts true,
 Contemns the fury of a lawless crew:
 Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
 And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands.
 Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,
 He braves th' Almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
 If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
 Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world;
 Undaunted he the mighty crash would hear,
 Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.

Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
 Were by such acts among the Gods enroll'd,
 Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
 By all the immortal deities carefs'd;
 He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,
 And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.

This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
 Dragging the car that bore their jolly God,
 Who fix'd in Heaven his crown and his abode.
 Romulus by Mars through this blest path was shown,
 And 'scap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
 In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,
 And gain'd the mansions of eternal day;
 For him ev'n Juno's self pronounc'd a word
 Grateful to all the etherial council-board.

O Ilion ! Ilion ! I with transport view
 The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew :
 Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
 To that curst shepherd, that incestuous judge ;
 Nay, ev'n Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
 And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
 But now the painted strumpet and her guest
 No more are in their pomp and jewels drest ;
 No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy.
 Priam is now become an empty ghost,
 Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
 The God of Battle now has ceas'd to roar,
 And I, the Queen of Heaven, pursue my hate no more.
 I now the Trojan Priestess' son will give
 Back to his warlike Sire, and let him live
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
 Ambrosia and the nectar's heavenly juice ;
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
 And wear the easy order of the Gods.
 In this blest state I grant him to remain,
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the main ;

While

While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
And let the capitol triumphant stand,
And all the tributary world command.
Let awful Rome, with seven refulgent heads,
Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend
Her mighty name to shores without an end;
Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil
From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by despising gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mold.
To be the wicked instrument of ill,
Let sword and ruin every country fill,
That strives to stop the progress of her arms;
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms;
But where the fields in endless winter lie,
Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.
But yet on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans happy destiny;
That, when they universal rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy:
For then all ugly omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
Ev'n I myself a second war will move,
Ev'n I the sister and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall,

Sack'd

Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
 The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
 And mourn their children and their husbands slain. }

But whither would'st thou, soaring Muse, aspire!
 To tell the counsels of the Heavenly choir?
 Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
 To sing in humble notes such mighty things:
 No more the secrets of the Gods relate;
 Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.

THE ROSE. BY MR. FENTON.

SEE, Sylvia, see, this new-blown rose!

The image of thy blush,
 Mark how it smiles upon the bush,
 And triumphs as it grows.

“Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,”

Thou say'st. Alas! 'twill then be gone.

Now its purple beauty's spread,

Soon it will droop and fall,

And soon it will not be at all;

No fine things draw a length of thread.

Then tell me, seems it not to say,

Come on, and crop me whilst you may?

EPIGRAM, OUT OF MARTIAL.

BY THE SAME.

Milo's from home; and, Milo being gone,
 His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son:

Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?

The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

ODE.

ODE. BY MR. FENTON:

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

THE man that's resolute and just,
 Firm to his principles and trust,
 Nor hopes nor fears can blind:
 No passions his designs control,
 Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.
 Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Not threatenings of a court enrag'd,
 Nor storms where fleets despair:
 Not thunders pointed at his head;
 The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
 Not touch his soul with fear.
 From this the Grecian story rose,
 By this the Romans aw'd their foes,
 Of this their poets sing:
 These were the paths the heroes trod,
 These arts made Hercules a God,
 And great Nassau a king.
 Firm on the rolling deck he stood
 Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
 With blackening storms combine:
 "Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way,
 The winds may for a while delay,
 Not alter our design.

The

The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
Or vanity allures to fame,

May be to fears betray'd:

But here a Church for succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,

And loudly calls for aid.

Yes! Britons, yes! with ardent zeal
I come, the wounded heart to heal,

The wounding hand to bind.

See, tools of arbitrary sway,

And priests, like locusts, scour away

Before the Western wind.

Law shall again her force resume,

Religion clear'd from clouds of Rome

With brighter rays advance:

The British fleet shall rule the deep,

The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,

Strike terror into France.

Nor shall these promises of Fate

Be limited to my short date,

When I from care withdraw;

Still shall the British sceptre stand,

Shall flourish in a female hand,

And to mankind give law.

She shall domestic foes unite,

Monarchs beneath her flag shall fight,

Whole armies drag her chain:

She shall lost Italy restore,

Shall make th' imperial Eagle soar,

And give a king to Spain.

But

But know, these promises are given,
These great rewards impartial Heaven

Does on these terms decree;

That, strictly punishing men's faults,
You let their consciences and thoughts
Rest absolutely free.

Let no false politicks confine

In narrow bounds your vast design

To make mankind unite;

Nor think it a sufficient cause,

To punish men by penal laws,

For not believing right.

Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind,

Rome's sons shall your compassion find,

Who ne'er compassion knew:

By noble actions theirs condemn;

For what has been reproach'd in them

Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

These subjects suit not with the lyre:

Muse, to what heights dost thou aspire,

Pretending to rehearse

The thoughts of Gods and God-like kings?

Cease, cease to lessen lofty things

By mean ignoble verse.

TO THE HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE.

A FRAGMENT*; BY MR. PRIOR.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
 At objects in an airy height;
 But all the pleasure of the game
 Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
 The joy consisted in the strife;
 Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
 In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
 We taste what waking we desire,
 The dream is better than the drink,
 Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's-eye things well appear,
 At distance through an artful glass;
 Bring but the flattering objects near,
 They're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes:
 Then what avails it to have eyes?
 From ignorance our comfort flows,
 The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death,
 This cheat of life would take no more;
 If you thought fame but stinking breath,
 And Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

* See the five first stanzas of this poem in the English Poets, vol. XXX. p. 46. The conclusion, as there printed, differs materially from this, which is the original, and was first printed in 1692. N.

A P O L O G Y T O A L A D Y,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER
HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR*.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

F A I R Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before ;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange Deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers ;
And many thousand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there ;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air !

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore ;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more !

* By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have ascribed them. N.

AGAINST

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

BY MR. PRIOR.

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay ;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Despair'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of any saint above,
E'er thought his Goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful dame look'd down
With an insulting pride ;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
“ Use more prevailing charms,
Fond, whining, modest fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart ;
The lips he warmly must invade,
Who would possess the heart.”

With that I shook off all my fears,

My better fortune try'd ;
And Cynthia gave what she for years
Had foolishly deny'd.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN
IN THE SPRING. BY THE SAME.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
With folded arms and eyes cast down,
Gently repos'd his love-sick head :
Whilst Thyrsis, sporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the discontented youth complain :

“ Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
Faintly recline their drooping heads ;
As fearful of approaching showers,
They strive to hide them in their beds,
Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
And feel with him a sympathy of woe.

Chloris will go ; the cruel fair,
Regardless of her dying swain,
Leaves him to languish, to despair,
And murmur out in sighs his pain.
The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
To make new slaves, and gain new victories.

So restless monarchs, though possess'd
Of all that we call state or power,
Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
Vainly ambitious still of more.
Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
Not satisfy'd with private sway at home.”

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY,
THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE*, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR.

“In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant :

“In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant.”

A LADY once (so stories say)
By Rats and Mice infested,
With gins and traps long fought to slay
The Thieves; but still they scap'd away,
And daily her molested.

Great havock 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her :
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of Cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The Vermin back retreated ;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of Mice he daily flew,
Thousands of Rats defeated.

* The hints of this and the following Fable appear to have originated from “The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats,” printed in “The General Postscript,” Nov. 7, 1709. They have both been ascribed to Dr. Swift. N.

Ne'er

Ne'er Cat before such glory won,
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all Cats out-shone,
And in his Lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone;
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite Lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, she swears she won't,
To see the Cat regarded;
But firmly is resolv'd upon 't,
And vows, that, whatsoe'er comes on 't,
She'll have the Cat discarded.

She begs, she storms, she fawns, she frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pett,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the Rats destroy'd.

At length this spiteful Waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite Cat's a victim made,
To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now Lap-dog is again restor'd
Into his Lady's favour;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so Nab has given her word)
Shall from all Vermin save her.

Nab much exults at this success,
 And, overwhelm'd with joy,
 Her Lady fondly does caress,
 And tells her, Fubb can do no less
 Than all her foes destroy.

But vain such hopes; the Mice that fled
 Return, now Grim's discarded;
 Whilst Fubb till ten, on silken bed,
 Securely lolls his drowsy head,
 And leaves cheese unregarded.

Nor Rats nor Mice the Lap-dog fear,
 Now uncontrol'd their theft is:
 And whatsoe'er the Vermin spare,
 Nab and her Dog betwixt them share,
 Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
 At once, and slander grim;
 Nab says, the Cat comes out of spight
 To rob her Lady every night,
 So lays it all on him.

Nor corn secure in garret high,
 Nor cheesecake safe in closet;
 The cellars now unguarded lie,
 On every shelf the Vermin prey;
 And still Grimalkin does it.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
 No bags to market go:
 Complaints came from the Dairy-maid,
 The Mice had spoil'd her butter trade,
 And eke her cheese also.

With

With this same Lady once there liv'd
 A trusty Servant-maid,
 Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
 Fearing her Lady was deceiv'd,
 And hasten'd to her aid.

Much art she us'd for to disclose
 And find out the deceit;
 At length she to the Lady goes,
 Discovers her domestic foes,
 And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the sense of her mistake,
 The Lady, discontented,
 Resolves again her Cat to take,
 And ne'er again her Cat forsake,
 Lest she again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT; A FABLE*.

A WIDOW kept a favourite Cat,
 At first a gentle creature;
 But, when he was grown sleek and fat,
 With many a Mouse, and many a Rat,
 He soon disclos'd his nature.

The Fox and He were friends of old,
 Nor could they now be parted;
 They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
 Devour'd the Lambs, the fleeces sold;
 And Pufs grew lion-hearted.

* In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII. 454, this Fable is said to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519, where it is *applied* to the duke of Marlborough, it is said to be by Swift or Prior. N.

He scratch'd her maid, he stole the cream,
 He tore her best lac'd pinner ;
 Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
 Nor Chick, nor Duckling, 'scapes, when Grim
 Invites the Fox to dinner.

The Dame full wisely did decree,
 For fear he should dispatch more,
 That the false wretch should worried be ;
 But in a faucy manner he
 Thus speech'd it like a Lechmere* :

“ Must I, against all right and law,
 “ Like Pole-cat vile be treated ?
 “ I ! who so long with tooth and claw
 “ Have kept domestic Mice in awe,
 “ And foreign foes defeated !

“ Your golden-pippins, and your pies,
 “ How oft have I defended !

“ 'Tis true, the pinner which you prize
 “ I tore in frolick ; to your eyes
 “ I never harm intended.

“ I am a Cat of honour.” — “ Stay !”
 Quoth she, “ no longer parley ;

“ Whate'er you did in battle flay,
 “ By law of arms became your prey :
 “ I hope you won it fairly.

“ Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
 “ But not of your outrages :

“ Tell me, Perfidious ! was it fit
 “ To make my cream a perquisite,
 “ And steal, to mend your wages ?

* The celebrated Lawyer. N.

“ So

“ So flagrant is thy insolence,

“ So vile thy breach of trust is,

“ That longer with thee to dispense,

“ Were want of power, or want of sense —

“ Here, Towzer! — do him justice.”

THE WRECK. A SATIRE.

BY JAMES GARDINER*, B. A.

“ Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.”

HOR. Ode iv.

TH E welcome fun, with long-expected light,
At length arising, chac'd away the night,
Yet could not, with the shades, remove my fears,
Dissolve my grief, and dissipate my cares ;

Remembrance

* Son of Dr. James Gardiner, Bp. of Lincoln ; born at Westminster in 1678, and admitted of Immanuel College, Cambridge, in 1694 ; where having taken the degree of B. A. he removed to Jesus College, obtained a fellowship, and proceeded M. A. During his residence at the University, he was assiduous in study, and acquired, by repeated perusal of the classics, a turn to poetry. His translation of “ Rapin of Gardens ” was published in 1704, as a farewell to the Muses, upon his entering into holy orders, and accepting of the subdeanry of London, in 1705. A second edition of this translation was printed in 1717, with alterations which reflect much credit on Mr. Gardiner's judgement. This is the substance of what I can meet with of this ingenious poet's history.

Remembrance of past dangers fill'd my breast
 With anxious terrors, and denied me rest:
 Coy sleep refus'd, though courted much, to close
 My wearied eye-lids; so from bed I rose;
 And, having thanks to the kind owner paid,
 I left the fisher's hospitable shed,
 Whose generous mind a needful succour gave,
 Snatch'd me from death and from a watery grave.
 Then walk'd I pensive on the rocky shore,
 The angry waves had ceas'd their horrid roar;
 Each mountain-billow shrunk its towering head,
 And peaceful slept upon its oozy bed;
 The winds had spent their breath, and to their caves
 were fled.

Yet, as the new-calm'd ocean grew serene,
 On its smooth plain appear'd a dismal scene:

tory. Jacob has preserved the three following stanzas transcribed from the middle of an epitaph on this writer's father:

Vera si cordi est Pietas Fidesque,
 Si Pudor priscus, placidusque mentis
 Candor, antiquos imitare mores
 Gardinerumque;

Qui diu Patrum æmulus optimorum
 Legibus vitæ, studiisque sanctis,
 Duxit exemplar, specimenque primi
 Retulit ævi.

Prosperæ pectus bene præparatum
 Res nec adversæ poterunt movere;
 Se parem semper sibi cæterisque
 Gessit amicum.

Br. Gardiner died in 1705. His son's death is unknown. N.

Distinctly

Distinctly now my wandering eyes beheld,
 With our late wreck, the tragic surface fill'd;
 Mix'd with the keel, in rude confusion lies
 The lofty pine that threaten'd once the skies;
 Prodigious planks, the painted vessel's pride,
 Torn by the tempest from her wounded side,
 Are borne along the triumph of the tide :
 While all her cargo, a defenceless prey,
 To ravenous sharks and mews unguarded lay.
 The filken streamers, that so lately shone
 With all their gawdy shew and glories gone,
 Shatter'd and sullied, now can only be
 Mementos of the world's inconstancy.

But a dead carcass, driven before the wind,
 Afflicted most my melancholy mind.
 Long with myself I weigh'd th' uncertain state
 Of all things human, made the sport of Fate;
 Yet, by no reason or example won,
 Men, disappointed, daily still hope on,
 And from one labour to another run;
 Thousand impracticable schemes project,
 And thousand castles in the air erect;
 Nor think of death, although before their eyes
 A neighbour often, or relation dies.
 Perhaps, thought I, this silly wretch, for gain,
 Tempted the many dangers of the main;
 No terrors could his avarice withhold,
 He ran all hazards in his search of gold;
 And vainly pleas'd himself with hopes to come
 Laden with wealth and foreign treasures home.
 How mean his projects, and how weak his power!
 Himself, and wealth, at once the seas devour;

When

When, may be now, his poor impatient wife
Leads in some distant realm her desolate life;
On this once dear, now ghastly, thing employs
Her waking hours, or dreams o'er former joys;
With tears each night bedews her widow'd bed,
All real comfort with her husband fled,
Yet little fears, the worst of all, he's dead;
Expects he's now upon his wish'd return,
And hopes she may not long his absence mourn.

Or the young orphan, whom this father left
Of every good, but innocence, bereft;
Unskill'd in all the dangers of the deep,
And now mistrustful of no storm, may sleep.
May the sweet babe in endless sleep ne'er know
What troubles waking he must undergo!
Else must his growing sense the loss bemoan,
And in his father's shipwreck find his own.

Perhaps this was an only son and heir,
His mother's darling, and his father's care,
Whom the kind parents sent to foreign parts,
To learn new manners, languages, and arts;
That he, whose younger years were well employ'd,
In time for business might be qualified.
But to those hopes see Death has put an end;
Though thus our lives the wisest of us spend;
The best part, if not all our life we give,
Only to purchase means whereby to live,
And treasures for old age, to which so few arrive.
The good old people, when they kindly laid
Their hands with blessings on their son's dear head,

Which

Which kindness, with a kiss, the youth return'd,
 And all with true concern at parting mourn'd,
 Did little then this direful chance presage,
 But hop'd he 'd come, the comfort of their age,
 To close their eyes, their latest breath receive,
 And with a filial love attend them to their grave.

These the concerns and thoughts of mortals are,
 Who, mov'd alternately by hope and fear,
 Barter true happiness for griping care.

How does vain man with fond expectance wait!
 Yet all events are fix'd by certain fate.

In this unconstant world, by passions drove,
 Deceiv'd by hope, from wish to wish we rove;
 As on the waves this lifeless body's tost
 With all its grand intrigues, its mighty nothing's lost.

Thus tender I did passionately bemoan
 The dire misfortune of a wretch unknown;
 And pity to mankind my soul could move,
 Afflicted only with a general love.

But, as the floating carcass nearer drew,
 The not much alter'd countenance I knew:
 The Captain of the ship, who, swoln with pride,
 The day before had all the fates defied;
 Loud, as the storm, did oaths and fury breathe,
 Blasphem'd the Gods, and careless laugh'd at Death.
 This with severe resentment fir'd my breast,
 Nor could my just reproaches be suppress'd.

Is this the boaster, in whose swelling mien
 Nothing but pride and fiery rage was seen?
 Who vow'd destruction every word he spoke?
 And does his fiery rage thus end in smoak?

Alas ! where 's all thy swelling fury fled ?
And how contemptible the scorner 's dead !
Where 's all his government and boundless sway,
Himself to fish and beasts expos'd a prey ?
Those shining treasures, and that empire lost,
Of which so lately he did vainly boast ?
And of his vessel, and his shipwreck'd store,
Not one plank left to bear him safe to shore.

Go, silly mortals, after this be proud,
Let all your time in projects be bestow'd ;
Vainly presuming on long life, engage
In what would be the business of an age.
Than this proud lump no man had fairer dreams,
Of happiness miscall'd drew finer schemes,
Had hopes of longer life, or promis'd more
What he would do when once he gain'd the shore ;
Had fix'd the very time when he would come,
Enjoy his friends, and his estate at home.
But lo ! how short he lies of his design !
So little can we men fate's dark decrees divine !

Then, with these sad reflections wearied out,
I left the corpse, and chac'd away the thought.
But, ah ! how little did I then foreknow
More racking tortures I must undergo,
And meet a sight to cause me sharper woe.
One only friend I had, whose constant mind
Was to my soul by sacred friendship join'd ;
Our hearts united were so much the same,
They seem'd enliven'd by one common flame :
In mutual acts of love was our delight,
Which selfish men as notional may slight ;

And

And how should friendship hope a better fate,
 When every other virtue's out of date.
 Our true affections early first began,
 Before self-interest does debauch the man:
 Our tempers made us to each other dear,
 Alike our studies and diversions were;
 While reason fix'd what inclination chose,
 And frequent trials knit the band more close;
 Nothing could force us from each other's sight,
 In conversation was our chief delight:
 In the same vessel both embark'd, to bear
 In danger, or success, an equal share.
 When shipwreck'd, we embrac'd, resolv'd to lie
 In closest folds, and thus united die,
 Had not the sea dissolv'd our loving tie.

Soon as on shore my wandering sense return'd,
 I miss'd my Damon, and his absence mourn'd;
 My Damon's safety was my earliest care,
 Dear Damon's safety was my fervent prayer.
 No consolation could assuage my grief,
 Till I was flatter'd with my Damon's life;
 Assur'd he was escap'd, and gone before,
 With several of our crew, who swam to shore.
 But now, alas! my too unerring view
 Confirms that all, I fear before, is true:
 Breathless and pale the bloated carcass lies
 To unrelenting death a sacrifice;
 While thou, my darling Castor, thus must die,
 Thy Pollux justly hates his immortality.

When we were first most happily made friends,
 Whose humours were the same, the same our ends,

Entirely

Entirely of each other's heart possess,
 With mutual striving which should love the best;
 What satisfaction might I not propose,
 In the possession of what's so well chose?
 For friendship sure, of all terrestrial bliss,
 Suits best with man's divinest faculties.
 But see, a fatal accident destroys
 Those schemes of bliss, and blasts the blooming joys.
 Thus in this sea of life poor mortals fare,
 And on a thousand rocks we shipwreck'd are;
 On Heaven alone we wholly can depend
 For joys unmix'd with grief and pleasures without end.

ODE. BY MR. SMITH*.

ORMOND'S glory, Marlborough's arms,
 All the mouths of Fame employ;
 And th' applauding world around
 Echoes back the pleasing sound:
 Their courage warms;
 Their conduct charms:
 Yet the universal joy
 Feels a sensible alloy!

Mighty

* Mr. Oldisworth, in the account of this ingenious poet which Dr. Johnson has adopted, observes that "there are
 " many of Smith's first essays in epigram, elegy, and epique,
 " still handed about the University in manuscript, which
 " shew a masterly hand;" and that "the Encœnia and
 " public collections of the University upon state subjects were
 " never in such esteem as when he contributed most largely

Mighty George *, the Senate's care,
 The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
 While the stroke of fate we dread
 Impending o'er thy sacred head,
 The British youth for thee submit to fear,
 For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noise of war and joy
 Rend again the trembling sky;
 Great George revives to calm our fears,
 With prospect of more glorious years:
 Deriv'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
 More chearful airs refresh the British Isles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum:
 Tremble France; we come, we come!
 Almighty force our courage warms;
 We feel the full, the powerful charms
 Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

“to them.” The Odes here printed were published anonymously at the time when they were written, and are now ascribed to Mr. Smith on the authority of a note in MS. by one of his contemporaries. — The “ludicrous Analysis of Pocockius,” in the Life by Dr. Johnson, p. 62, was originally printed in The Student, vol. I. p. 383. and was addressed by the author to Mr. Urry, who had enlisted himself in the third regiment raised at the time of the Monmouth rebellion; which accounts for the expression “Halberdarie amplissime.” N.

* George Prince of Denmark, husband to the Queen. N.

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

IN FIVE PARTS, FOR THE DEGREE OF BAT-

CHELOR OF MUSIC; PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE IN OXFORD, ON FRIDAY

THE ELEVENTH OF JULY, 1707*.

POSSIBLY WRITTEN BY MR. SMITH.

MUSIC, soft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?

Or art thou of eternal date?

Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,

Ere the rude ponderous mass

Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang

The morning stars their anthems sang,

And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,

The Seraphin, with the bright host

Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,

Worship before th' Eternal Shrine;

Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,

In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine

The massy orb in which we sluggards move

As if sequester'd from the arts divine:

Here's Music too,

As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHO-

* The honours paid to St Cecilia have been mentioned in p. 28; where might have been added, that a Sermon was preached

ODE, IN PRAISE OF MUSIC. 65

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
Ere since the Theban bard, to prove

The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part ;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Music yield.

But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too ;
So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.

But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the Prophet's Harp e'er spoil'd the Poet's Song ?

preached at St. Bride's church, on her anniversary, in 1697, by Dr. Brady, which he published under the title of "Church Music Vindicated." The last account I have seen of any entertainment to her memory at Stationers Hall is in Mr. Hughes's Ode in 1703. The festivity appears to have been also celebrated at Oxford, and to have been continued there longer : at least, I have two Odes to St. Cecilia, one in 1707 composed by Mr. Purcell, the other in 1708 by Dr. Blow, "both performed at St. Mary Hall in Oxon, by Mr. Saunders and Mr. Court, assisted by the best voices and hands." Mr. Addison's Ode was performed there in 1699; and he has "a Song," without date, on the same occasion. N.

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
 The refuge and the theatre of wit;
 And in that safe and sweet retreat
 Amongst Apollo's sons enquire,
 And see if any friend of thine be there:
 But sure so near the Thespian spring
 The humblest Bard may fit and sing:
 Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here,

LOVE'S CONQUEST. BY MR. J. JACKSON*.

OFT have I laugh'd at Love's fond pain,
 From little Cupid's fiery dart;
 And ever thought these torments vain,
 And he no power to wound a heart;
 Till lovely Chloe I beheld:
 Bright youth sat blooming on her face,
 Her frame with beauty's glory fill'd,
 And deck'd in every charming grace.
 Strait to my soul, through every vein,
 The subtle charms like lightning run:
 I languish with a pleasing pain,
 And willing yield to be undone.

* Of this writer I know nothing but by conjecture. He is probably the same who took the degree of M. A. at Queen's College, Oxford, Nov. 3. 1688; and as probably the translator of "Ajax," mentioned in Mr. Duncombe's Letters, vol. II. p. 190. N.

Whilst

Whilst then I gaze upon her eyes,
 Where little armed Loves advance,
 Wing'd at each look, an arrow flies,
 And pointed darts in every glance.
 With grief her absence kills me too !
 I droop, I pine, when she 's away ;
 As tender plants in winter do,
 That want the sun's reviving ray.
 Ah, cruel Love ! at last I wear
 Thy chains, thus taken by surprize ;
 Whilst to fair Chloe you repair,
 To reign and triumph in her eyes.

THE CONTRARY AGREEMENT.

BY MR. JACKSON.

WHEN I tell Chloe how I love her,
 She turns all to ridicule :
 When with my sighs I try to move her,
 I 'm a whining canting fool.
 Well, Chloe, if it thus must be,
 I 'll own myself as great an afs,
 As fam'd in Love's knight-errantry,
 As the great Don of Mancha was.
 I 've sigh'd, and vow'd, and all in jest,
 (For once my tongue my heart belies)
 And in romantic tales confess
 The fancy'd conquests of your eyes.

So, Dearest, then, we're both agreed,
 Alike detest, alike approve;
 And the grand point's at last decreed,
 We both agree, that is, we love.

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

BY MR. JACKSON.

BEHOLD this bright and lovely piece!
 Such was the charming Queen of Greece,
 Whose flame Troy's palaces consum'd.
 As many hearts to hers are doom'd!

ESSAY ON A FIRST PRINCIPLE OF DES CARTES,

"I THINK, THEREFORE I AM."

BY THE SAME.

COME, self-reflecting Thought!
 With deep and silent meditation fraught;
 Confin'd unto my pensive soul,
 Eternal circling eddies roll,
 Dam up the avenues of sense,
 Let me no more receive from thence [pense.
 Th' uncertain objects the deluding world does now dis-
 Ah! let me then be nought
 But pure abstracted Thought,
 Whilst the idea of myself I frame,
 For first I think, and thence conclude I am.

What

What then 's this gaudy scene I seem to see?

Above, a convex canopy;
Below, a specious painted ball,
And every where a moving animal.

Those various objects, that appear
T' affect my touch, my taste, my smell, my ear,
Chimæras all—nor do I know
Where any such exist or no,
Or can as yet a just criterion show.

For, if I've once deluded been,
Why may not I be so again?
What if in Error's mould my mind was cast
At first, and still the same impressions last?
Or some malignant Dæmon me deludes,
And all these fairy images obtrudes?
But then, what real substance can I find?
I'll think—and something 'tis that thinks—and must
exist—my mind.

But can't I be abstracted too from Thought?
No—'tis a self-discovering note
To the Existence, whilst I will not, does convey
That very Will, my Being does display
Like fire, that its own flames betray.
Since then I'm sure of Thought, and know thereby I am,
But all external objects may be empty name,
On that I'll all my age employ, and look on these
But as suppos'd deceitful substances.

SONG. BY COL. HENNINGHAM.

SINCE Spartan heroes were so dull,

They felt not Beauty's power ;

Thrice happy we, whose joys are full,

Whilst Love grows every hour.

'Tis pity in a noble mind

Nature should bear no part,

How can the brave be truly kind,

And Love not touch the heart?

Though Mars his empire rule by day,

And boast his mighty spoils,

Yet Love at night shall still repay

The hazard of his toils :

Whilst courage does with vigour move,

Our conquest to compleat,

The Fair an easy victim prove,

The brave by force submit.

THE INDIFFERENT. A SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF LALERIDA.

BY THE EARL OF ORRERY*.

HE that in Love would still prevail,

Or not be troubled if he fail,

Let him my way be a Lover ;

At first I seem to die for Love,

If that her pity will not move,

Without it I recover.

But

* Charles, the well-known opponent of Bentley in the controversy

But if the Lady's kind and true,

I always strive to be so too,

Thus to pity I invite her;

But if a tyrant she will prove,

And deny that for which I love,

I tyrant turn and flight her.

Thus when I do a beauty see,

I like her just as she likes me,

Who vexes if I don't take her:

But yet the consequence is bad;

For, if she's fair, must I be mad?

I'll rather straight forsake her.

troverſy on Phalaris's Epistles, and the inventor of the machine which bears his name, who ſucceeded to the earldom of Orrery on his brother Lionel's death in 1703. In the above-mentioned controverſy he was ſuppoſed to have had the aſſiſtance of the wits of Chriſt Church, Atterbury, Smallridge, &c. which Swift, in his Battle of the Books, ſtyles "a ſuit "of armour given him by all the Gods." This, however, his ſon well obſerves, "the Gods never beſtowed but upon their "favourites," an Achilles or an Æneas: Life of Swift, Let. xxiii. Some Cambridge wags, on this occaſion, made a truly claſſical pun, exhibiting, in a print, Phalaris's guards thruſting Bentley into the tyrant's brazen-bull, and this label iſſuing from the Doctor's mouth "I had rather be *roaſted* "than *boyled*." His Lordſhip alſo wrote a copy of verſes on The Diſpenſary, a Prologue to one of Southern's plays, and a Comedy called "As You find it," whoſe only fault, Budgell ſays, is, it had too much wit in it. He died Aug. 28, 1731. The late elegant tranſlator of Pliny was his ſon. D.

The best rule which in Love I find,
 Is to think none fair but the kind :
 Women thus are pretty trifles ;
 Though water thrown upon a fire,
 Or ice on Love, makes some burn higher ;
 Yet mine it forthwith stifles.

Who begs a Lady's heart, must still
 Be pleas'd with whatsoe'er she will ;
 The beggar must not be chooser :
 But I so wisely things design,
 That always, in amours of mine,
 I'm a winner, or no loser.

For when a coy nymph Love inspires,
 In wine I quench my hopeless fires ;
 Thus one heat expels the other ;
 Women I therefore will decline,
 All my affections are on wine,
 When they kill, this will recover.

SONG. SET BY MR. WELDON.

DONE FROM ANACREON BY MR. BOYLE *.

AS Cupid roguishly one day
 Had all alone stole out to play,
 The Muses caught the little knave,
 And captive Love to Beauty gave.

* To which of this illustrious family we owe this Song, is not very clear. It was written about the year 1708 ; and is possibly by Henry Boyle, afterwards lord Carleton. N.

The laughing Dame soon miss'd her son,
 And here and there distracted run :
 And still, his liberty to gain,
 Offer'd his ransom, but in vain ;
 The willing prisoner hugs his chain,
 And vows he 'll ne'er be free again.

O D E O N T H E S P R I N G.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

GENTLE Zephyr, come away !
 On this sweet, this silent grove,
 Sacred to the Muse and Love,
 In softest-whisper'd murmurs play.
 Come, let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
 Diffuse the vernal sweets around
 From sprouting flowers and blossom'd trees ;
 While echoing hills and vales resound
 With notes, which wing'd Musicians sing
 In honour to the bloom of Spring.

Lovely Season of desire !
 Nature smiles with joy to see
 The amorous months led on by thee,
 That kindly wake her genial fire.
 The brightest object in the skies,
 The fairest lights that shine below,
 The Sun and Myra's charming eyes,
 At thy return more charming grow.
 With double glory they appear,
 To warm and grace the infant year.

T O B E L I N D A.

ANONYMOUS* ; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION

IN Church, the prayer-book, and the fan display'd,
 And solemn curt'sies, shew the wily maid ;
 At Plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
 And nods and smiles, are fondly meant for snares.
 Alas! vain Charmer, you no Lovers get ;
 There you seem Hypocrite, and here Coquette.

T O F L A V I A. F R O M T H E S A M E.

NA T U R E, in pity, has deny'd you shape,
 Else how should mortals Flavia's chain escape?
 Your radiant aspect, and your rosy bloom,
 Without this form would bring a general doom ;
 At once our ruin and relief we see,
 At sight are captives, and at sight are free.

O N N I C O L I N I ' S L E A V I N G T H E S T A G E.

F R O M T H E S A M E.

BE gone, our nation's pleasure and reproach!
 Britain no more with idle trills debauch ;
 Back to thy own unmanly Venice sail,
 Where luxury and loose desires prevail ;
 There thy emasculating voice employ,
 And raise the triumphs of the wanton boy.

* Some of these poems, as I have already mentioned, I believe to be Mr. Steele's, N.

Long,

ON NICOLINI'S LEAVING THE STAGE.. 75

Long, ah ! too long the soft enchantment reign'd,
Seduc'd the wife, and ev'n the brave enchain'd ;
Hence with thy curst deluding song ! away !
Shall British freedom thus become thy prey ?
Freedom, which we so dearly us'd to prize,
We scorn'd to yield it—but to British eyes.

Assist, ye gales ; with expeditious care
Wast this preposterous idol of the Fair ;
Consent, ye Fair, and let the trifler go,
Nor bribe with wishes adverse winds to blow :
Nonsense grew pleasing by his Syren arts,
And stole from Shakespeare's self our easy hearts.

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

ANONYMOUS: FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and chear the nights :
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales :
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn :
Or Bridegroom's joys, or Miser's cares,
Or Gamester's oaths, or Hermit's prayers :
Or Envy's pangs, or Love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ———n's charms ?

A SIGH.

A SIGH. FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
 Vapour from a secret fire,
 Which by thee itself discovers,
 Ere yet daring to aspire;
 Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
 Harmony's refined part,
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the listener's heart;
 Safest messenger of passion,
 Stealing through a crowd of spies,
 Who constrain the outward fashion,
 Close the lips, and watch the eyes;
 Shapeless Sigh! we ne'er can show thee,
 Fram'd but to assault the ear:
 Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,
 Every nymph may read thee — Here.

A SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

BY THE SAME WRITER.

COULD he, whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
 But know what torment to my soul it gives;
 He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he would claim.
 Immortal Gods! why has your doom decreed
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed?

H G 12 A

Since

A SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

77

Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom Destiny divides ;
Repent, ye Powers, the injuries you cause,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.

Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops distill
My vital blood in every tear you spill :
And all those mournful agonies I hear
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

A N A C R E O N, O D E XLV.

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

W H E N Mars the Lemnian darts survey'd,
Which Vulcan forg'd for Cupid's bow ;
“ What foolish toys are these, he said,
How brittle and how slight they show !
Fit play-things for a child !” When straight
The little God did one prepare ;
“ Here try, said he, if this wants weight ;”
And gave it to the God of War.
He took the dart, its weight he try'd,
While Venus smil'd to see him caught ;
“ Here, take it back again, he cry'd,
'Tis much more weighty than I thought.”

The

The little archer, wanton grown
 To find the God of War shew fear,
 "Keep it, said he, and henceforth own
 My dart wounds deeper than your spear."

A N A C R E O N, O D E XXX.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

THE Muses, frolicksome and gay,
 Caught Cupid as he sleeping lay,
 With myrtle twigs his hands they ty'd,
 And laid him by Cleora's side.

She stroak'd his cheeks, and often prest
 The wanton archer to her breast;
 Then loos'd his hands.—"You're free!" she said;
 Yet he refus'd to leave the maid.

In vain his mother hunts about,
 Offers rewards to find him out;
 In vain would set the captive free,
 He's pleas'd with such a slavery.
 Close by her side he watching lies;
 The wretch who sees Cleora dies.

MARY QUEEN OF FRANCE,
TO CHARLES BRANDON DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

The Princess Mary, Henry the Eighth's younger sister, being in love with the Duke of Suffolk, was, for public reasons, married to Lewis the Twelfth of France, who died in six months after. The Queen, being again at liberty, writes the following Epistle to the Duke of Suffolk, her first lover.

LET these soft lines my kindest thoughts convey,
And tell thee what I suffer by thy stay.
Did seas divide us, this might well excuse
Thy negligence, and my fond heart abuse.
But Calais from the Kentish strand is seen;
A gentle current only rolls between.
Nor needs my Suffolk, like Leander, brave
A present death in every breaking wave,
When, guided only by a glimmering light,
He cross'd the stormy Hellespont by night.
Tall ships, with flying sails and labouring oars,
Attend to land thee on the Gallic shores.
But thou art chang'd — that ardor is expir'd,
Which once thy wishes with impatience fir'd;
When Savoy's blooming dutchess strove in vain
From me the conquest of thy heart to gain:
Invited by great Henry's martial fame,
The haughty princess, with her brother, came

To

To compliment the King for Tournay gain'd;
 Where, in a rich pavilion entertain'd,
 Thy noble form th' unguarded Fair surpriz'd;
 Nor were her tender wishes long disguis'd:
 Whatever Flattery, Love, or wanton Art,
 Could do, she practis'd to seduce thy heart.
 Great Anthony, by such allurements gain'd,
 For Cleopatra all his glory stain'd:
 But thy firm faith no injury receiv'd;
 For you still lov'd, or I was well deceiv'd:
 Nor were my virgin vows less true to thee,
 When young Castile address'd the court for me.
 The charms of proffer'd empire I resign'd;
 Brandon was more than empire to my mind:
 While, without rivals, in thy breast I reign'd,
 My thoughts the pageantry of power disdain'd.
 But, ah! what changes human joys attend!
 On fickle turns our brightest hopes depend.
 Victorious Henry's arms still meet success;
 The vanquish'd Gauls at last propose a peace.
 By Wolfey's policy their terms succeed;
 The long contending nations are agreed;
 And I the public victim am decreed.
 Condemn'd to share the Christian Monarch's bed,
 And curs'd with that magnificence I fled.
 I knew my rank no private choice allow'd,
 And what a Princess to her country ow'd.
 These splendid maxims should have sway'd my breast,
 But Love entirely had my soul possess'd.
 How oft I wish'd my kinder destiny
 Had sunk the Queen in some obscure degree;

While

While, crown'd by rural maids with painted flowers,
 I rang'd the fields, and slept in verdant bowers;
 Belov'd of some young swain, with Brandon's face,
 His voice, his gesture, and his blooming grace,
 In all but birth and state resembling thee!
 Then unmolested we had liv'd, and free
 From all the curst restraints which greatness brings;
 While grots, the meads, the shades, and purling springs,
 The flowery valley, and the gloomy grove,
 Had heard of no superior name to Love.
 Such scenes of this inglorious life I drew,
 And half believ'd the charming fiction true,
 Till real ills dissolv'd the pleasing dreams,
 The groves and vallies fled, the lawns and silver streams,
 The gay fantastic paradise I mourn'd;
 While courts and factions, crowns and cares, return'd.

With sighs I still recall the fatal day,
 When no pretence could gain a longer stay.
 The lovely Queen my parting sorrow saw,
 Nor Henry's presence kept my grief in awe.
 No rules of decent custom could control,
 Or hide the wide disorder of my soul,
 When shipp'd for France before the dancing wind
 The navy fled, and left my hopes behind.
 With weeping eyes I still survey'd the strand,
 Where on a rising cliff I saw thee stand;
 Nor once from thence my steadfast sight withdrew,
 Till the lov'd object was no more in view.
 "Farewell, I cry'd, dear charming youth! with thee
 Each chearful prospect vanishes from me."

Loud shouts and triumphs on the Gallic coast
 Salute me ; but the noisy zeal was lost.
 Nor shouts nor triumphs drew my least regard,
 Thy parting sighs, methought, were all I heard.
 But now at Albeville by Loui's met,
 I strove the thoughts of Suffolk to forget ;
 For here my faith was to my monarch vow'd,
 And solemn rites my passion disallow'd :
 However pure my former flames had been,
 Unblemish'd honour made them now a sin.
 But scarce my virtue had the conquest gain'd,
 And every wild forbidden wish restrain'd ;
 When at St. Dennis, with imperial state
 Invested, on the Gallic throne I fate ;
 The day with noble tournaments was grac'd,
 Your name amongst the British champions plac'd.
 Invited by a guilty thirst of fame,
 Without regard to my repose, you came.
 The lists I saw thee entering with surprize,
 And felt the darting glances of thine eyes,

“ Ye sacred Powers, I cry'd, that rule above !
 Defend my breast from this perfidious love !
 Ye holy Lamps ! before whose awful lights
 I gave my hand ; and ye religious rites !
 Assist me now ; nor let a thought unchaste,
 Or guilty wish, my plighted honour blast !”
 While passion, struggling with my pious fears,
 Forc'd from my eyes involuntary tears.
 Some tender blossom thus, with leaves enlarg'd,
 Declines its head, with midnight dew o'ercharg'd :

The

The passing breezes shake the gentle flower,
 And scatter all around a pearly shower.
 From this distracting hour I shunn'd thy sight,
 And gain'd the conquest by a prudent flight.
 But human turns, and sovereign destiny,
 Have set me now from those engagements free.
 The stars, propitious to my virgin love,
 My first desires and early vows approve;
 While busy politicians urge in vain,
 That public reasons should my choice restrain;
 That none but York's or Lancaster's high race,
 Or great Plantagenet's, I ought to grace!
 Nor Suffolk wants a long illustrious line,
 And worth that shall in future records shine.
 They own'd thy valour when thy conquering lance
 Carry'd the prize from all the youth of France.
 Thy merit Henry's constant favour shows,
 And Envy only can my choice oppose.
 Thy noble presence, wit, and fine address,
 The British and the Gallic court confess.
 Alanson's shape, and Vendôme's sparkling eye,
 Count Paul's gay mien, and Bourbon's majesty,
 No longer are admir'd, when thou art by.
 There nothing wants to justify my flame,
 The statesmen grant, but a poor empty name.
 And what's the gaudy title of a King?
 What solid bliss can royal grandeur bring?
 When thou art absent, what's the court to me,
 But tiresome state, and dull formality?
 This toy a crown I would resign, to prove
 The peaceful joys of innocence and love.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS*.

BY THE SAME WRITER.

AS Cippus in the trembling stream survey'd
 The shooting horns that shade his conquering head,
 His temples first he feels, and with surprize
 His touch confirms the censure of his eyes.
 Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
 And to the Gods directs these pious prayers:
 "If this portent be prosperous, O decree
 To Rome th' event; if otherwise, to me!"

An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
 Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
 The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
 And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
 Soon as the Augur saw the holy fire,
 And victims with presaging signs expire,
 To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
 And views the horny honours of his head;
 Then cry'd, "Hail, Conqueror! thy call obey,
 Those omens I behold presage thy sway.
 Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
 And owns thy sovereign power as Fate's decree!"

He said; and Cippus, starting at th' event,
 Spoke in these words his pious discontent:

"Far hence, ye Gods, this execration send;
 And the great race of Romulus defend.
 Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
 Than e'er the Capitol should style me Lord."

* From Ovid, Met. XV. And see Valerius Maximus. N.

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and said:

“If Augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
Design'd by Destiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns he has: if e'er within the town,
Your liberty and Latian laws are gone.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the usurper, and with-held the harm.
Haste, find the monster out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.”

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,
As swelling surges breaking on the strand:
Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er some grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,
“The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.”

The anxious throng look'd down, and, sad in thought,
All wish'd they had not found the sign they fought:
In haste with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.
Then thus the Senate — “Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So Godlike is thy tutelary care,
That, since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
For thy abode those acres we convey
The plough-share can furround, the labour of the day.
In deathless records thou shalt stand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.”

THE LOVER'S PRAYER,
ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

YE gentle Loves and soft Desires,
That fan your own fantastic fires;
Why are ye so unjust to me,
To leave fair Saccharissa free;
To let her triumph in my pain,
And all your little arts disdain?
Untouch'd she rambles up and down,
And captivates the gazing town;
Where-e'er she casts her wandering eyes,
In every face they meet surprize;
In every heart a temple's rais'd,
By every tongue her beauty's prais'd;
While she, unkind, neglects a feat,
And thinks to wander's to be great.
So the bold Macedonian boy,
Thought it was Godlike to destroy:
Not knowing, that to truly reign,
Is not to conquer, but maintain.

O Venus, daughter of great Jove,
Queen of Beauty, Queen of Love;
If e'er Adonis bless'd your arms,
If e'er you revel'd in his charms,
If e'er you kiss'd his rolling eyes,
Or e'er devour'd his amorous sighs;
Or e'er you did those torments prove
That wait upon neglected Love;
Let this fair tyrant feel thy power,
Though proof against a golden shower.

WOMAN.

WOMAN. FROM THE SAME.

NOW thus it is when tender Virgins burn,
 And feel the fiery God within their veins;
 They affect the downy chin, and rosy cheek;
 And like the youth that's bashful as themselves.
 But, when experience and ripe years bring knowledge,
 Then, with a wary eye, and sharp discernment,
 They chuse a man of faultless shape and features,
 Able of limbs, and sprightly in his looks,
 That can both raise and satisfy desires.
 Him to allure they have a thousand arts,
 Deep in their kind as those of Machiavel.
 With such an one they wish to spend their days,
 With such an one an age were scarce a day!
 In junketing, and song, and frolic dance,
 And restless mirth th' unwearied day they'll pass,
 And longest winter nights are then too short.
 But quickly comes old age, forlorn, forsaken,
 Which cannot love, because not lov'd again:
 Then 'tis they will approve the homely drudge,
 And pay him wages stinted to his merits:
 For looks and beauty they have small regard,
 But value shoulders of prodigious size,
 Thick strutting calves, a black and stubbed beard,
 Which, newly shorn, looks blue about the chin.
 Thus women love in their declining years;
 And these the charms which win that brittle sex.
 But as for learning and the skill of arts,
 (Bright ornaments of life, the gift of heaven)
 Know, though a man knew all that's to be known;

Could challenge Phœbus, and the tuneful nine;
 Could so exalt himself by vigorous thought,
 That, in the trances of sweet contemplation,
 He were all soul and pure intelligence;
 This man would they despise of all mankind,
 And could no more be brought with him to join
 In holy wedlock's bands, or otherwise,
 Than angels to inform an earthly clod.

VERSES SENT TO A LADY,
 WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.
 ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

IN vain, O heavenly maid, do I peruse
 Th' instructive labours of the Tragic Muse,
 If Cato's virtue cannot cure my soul,
 And all the jarring passions there control
 In vain—but ah! what arguments can prove
 Sufficient to resist the force of Love?
 I burn like Marcus in th' impetuous fire;
 Like him I languish with the fond desire;
 Like him I groan beneath th' uneasy weight,
 And ev'n, like him despairing, with my fate.
 Could you with Lucia's eyes behold my pain,
 Then would you strive to soften your disdain:
 My anxious griefs your tender breast would move,
 And raise compassion, where they could not love.
 But lo bright Marcia! see, relentless fair,
 In Cato's daughter thy whole self appear.
 In thee, alas! her lovely virtues shine,
 Her charms, her heavenly beauties all are thine;

And whilst in moving numbers is display'd
 Juba's soft passion for the glorious maid,
 Think you behold your lover prostrate lie,
 In tenderest accents think you hear me sigh:
 Then, then be kind—and on my sufferings smile,
 As generous Marcia pitied Juba's toil.
 Thou, in whom all the Roman virtues dwell,
 Let not the Roman mercy thine excel;
 Since Love like that of Juba fills my breast,
 Let me at length with equal joys be blest.

THE SPRING. FROM THE SAME.

WHEN wintery blasts and ruffling storms expire,
 And nature kindles up her genial fire;
 When the gay park puts on a lively green;
 Clarissa there in all her charms is seen.
 Her sparkling eyes did double lustre bring;
 Her glowing bloom confest the youthful Spring:
 O'er her stain'd cheeks vermillion blushes ran;
 A Goddess mov'd. And Florio thus began:
 “ See, see, Clarissa, how these meadows rise
 In all their flowery pride and varied dies!
 How on those trees the orient blossom blows,
 And yon smooth amber stream in silence flows!
 Here the tall elm from falling rains defends:
 The lime-tree there a grateful fragrance sends.
 Above, see gilded tracts and crystal skies:
 Below, gay landships, verdant scenes arise;
 The verdant scenes, reflecting mildest light,
 Soften the prospect, and refresh the sight.

And

And now yon clouds in pearly currents flow,
 And glancing sun-beams paint the gaudy bow,
 Whose colour'd tracts, obscurely wafting, die,
 Varnish the earth, and purge the middle sky.

The wafting air, freighted with spices, comes ;
 With every breath we draw-in rich perfumes :
 The soft serene in every feature shines :
 The heart beats joyous, and the head refines :
 The sprightly limbs their springing vigour show ;
 In swifter tides the dancing spirits flow :
 The swelling fluid wantons in the vein :
 And gay ideas play about the brain :
 Each organ labours to exert its power,
 And life exults, and nature fallies o'er.

Inform me, fair-one, whence these symptoms rise ;
 Why pants the breast ? why languish thus the eyes ?
 What makes the maid to blush ? the youth to start ?
 Whence are these ecstasies and pangs of heart ?
 Is it not nature's call, soft joys to prove ?
 Means it not life ? and what means life but Love ?”

Here, his voice failing as his rapture rose,
 In moving silence Florio sigh'd his vows :
 When to his heart the reflux spirits came,
 With rising joy he urg'd his heighten'd flame :

“Hear, how mild Zephyr soothes the amorous breast !
 Hear him, like me, in dying murmurs waste !
 See, how the birds, through all the shady seats,
 Fill up the melody, and wooe their mates !
 The birds, the beasts, a gentle fury moves,
 Through the wide air and earth, to seek their Loves.

The glow of Love in every bosom reigns,
 And every maid dissolves in melting pains.
 Ev'n in thy breast more tender passions rise,
 And spread unusual softness o'er thy eyes:
 A florid bloom fits on thy ripen'd charms,
 And lambent youthful heat each beauty warms:
 The vernal soul, diffus'd through all, invites
 To sweeten Cypria's joys with Hymen's rites."

Soon as the trembling nymph heard Hymen nam'd,
 Her warmth redoubled, and her wishes flam'd;
 Her ravish'd heart leap'd up; she joy'd to find
 She might be strictly good, and fondly kind.

FROM SANNAZARIUS*.

ANONYMOUS: FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

AS Venus once Latona's daughter spy'd
 Prepar'd for sylvan game, the Wanton cry'd:
 "What! still a loitering on the wood-land green,
 Still spreading nets for beasts, most noble Queen?"
 Then she: "With nets I make the beasts my prey.
 But who spread those, fair, modest creature, say,
 When naked, caught, but not alone, you lay!"

* A celebrated Italian and Latin poet; born at Naples, and died 1530. His verses on Venice (see vol. II. p. 140 and 221) are printed in the second volume of *Selecta Poemata Italorum qui Latine scripserunt*, published by Mr. Pope, 8vo. 1740, p. 23. and also by Tom Coryat in his *Crudities*, p. 159; who says, the senate of Venice bestowed on Sannazarius a hundred crowns for every verse. See the passage quoted at length in *Doddsley's Old Plays*, VIII. 29. N.

TO

T O A P A I N T E R,

ON HIS DRAWING A LADY'S PICTURE.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

SO fair a semblance of so fair a face,
 What hand but thine successfully could trace?
 To blended colours so much beauty give,
 As might a lover's careful eyes deceive?
 On the dark canvass see Dalinda rise,
 Whilst every sense confesses its surprize:
 So beauteous Cynthia darts a radiant light
 Through gloomy clouds, and gilds the fable night.

SONG. FROM THE SAME.

STREPHON the young, the loveliest swain,
 That ever grac'd th' Arcadian plain,
 Fair Celia lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,

Hymen had warranted delight;
 But still the sun, with hated light,
 Deferr'd the pleasures of the night.

To ease his pain, his harp he strung,
 And charm'd the wain of night along,
 With his soft harmonious song.

“Phœbus, ruler of the day,
 Swiftly drive the hours away;
 In the ocean drop the light,
 And hasten on the lazy night.

If

If e'er thou heard'st a Lover's vow,
 Propitious Phœbus, hear me now;
 Since thou, who art the sun, hast known
 Love's fires burn fiercer than mine own!

And when, by my entreaties bow'd,
 Thou sett'st in yonder evening cloud;
 In Thetis' bosom thou may'st lie,
 And trust the day to Celia's eye.

To her bright look thy rays will be
 But what Aurora is to thee:
 Envy shall make thee later rise,
 And own the conquest of her eyes."

With such soft music did the swain
 Of Love's tormenting cares complain,
 That Phœbus hasted on the night,
 And in the ocean dropt the light:
 To Celia's arms then Strephon came,
 And in them quench'd as bright a flame.

BION IMITATED. FROM THE SAME.

TH E Nine fair daughters of immortal Jove
 Refuse to patronize licentious Love;
 And yet disdain not kindly to inspire
 The man, whose breast contains a purer fire!
 To foul, dishonour'd lust, the bashful Muse
 Will every prayer and every wish refuse.
 Not so to him who in his virgin lays
 The spotless image of his soul displays.

Then

Then the chaste Goddess present to his view
 Stands forth confest, nor need he once pursue.
 Unask'd she inspires him with the tuneful art,
 To sooth the mind, and captivate the heart.
 'This I attest, since I have often known
 The truth of what, by me, the Muses own.
 For, if some Love less noble were my song,
 The faltering numbers died upon my tongue.
 But, fair Amelia, when to thee I sing,
 Then all the Muses their assistance bring;
 With living thoughts they animate each line,
 Pleas'd to immortalize the bright design,
 Which bears the lustre of a name like thine.

T O A R I S T U S,

IN IMITATION OF A SONNET OF MILTON.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

O Thou, who in thine early bloom of youth,
 (Though dark the path, though rugged is the way)
 Didst labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
 By glory led, impatient of delay;
 And now among those few most eminent art seen,
 That tread the turf of that immortal green;

Aristus! in whose breast the heavenly Muse
 (Such is her care of godlike minds, like thine)
 The spirit of each perfection did infuse

That graces Phœbus and the tuneful Nine:
 Thou wondrous youth, my artless numbers guide,
 And gently fan the fire, which, but for thee, had died.

Ev'n

Ev'n as that image, which Prometheus made,
When uninform'd with that celestial fire,
Upon the ground a senseless lump was laid,
Till heat divine did motion first inspire;
So me from this low earth thou first didst raise,
And animate with thy inspiring praise.

When shall we meet; and when wilt thou restore
To me the sunshine of a friendly smile?
When shall we turn to joy each fullen hour,
And with sweet talk our various cares beguile?
When shall we, charm'd with those dear joys we feel,
Let grey-ey'd morn on night unheeded steal?

Then shall the burning hearth with chearful blaze
Dissolve the frost, and chilling Winter's cold;
The sparkling wine shall swift-wing'd fancy raise,
And every faculty of joy unfold; [the ear,
Then from the well-tun'd harp soft sounds shall strike
And warble in sublimer notes the Tuscan air.

So shall the wintery minutes chearful pass,
Until Favonius with his breath inspire
Each gentle youth, and every blooming lass,
To feel returning love, and soft desire;
Till, crown'd with roses, new-born Spring appear,
Spring, the sweet, purple dawn and morning of the year.
If thee, Aristus, such delights can please,
Lose not th' enjoyment of the present hour;
Let this be pass'd in no inglorious ease;
The present only is within our power.
Do not, too wisely, from this joy refrain;
Neglected once, perhaps 'twill ne'er return again.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS,
AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL,
THE DAY AFTER HIS MAJESTY'S PUBLIC ENTRY.
ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

AT length, Britannia, rescued from thy fears,
Renew thy joys: thy promis'd King appears.
How did thy sons, each hour, with anxious mind,
Consult the skies, and importune the wind!
How did they count each wave that caus'd his stay,
Still rolling backward o'er the watery way!
How did his entry every soul employ!
How strong the transport! and how loud the joy!

While you were zealous for your Sovereign's right,
For him we made our Greeks and Romans fight.
Oft as the Muse some godlike hero drew,
Or set a virtuous patriot to your view;
So oft we warm'd you in the Brunswick cause,
And fix'd a generous people to their laws.

Though great the dearth of Comic fools will be,
And a thin crop of coxcombs we foresee;
Though sense is like to thrive throughout the land,
And all French fopperies will be contraband:
We not despair. Some ridicule may rise,
Some modish oddness, some bizarre disguise:
So oft doth rapture sober sense destroy;
For Folly ever was the child of Joy.
At least, for dear variety, you'll chuse
Sometimes to listen to the Tragic Muse:

Here

Here shall you sit, and solemn silence keep,
Lest you grow wanton, and forget to weep:
When such a Monarch comes to bless the age,
No sorrows shall be felt, but from the stage.

ODE ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN.
FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

"Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)

"Vocis accedet bona pars: & ô Sol

"Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto

"Cæsare felix." Hor. Od. IV. 2.

SAFETY attend the ship that brings
The greatest, wisest, best of Kings!
Conduct her, Heaven, across the deep!
Lay the unruly winds asleep,
Command the blustering storms to cease,
And will the elements to peace!

O happy nation! people bless'd!
(Late most unhappy! most distress'd!)
Forget thy fears, forgive thy wrongs;
In willing, loyal, joyful throngs
Meet the Preventer of thy fate,
Meet the Redeemer of thy state.

With pious tears and grief confess'd,
Belgia resigns the Royal guest:
Her pious tears our joys increase,
Her grief bespeaks our happiness;
And shouts, which echo from her coast,
Say Belgia's wants are Britain's boast.

Dispell'd be our unquiet fears ;
For see, at length, great George appears :
The glad exulting crowd surveys
The pride of Britain, Europe's praise ;
The Prince by bounteous Heaven design'd
The common Patron of mankind.

Indulgent Father of our Isle,
Monarch of our affections, hail !

With bloodless unbought laurels crown'd,
Welcome once more on English ground ;
To subjects welcome, blest'd, and free,
Protected, rescued, sav'd by thee.

Ye Powers divine ! whose righteous sway
All sublunary things obey !

Accept our thanks for George restor'd,
Britannia's greatest, best-lov'd Lord,
Whose glory is his people's ease,
Justice his Throne, his sceptre Peace.

Continue still, kind Heaven, to bless
His arms and councils with success !
His person guard ; prolong his reign,
Our legal freedom to maintain ;
Invading tyrants to oppose ;
And crush the hopes of home-bred foes !

PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY SEVERAL HANDS*.

DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard:

Damnation follows death in other men,

But your damn'd Poet lives, and writes again.

Th' adventurous lover is successful still,

Who strives to please the fair *against* her will:

Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,

Who in your own *despite* has strove to please ye.

He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore;

But ever writ as none e'er writ before.

You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,

Have desperate debentures on your fame;

And little would be left you, I'm afraid,

If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.

From his deep fund our author largely draws;

Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.

Though Plays for honour in old time he made,

'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.

Believe him, Sirs, he has known the world too long,

And seen the death of much immortal song.

He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won;

As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

Though Tom the Poet writ with ease and pleasure,

The Comic Tom abounds in other treasure.

* First printed in Steele's Collection; and afterward in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope. N.

Fame is at best an unperforming cheat ;
 But 'tis substantial happiness to *eat*.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving ;
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

LOVE'S RELIEF.

ANONYMOUS ; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
 That hourly pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
 At length the God of Wine address'd,
 The refuge of a wounded breast:

“ Vouchsafe, oh Power, thy healing aid,
 Teach me to gain the cruel maid ;
 Thy juices take the Lover's part,
 Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.”

Thus to the jolly God he cried ;
 And thus the jolly God replied :
 “ Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
 And quaff this sneaking form away.

With dauntless mien approach the fair ;
 The way to conquer is to dare.”
 The Swain pursued the God's advice ;
 The Nymph was now no longer nice.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
 “ When you grow daring, we grow kind :
 Men to themselves are most severe,
 And make us tyrants by their fear.”

ST. JULIAN'S PRAYER.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHILST on their wings the gentle Zephyrs bear
 The youthful season of the blooming year;
 While the bright sun attends on nature's birth,
 And with a warmer kiss salutes the earth;
 While Venus o'er the whole creation reigns,
 And Cupid revels on the flowery plains;
 Pregnant with sweets, while fanning breezes move,
 Saluting as they pass the citron-grove,
 And universal Nature glows with Love;
 I feel my blood and spirits swifter glide,
 And fancy flowing in a fuller tide.
 Alone, I now some tale of Love rehearse;
 Or, if I slumber, still I dream of Verse.
 Celestial Muse! if 'tis from thee my breast
 Is with the love of Poetry possess'd;
 Raise thy young Poet from the vulgar throng,
 Sustain his flight, and animate his song:
 Far from my thoughts all other cares remove,
 But only those of Poetry and Love.
 Be this an earnest of my future praise,
 An omen thou wilt bless my growing bays;
 Confirm the youthful bard, who trembling fears
 To bear a weight unequal to his years.
 Shew, that it is from thee my heart o'erflows,
 While Fancy paints the subject Judgement chose.

In fair Milan there dwelt, of mighty fame,
A noble Knight, and Tancred was his name;
Famous he was in many a bloody fight,
But most in courtly arts was his delight:
Those softer combats, and more pleasing wars,
Which broke no bones, nor seam'd the face with scars.
Ne'er did our Knight of any She complain,
That much he lov'd, and was not lov'd again.
Envy'd by all, and happy was the dame,
Who was the object of brave Tancred's flame:
Vers'd in the arts of Love, full well he knew
When to retire, and when again pursue.
Thus skill'd the tender moment to improve,
Success still waited on his roving Love.

Long had our Warrior thus victorious reign'd;
A nymph, by him besieg'd, was surely gain'd,
But in Milan there grew not palms enow;
With other garlands he would deck his brow;
Be Lord of all, and own'd without dispute,
Through all the realms of Cupid absolute.
Thus Philip's son, of Persia's crown possess'd,
And with the spoils of conquer'd nations blest,
No limits in his wild ambition knew;
And wanted worlds to make his triumphs new.

Let other Poets, in a lofty strain,
Describe their Hero on the dusty plain;
Make Mars his helmet bear, his fauchion wield,
And paint Minerva on his ample shield;
Shew him impatient, smit with glory's charms,
Courteous in peace, invincible in arms;

In thickest dangers all serene and calm,
 And bring down Victory to wreath his brows with palm.
 But naked Love the sword of Mars defies;
 Venus has keener weapons in her eyes.
 Unarm'd our Knight, nor arms were his intent,
 His amorous course to Pavia's city bent;
 Pavia, the place which Venus honours most,
 Next her own Paphos and the Cyprian coast.
 There live the Graces, thither flock the Fair;
 Her chariot, doves, and all her train, were there.
 The Legend says, the Knight with constant care,
 Ne'er fail'd to say each morn a magic prayer;
 And then he ne'er had cause of just complaint,
 By Julian kept, his tutelary Saint:
 Less powerful charms, the story goes, than these,
 Could alter Nature in her fixt decrees.
 With such of old were midnight Witches known
 Down from her sphere to draw the labouring Moon.
 'Twas said, its virtues too prevail'd in Love;
 But that mean art did Tancred never prove:
 Much more avails in Love a youthful grace,
 And the soft magic of a charming face;
 The Knight relied on this, the prayer once said,
 He ne'er should want a supper, nor a bed.

Bright Phœbus now his measur'd course had run;
 The day was ended, and the night begun:
 Close by the road an ancient forest stood,
 Fenc'd from the light, and thick o'erspread with wood.
 By noon-day robbers a retreat 'twas made,
 And safe they lurk'd beneath the gloomy shade.

Thoughtless of danger, Tancred urg'd his way;
 Out rush the gang, and seize the destin'd prey.
 Horse, money, cloaths, and all, the villains take,
 Regain the forest, and the Knight forsake.
 Naked, distress'd, despairing, and alone,
 On the cold earth he hopeless laid him down.

Pavia was distant far; the lowering sky
 And gusts of wind proclaim'd a tempest nigh.
 No star appear'd, to guide the wandering Knight;
 In vain he look'd; no chearful beam of light
 Shot through the pitchy darkness of the night.
 Amidst the wood an ancient tree arose,
 Extending far its hospitable boughs;
 Tancred that night his lodging there design'd,
 As some small shelter from the cutting wind.
 But still from fate more torments he must prove,
 The whistling winds still shook the bending grove,
 And rain pour'd down, in streams, from angry Jove.
 At length by happy chance the Knight perceives
 A trembling beam dart through the waving leaves;
 With joy transported he pursues the light,
 While forward still the friendly rays invite.

About half way 'tween Pavia and the wood,
 Among the fields an ancient villa stood.
 Thence, from the light within, proceeds the ray,
 Which with an happy omen marks his way.

Within the house a lady, once a wife,
 Liv'd at her ease, and made the most of life:
 Indulgent fate had broke the marriage noose,
 Untied the knot, and set the fair-one loose.

Long

Long did she weep her poor departed dear,
 Paid him a husband's tribute — to a tear.
 But, when the widow's cloudy days blew o'er,
 She wip'd her radiant eyes ; would cry no more ;
 Grew chearful, airy ; and then thought, at last,
 How best she might repay her sorrows past :
 Propos'd again that Hymen's known delights
 Should make amends for all her lonely nights.
 But to be tied for better and for worse ;
 She lik'd the blessing, but she fear'd the curse :
 Far then she'd be from matrimonial care,
 Be mistress of herself, and free as air.
 At last, in short, a Love-intrigue presents ;
 And that, she thought, might answer all intents :
 Determin'd thus, she ventures on the game,
 And every night the lusty Lover came.

It happen'd that same night, as Tancred lay
 Wringing his cloaths, and longing for the day ;
 The loving nymph within expecting fate,
 And wondered why her Lover staid so late.
 Nought there, but he, was wanting : for the Fair
 Had order'd all things with a Lover's care.
 There Ceres, Bacchus, and the Graces came,
 The gay attendants on the Cyprian dame.
 Ragouts and jellies overspread the board,
 And all the wines which Autumn could afford :
 Th' expecting Nymph, with sighs and heaving breast,
 Female impatience, female love exprest.
 At length a trusty page brings word, that night
 Her Lover was (though loth) debarr'd her sight ;

Some

Some urgent business, what he did not say,
Forc'd him, against his will, to keep away.

Be this the Lover's loss, 'twas Tancred's gain.
A maid within, who heard the Knight complain,
Mov'd with his weakly voice and shuddering tone,
Looks out, and asks what creature made that moan.
Tancred could hardly see the taper's light,
So much the beating rain had dimm'd his sight:
Pierc'd through with cold, and frozen are his limbs,
Yet even thus he charms, and lovely seems.
He tells his quality, and begs relief;
His graceful carriage gains a quick belief.
She tells her mistress all she heard, and more,
And shows her Tancred shivering at the door.
The Fair had often heard of Tancred's name;
Rude must they be, who knew not Tancred's fame.
The sight her yielding heart to pity mov'd;
She brought him in, and knew not that she lov'd.
Fresh cloaths were fetch'd; the stranger, warm and drest,
In courtly phrase his gratitude exprest.

They sit, they chat; the nymph was not reserv'd;
The wine is brought, and the rich banquet serv'd.
Tancred was keen; the labours of the night
Had thinn'd his blood, and whet his appetite.
Hunger th' attentive widow could not move;
She long'd for Tancred, and she fed on Love.
Pensive she sat, and on the comely Knight,
Unmov'd with other objects, fix'd her sight.
Love, unattended with its anxious pains,
Plays round her heart, and dances in her veins.

The supper ended, and the servants gone,
 And the kind longing couple left alone;
 A parly soon began. Brave Tancred's heart
 Was struck quite through with Cupid's golden dart.
 Love chose the shaft, and look'd his quiver o'er
 To find a match for that had struck the Nymph before.
 Lovers imagine what most hidden lies,
 See with their fancy what 's denied their eyes.
 Nothing could Tancred's eager sight escape,
 Her winning carriage, and her easy shape;
 The foot, the well-turn'd leg, the taper thigh,
 Were soon examin'd by his knowing eye;
 Her hand, her arm, her neck, he ran all o'er,
 Besides a thousand nameless graces more.
 Nameless be they—nor will the Muses name
 What kindles in their cheeks a guilty flame.
 Thus much suffice, nor more shall be express'd,
 I leave the bashful maid to guess the rest.
 In decent garb she sat, and plain attire,
 The Loves flew all around, and kindled soft desire.
 With native charms and careless art array'd,
 Ten thousand Graces in her beauties play'd:
 Could I her look, and negligence of dress,
 In living verse with studied art express,
 The Loves would think their Mother I had seen,
 And for the Nymph describ'd th' Idalian Queen.

But, if the Knight was wounded by her eyes,
 She saw brave Tancred with no less surprize.
 His mien, his comely port, and manly grace,
 And youthful bloom, which flush'd the Lover's face,

She

She long admiring sat, with down-cast look;
 At length the man belov'd she thus bespoke:
 "How happily, alas, do you renew
 The thought of one so much resembled you!
 Through all his features not one pleasing line,
 But does in yours with equal beauty shine.
 Such graces had propitious Venus shed
 Around the dearest partner of my bed.
 In you his every action I can trace,
 And when I look on you, I see his face!"

Tell me, ye learn'd, and say, ye mighty wife,
 What stoick apathy, what Cato, could despise
 A fair-one's praises? whom could Love displease,
 When urg'd by such endearing charms as these!

Fir'd with the praise, his cheeks with blushes glow'd,
 Then answer'd thus; and as he spoke, he bow'd:
 "Such mighty glory is not Tancred's due;
 But, fairest creature, what resembles you?
 The sun, when shining with meridian light,
 Shews not one object so divinely bright."

The Nymph here stopt him, and with dextrous art
 Seem'd to dislike what pleas'd her to the heart.
 From beauty's favourite title she 'd recede,
 That for her beauty he might stronger plead:
 Asserted most, what most she 'd have deny'd,
 And by humility she gratified her pride.

So when fair Iris, in the clouds of night,
 Avoids th' embraces of the God of Light;
 With doubled rays he darts upon the skies,
 Seeks out the Nymph, and paints her as she flies.

Tancred

Tancred continues, praises o'er again
 All that he has, and all he has not seen;
 But which full willingly the Squire would see,
 Were but the fair-one half so bold as he.

“ To praise, said he, your beauty as I ought,
 Exceeds the power of language, and of thought.
 To speak an object so divinely bright,
 Would ask an age, and I have but a night;
 Which, with your leave, might better be employ'd:
 The fair-one smil'd; and Tancred, overjoy'd,
 Left compliment; provoking is delay
 In a kind couple, when alone, as they.
 He manag'd Love as Generals do War,
 Took each advantage, and with hasty care
 Urg'd-on the tender moment with the Fair.
 Artful resistance, just enough, was made,
 Till pleasure to its crisis was delay'd.
 The Lady seem'd obsequious to the call,
 And answer'd nothing—that was saying all!
 Yielding, but coy, as seemingly she strove
 To give Compulsion what she gave to Love.

Young and unskill'd, O that I could proceed
 To tell of all the amorous Tancred's deed:
 Him through Love's groves and labyrinths pursue,
 And keep the ardent Lover still in view!

Round Tancred's neck her snowy arms she cast,
 And paid with kisses all his labours past;
 This for the thieves, and forty for the fright,
 And this, and this, repay the stormy night.
 Happiest of happy Lovers! O that I
 Such precious favours from my Fair could buy!

The

The greatest dangers I should ne'er regard,
Nor sufferings feel, which she would so reward.

'Twas late; the whole creation silent lay,
And slumbers drown'd the labours of the day:
No noise was heard, all nature seem'd to nod,
And own the empire of the Sleepy God.
Ev'n Envy slumber'd, and old Morpheus shed
His drowsy poppies full on Tancred's head.

The Fair departed to her bed of down;
And by the legend it is plainly shown,
That happy Tancred did not lie alone.

How much delight they took, how little rest,
How the fond Lovers all their fire express'd,
I pass—Nymphs, conscious of a Lover's flame,
Will in their minds the soft idea frame.

And should I vainly now proceed to tell
The plenty of their Loves; I might as well
Count all the roses which the Zephyrs bring,
Or number up the lilies of the Spring.

But now Aurora, harbinger of day,
Rose from the bed where aged Tithon lay;
Unbarr'd the doors of Heaven, and overspread
The path of Phœbus with a blushing red.

Up rose the Lovers; and th' obliging Fair
Continued still to Tancred all her care:

Him all her treasures and her gold she show'd,
And many presents on the Knight bestow'd:

Pleas'd with the sweet remembrance of the night,
She thus repaid him for the dear delight:

Then the departing Knight with tears she kiss'd,
And, with repeated vows of constancy, dismiss'd.

[311]

ON A BEAUTIFUL LADY
WITH CATARACTS IN BOTH EYES.
BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS AN IMPEDIMENT
IN HIS SPEECH.
ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHAT mean these wonders? Can such beams
of light

Break from the solid darkness of the night?

Diamonds, I now believe, their charms display
Brighter in gloom, and duller in the day.

Flavia, too well I know your harsh decree,
You ne'er can pity whom you ne'er can see.

Yet to my passion lend a listening ear,

You need no soft deluding accents fear.

Never on artless lips persuasion hung,

There trills no music from this faltering tongue.

Ev'n Flavia's name I oft attempt in vain,

Long struggling stand, unable to explain,

At last, cry, "Flavia, pleasure gives me pain!"

Nor do I mourn my voice its aid denies,

For Love's dumb language is best spoke by eyes.

But eyes unknowing wound, my fate is such,

That yours too little see, and mine too much.

So quick they lighten, yet so chaste they roll,

The nice Platonick there might kiss the soul.

Love's Deities the Poets ill defin'd;

The charming Mother, not the Boy, is blind.

Still can you grieve your sense of sight is gone?

The rest are doubled by that loss of one.

I see

I see my Flavia variously excel,
 And think, but know not how those thoughts to tell.
 You bright ideas easily display,
 But fain would view the world in cloudless day.
 Since then, nor I can speak, nor you can see,
 Some other sense is left, where both agree.

SONG. ANONYMOUS;

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

HOW long will Cynthia own no flame,
 And my warm suit disprove?

Our ages mutually proclaim,

'Tis now the time to love.

Ah! think how swift each minute flies,

How years will form consume:

No Lover, when you wither, dies;

We sicken when you bloom.

Minerva, rough, and bred in war,

The nuptial joys declin'd:

But had she been, like Venus, fair,

She'd been, like Venus, kind.

In vain you force severe replies,

And willing Nature wrong:

While Cupids languish in your eyes,

Who can believe your tongue?

Half to forbid, and half comply,

Nor damps nor blows desire:

In looks, as well as words, deny,

Or put out fire with fire!

TO A JEALOUS MISTRESS.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

NO more, severely kind, affect
 To put that lovely anger on;
 Sweet Tyrant! if thou canst suspect
 Thy Lover's eyes, yet trust thy own.

Aw'd by stern Honour's watchful spies,
 Dull formal rules I'm forc'd t' obey;
 Like dungeon-slaves, my hasty eyes
 Just snatch a glimpse of chearful day.

Absent, the desert walks I view;
 Here went Eliza, there she came:
 With tears my lonely couch bedew,
 And, dreaming, sigh Eliza's name.

"Where is his soul, the women cry,
 The stupid lump! the lifeless earth!"
 "Where, say the men, his brisk reply,
 His crimson glass, and noisy mirth!"

Hast thou not mark'd my burning kifs,
 My lawless pulse, my bounding heart?
 How oft when, wild for further blifs,
 All trembling from thy arms I start?

Ah, spotless Fair! too well I find
 My passions strong, my reason frail;

Ah! can I stain that angel mind,
 And, Virtue lost, let Love prevail?

No ! down in shades below we'll rove,

A glorious miserable pair ;

Gaz'd-at through all the myrtle grove,

For burning love, and chaste despair.

Say, if thou lov'st, did ever youth,

That wish'd like me, like me endure ?

Dost thou not blame this swainish truth,

And wish my flame were not so pure ?

In pity hate me, tempting Fair ;

An happy exile let me fly.

What feverish wretch his thirst can bear,

That sees the cooling stream so nigh !

Oh ! I shall all my vows unsay,

If once I gaze — my blood will glow ;

This virtuous frost will melt away,

And Love's wild torrent over-flow.

IN AMOREM TAMI ET ISIDIS*.

NYMPHA Isis liquidos agros dum læta pererrat,
Incaluit madidæ Tamus amore Deæ.

Serpit amans tacitus, sinuosâque brachia circum

Fundit, & æterno fœdere jungit aquas.

Nunc torrens idem, & limes datur unus utrique,

Nec doluere vices Ille, vel Illa suas.

Tamus amat quicquid sua dulcis amaverat Isis ;

Et quod Tamus amat, Tamus & Isis amant.

Jam nullam agnoscas Tami, nullum Isidis undam ;

Commune imperium Tamisis unus habet.

* This and the imitation are by an anonymous writer in Steele's Collection. See Dr. King's "Thame and Isis," English Poets, vol. XX. p. 426. N.

THAMES AND ISIS.

IN IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM. 1708.

WHILE through the flowery meads glad Isis stray'd,
 Enamour'd Tame pursu'd the lovely maid;
 With silent haste to her embraces flies,
 And on her bosom sinks in endless blifs.
 Now both to one, one fruitful bed still bears,
 Alike the happy change is his and hers.
 Tame, what his charming Isis loves, enjoys;
 What's Tame's delight, alike is hers and his.
 So one, so happy in their union grown!
 Like Britain's self, in Thames they're now but one.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XLVII.

IMITATED, BY THE SAME WRITER.

TO enjoy your life in happiness,
 My friend, the ways and means are these:
 Descended wealth, a fruitful farm,
 An house by scite and structure warm:
 Still void of strife. Your dress still plain;
 But unaffected, neat and clean.
 Alike at peace in head and heart,
 And vigorous health in every part.
 Truth without craft; a friend, or two,
 Just such, and only such, as you.
 A table with cheap plenty spread;
 Where health, and no disease, is fed.
 Still sober nights, yet free from cares,
 A bed, that lust nor sorrow shares;

Where pleasing daily labours give
Unbroken sleeps from ten to five.

From further views entirely free ;

But, as you are, content to be.

And thus while all your hours are past ;

Nor fears, nor wishes, for your last.

SONG. BY THE SAME WRITER.

PHYLLIS the young, the fair, the gay !

The youth, that fain would spoil ye,

Gives you at once the bloom of May,

And riper blush of July.

Whilst thus the soothing rogue prepares

His Phyllis for his pleasures ;

Learn, Fair-one, hence t' escape his snares,

And save your fairest treasures.

“ The blossoms by too hot a taint

“ Soon droop, and fall neglected ;

“ And fruit that has a maggot in 't,

“ However fair, 's rejected.”

TO AN OLD BED-MAKER,

WHO HAD SCANDALIZED ME.

IMITATED FROM BUCHANAN.

IN vain, old Dipsas, you 'd asperse my fame,

In vain with praises I'd adorn your name ;

Your Satire's vain, my Panegyrick too,

For no one credits either me or you.

H Y M N

H Y M N T O V E N U S,
 FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.
 ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

Immortal Venus, to whose name
 Millions of altars daily flame;
 Daughter of Jove, whose flattering art
 Knows well to wound a wretch's heart;
 Sappho to you directs her prayers:
 Afflict not thus my soul with cares;
 But, ah! expel this raging pain,
 Nor let my wishes prove in vain.

If miseries your pity move,
 If Sappho has deserv'd your love,
 Hear me, and ease a tortur'd mind,
 And still, as you were once, be kind;
 When pity sway'd your gentle breast,
 And me above my hopes you blest.

Hither from Heaven you took your way,
 (For ever sacred be that day!)
 Your wanton birds the chariot drew,
 Like lightning through the clouds they flew,
 With opening wings they cut the air,
 And left on earth their heavenly care;
 Then swiftly back your sparrows fly,
 And waft the chariot to the sky.

A pleasing smile your face adorn'd;
 You ask'd the cause for which I mourn'd;

'Twas then these joyful words you said,
 "Why does my Sappho seek my aid?
 If Love distress'd has caus'd your pain,
 You shall not sue to me in vain.
 The youth whose graces you admire
 Shall burn again with equal fire;
 Doom'd, though he now your passion flies,
 A certain victim to your eyes."

O Venus! with propitious care,
 Indulge my flame, receive my prayer;
 The torments of uncertain love
 From my soft bleeding heart remove!
 Ah! with your own resistless fire,
 Your dying votary inspire;
 Do thou, bright Goddess! grant success;
 My numbers shall thy power confess.

TO MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS,
 ON HIS DISTRESS MOTHER.
 ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

LONG have the writers of this warlike age
 With human sacrifices drench'd the stage;
 That scarce one Hero dares demand applause,
 Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:
 As if, like swans, they only could delight
 With dying strains, and, while they please, affright.

Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,
 Dares not destroy, where Horace bids him spare:

His

His decent scene like that of Greece appears ;
 No deaths our eyes offend, no fights our ears.
 While he from nature copies every part,
 He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.

Oft' as Andromache renews her woe,
 The mothers sadden, and their eyes o'erflow.
 Hermione, with love and rage possess'd,
 Now soothes, now animates, each maiden breast:
 Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
 Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
 Love, and Despair, and Furies are combin'd
 In poor Orestes, to distract his mind.
 From first to last, alternate passions reign ;
 And we resist the Poet's will in vain.

E P I S T L E T O D—.

I Know your passion, friend, and well approve
 The chaste endearments of a mutual love ;
 Yet smile to see the airy youth confin'd,
 His boasted freedom all to one resign'd,
 Who widely rang'd and courted woman-kind.
 But only you, thrice happy you, can tell
 How far these chains such liberties excell ;
 Her chaste embrace, one soft transporting kiss,
 Surpasses all your scenes of guilty bliss.
 Let modest D—— laugh, and F—— jest,
 At sacred pleasures, they want thought to taste ;
 They'd change their mind if bless'd with Mira's charms,
 And own the sweet conviction in her arms.

But those are paths untrod, reserv'd for you,
 Whilst I a wretched beaten track pursue ;

A widow is my lot, impos'd by fate
 To pay-off debts, and marry an estate :
 No charms but those of money join our hands,
 And nature shrinks at what the priest commands ;
 But golden chains must fix me to the oar,
 I still must drudge, and she'll still heave for more.
 See ! where methinks th' insatiate creature lies,
 Whilst I stand destin'd for the sacrifice.
 What can I do? will hectic warmth assuage
 The tenfold fury of her wanton rage?
 But parents, friends, and shatter'd fortunes, claim
 Her rich alliance, to support our name.
 So when the Earth her opening breast laid wide,
 And all the Forum yawn'd from side to side,
 The Roman youth appeas'd her angry womb,
 Leap'd in, and made the mighty deep his tomb.

SOLOMON'S SONG*. CHAP. IV.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

SOLOMON.

DAughters of Salem, and ye Virgin throng,
 That tread Judæa's plains, regard my Song.

Let kindly thoughts your softer passions raise,
 And on my Fair-one with complacence gaze.

Her dove-like eyes ten thousand charms dispense,
 Breathing at once both Love and Innocence :
 Behold, adown her neck the wavy locks
 Bound like exulting kids o'er Gilead's rocks :

* This beautiful poem is inserted by Mr. Croxall, in "The
 " Fair Circassian." He was probably the writer of it. N.

Her ivory teeth in beauteous order stand,
Whiter than new-thorn sheep on Jordan's strand;
When dropping from the flood with fleecy skins,
Each with her lambs appears, and each with twins:
Her lips like threads of scarlet brightly glow;
In comely speech her moving accents flow:
Her cheeks amidst soft circling tresses shine,
As when the tender ringlets of the vine
Around the blushing fruit their greener curls entwine.
Her marble neck the sparkling gems adorn,
As radiant Phosphor paints the shining morn;
Stately, like David's tower in Sion's fields,
Emblazon'd all around with warrior shields,
Her even breasts, where youthful Graces dwell,
Pregnant with bloom, and ripening beauties swell;
Like young twin roes that graze the flowery meads
With buds just sprouting from their velvet heads.

Hence to the hills of myrrh I'll haste away,
Where spicy breezes round my head shall play;
In gentle dreams I'll spend the gloomy night,
Till morning sun restores his golden light.

Return from Lebanon, my Spouse, my Love,
To Hermon's dewy hill and Shenir's grove:
See, from Amana's green and shady brow,
The distant prospect of the vales below;
Securely hence the spotted leopard view,
Nor fear the grizly lion's yellow hue.

O Spouse divinely fair! whose every part,
With streams of lightning, melts my ravish'd heart!
Full of thy Love, I scorn Baalhamon's wine,
Nor for the vineyard's purple juice repine:

Such

Such sweet perfumes attend thee every where,
 That Saba's spices flow when thou art here.
 A balmy milk does from thy tongue distil,
 And all thy lips with liquid honey fill :
 With smells of Lebanon thy vesture crown'd,
 Scatters refreshing odours all around :
 The various sweets which feed the thymy bee,
 My Spouse, my lovely Sister, are in Thee.

So when the sun, with orient beams replete,
 On some fair garden sheds his genial heat,
 Each vernal flower uprears its painted head,
 While opening buds their folded leaves dis-spread ;
 With trembling stream the limpid fountains play,
 And from their gilded waves reflect the day.
 Ripe thural fruits their frankincense exhale,
 Spikenard and cinnamon, that loves the vale,
 Saffron and spikenard, precious pleasant oil,
 That springs from rich Arabia's happy soil :
 Their spicy rind, with gummy sap distent,
 Breathes through the air a soft balsamic scent :
 Nocturnal dews in humid vapour rise,
 And fragrant clouds perfume the azure skies.

THE SPOUSE.

Awake, O North ! or thou kind Southern breeze,
 In softly murmurs whisper through the trees :
 With soothing breath upon my garden blow,
 That grateful smells from every part may flow.
 Let my Beloved, in the coolly shade,
 Upon some lily bank repose his head ;
 Or with delicious fruitage please his taste,
 Be fill'd with joy, and bless the kind repast.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.
ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

SO fair a form, with such devotion join'd !
A virgin body, and a spotless mind !
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious sees
The lovely Vot'refs on her bended knees,
Sure it must think some Angel lost its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to stray ;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of light.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS CATO.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

IS Britain rescued from th' Italian chain,
And the dear song neglected for thy strain ?
Are ev'n the Fair reclaim'd ? and dare they sit
Intent on Virtue, and be pleas'd with Wit ?
What Muse, but thine, could thus redeem our taste.
With show deluded, and with sound debas'd ?
Hard was the task, and worthy of your rage,
You seem the great Alcides of the age :
How gloriously you rise in our defence !
Your cause is Liberty ; your armour, Sense ;
The brood of tuneful monsters you control,
Which sink the genius, and degrade the soul :
Those foes to verse you chase with manly arts,
And kindle Roman fires in British hearts.
Oh ! fix, as well as raise, that noble flame :
Confirm your glory, and prevent our shame.

The

The routed Opera may return again,
Seduce our hearts, and o'er our spirits reign :
Ev'n Cato is a doubtful match for all,
And Right, oppress'd with odds, again may fall ;
Let our just fears your second aid implore,
Repeat the stroke, this Hydra springs no more.

O N S O M E S N O W

THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair :
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

ON THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE
FRENCH INVASION, IN FAVOUR OF THE
PRETENDED PRINCE OF WALES, 1707.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

O Sacred Bards ! O all ye tuneful throng !
Raise Anna's name in an immortal song.

Let every breast the tuneful God inspire,
Kindle poetic flames, a true celestial fire.

Let softer Ovid now neglected lie,
And soar on Maro's pinions to the sky.
Let Cam's fam'd sons in lofty numbers sing,
And Isis' swans their rival music bring.

Let

Let Garth renew his pleasing strains, and draw
 Fam'd Anna's form as bright as great Nassau;
 Her let the virgins in their songs proclaim,
 And smiling babes lisp out the darling name;
 Let every voice her lasting praise resound,
 And passing winds convey the chorus round.

No base impostor can disturb thy reign;
 His vain attempts thou mockest with disdain,
 Thou Empress of the Land, thou Goddess of the Main!
 So I have seen a meteor blaze on high,
 Dance through the spaces of the liquid sky,
 Then quickly fade, and in a moment die.
 Go, purple Cheat! Let St. Germain contain
 Thy narrow empire, and thy baffled train;
 There rule thy fill, and fancy'd sceptres wield,
 And kingdoms in Utopian regions build.
 In state and port with Latian Cæsars vie,
 Act the mock prince, and mimic majesty;
 Let crowds of slaves around thy table wait,
 Attend thy nod, and truckle to thy state.
 Such visionary realms does Lewis give,
 And such the crowns his faithful friends receive.

Britannia's generous sons behold with scorn
 A Popish pageant by contrivance born:
 Hold, puny wretch; the Briton is too brave,
 Sooner he'll free-born die than live a slave.
 Let the base Turk and Gauls, ignoble swains,
 Their fetters hug, and glory in their chains;
 But, all ye Heavenly Powers, permit that we
 May live like men, and breathe in Liberty!

As towering Spain did to Eliza yield,
 And own'd her Sovereign of the watery field,
 When Drake and Rawleigh lasting trophies rear'd,
 And early in the book of fame appear'd:
 So Gallic fleets victorious Anna's fly;
 Trusting to canvass wings, they dare not try
 The British force, nor cast the fatal dye.
 Now Leake and Bing, with noble Dursley, gain
 Eternal honours on the briny main;
 Whilst crowds of heroes undistinguish'd shine
 Above the wing of such a Muse as mine,
 Whose gallant breasts have future wars in view,
 Destin'd to save old worlds, or conquer new.

Then whither, poor Pretender, wilt thou fly?
 Thy patron sees, too late, thy ruin nigh.
 In some dark convent hide thee from the day,
 Shave thy thin skull, and to St. Lewis pray:
 Let Pater-nosters be thy constant theme;
 But never more of promis'd Empires dream.

ON A TOBACCO-BOX.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHoever in a mean abode presumes
 To lodge that sacred herb, whose curling fumes
 (More grateful than Sabæan odours far)
 Play round the nose, and wanton in the air;
 May Æsculapius let him always want
 The virtues of the health-restoring plant;
 Or let th' unworthy finner be confin'd
 To abject weeds of some plebeian kind!

Bacche

Bacchus his herb should have for its abode
 The workmanship of the Ætnean God,
 Well-polish'd steel, that, like the mimic glass,
 Reflects the image of the Smoaker's face,
 And lets him see how well a taper pipe,
 Of mold refin'd, becomes his humid lip.
 Such, such a seat is worthy to receive
 The mystic, Dionysian, short-cut leaf.
 Pandora's box, that angry Jove did send,
 A fatal troop of maladies contain'd;
 This better gift as many cures does hold
 As were diseases in that box of old.
 Here, were I not confin'd to narrow space,
 The virtues of the wondrous herb I'd trace;
 How its green beauties flourish, in what ground,
 And by that happy chance it was by Liber found;
 How the defect of talk it can supply,
 If we this other way our breath employ;
 How it collects the thoughts, and serves instead
 Of biting nails, or harrowing-up the head.
 But this great task I leave to future rhymes,
 And abler Poets born in better times.

SONG. ANONYMOUS;

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WH Y will Florella, while I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,

And chide them from the only face

- They can behold with Love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a Nymph more kind :
 And, while I range from Fair to Fair,
 Still gentle usage find.

But, oh ! how faint is every joy
 Where Nature has no part :
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, as they roam,
 Meet pity every where ;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

VERSES BY MR. EUSDEN*,

ON A LADY WHO IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
 AND WITTY WHEN SHE IS ANGRY.

LONG had I known the soft enchanting wiles,
 Which Cupid practis'd in Aurelia's smiles.
 Till by degrees, like the fam'd Asian, taught,
 Safely I drank the sweet, though poisonous, draught.
 Love, vex'd to see his favours vainly shown,
 The peevish urchin murder'd with a frown.

What

* Lawrence Eusden, descended from a good family in Ireland, was educated at Trinity College in Cambridge; after which he went into holy orders; and was for some time chaplain to Richard Lord Willoughby de Broke. His first patron was the eminent Lord Halifax, whose poem "On
 " the

What cautious youth would thence have fear'd surprize?
 Can beauty from deformity arise?
 In cloudless nights do lightnings harmless fly,
 And only blast from a tempestuous sky?
 Mild Venus haunts the shades and peaceful groves,
 Her thoughts, her looks, are tender as her doves.
 Smooth'd were the waves, and every Triton sung,
 When from old Ocean first the Goddess sprung.
 Aurelia shuns the calm, and loves the storm,
 Ruffles her passions to improve her form;

She,

“the Battle of the Boyne,” Mr. Eusden translated into Latin. He was also esteemed by the Duke of Newcastle, on whose marriage with the honourable lady Henrietta Godolphin he wrote an Epithalamium, for which, upon the death of Mr. Rowe, he was by his Grace (who was then lord chamberlain, and considered the verses as an elegant compliment) preferred in 1718 to the laureatship. He had several enemies; and among others, Mr. Pope, who put him into his Dunciad; though we do not know what provocation he gave to any of them, unless by being raised to the dignity of the laurel. Cooke, in his “Battle of the Poets,” speaks thus of him:

“Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,

“By few been read, by fewer still been prais'd,” &c.

And Oldmixon, in his “Art of Logic and Rhetoric,” p. 413, is not sparing of his reflexions on the poet and his patron. His censures, however, are plainly those of a disappointed competitor. And perhaps great part of the ridicule, which has been thrown on Eusden, may arise from his succeeding so ingenious a poet as Mr. Rowe. That he was no inconsiderable versifier, the specimens here selected will evince; and,

She, by some art to th' artful sex unknown,
 Has all the graces, when the rest have none.
 Th' unfated victor seeks new triumphs still,
 And whom her eyes but wound, her tongue must kill.
 No hope of safety, if inflam'd her breast;
 At once the charmer looks and talks the best.
 So Dryden sweetest sung, by envy fir'd;
 Thirst of revenge, where Phœbus fail'd, inspir'd.
 His Anthony did Sedley's Muse o'ertake,
 And Absalom was writ for Zimri's sake.
 New injuries new laurels did presage,
 And a Mac Flecno was the child of Rage.

as his moral character appears to have been respectable, his Grace acted a generous part in providing for a man who had conferred an obligation on him. The first-rate poets were either of principles very different from the government, or thought themselves too distinguished to undergo the drudgery of an annual Ode. Mr. Eusden, however, seems to have been but little known before his preferment, if we judge by the manner in which he is mentioned in the Duke of Buckingham's "Session of the Poets:"

"In rushed Eusden, and cried, who shall have it,
 "But I the true laureat, to whom the King gave it?
 "Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
 "But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

He died at his rectory at Coningsby, Lincolnshire, the 27th of September, 1730; and left behind him in MS. a translation of the Works of Tasso, with a Life of that Poet. His father, Dr. Eusden, was rector of Spotsworth in Yorkshire. N.

In some old book, which I cannot recollect, I have seen it observed, that Eusden set out well in life, but afterwards turned out a drunkard, and besotted his faculties away. R.

T O

TO CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

OCCASIONED BY TRANSLATING INTO LATIN
TWO POEMS* BY HIS LORDSHIP
AND MR. STEPNEY.

BY MR. EUSDEN, 1709.

MY LORD,

TO you, when public grief † implor'd your aid,
The first faint products of my Muse were paid;
To you again in cannisters I bring
These early gatherings of a second Spring.
The noblest fruits, that ever blest our isle,
See here transplanted to the Roman soil;
But so transplanted, that too soon they show,
They did not first in Roman climates grow.
Sure, rolling spheres in other orbits run,
And Italy has lost her warmer sun;
Or now the boasted majesty of Rome;
Is more than rival'd in the British loom;
Or I forget my faults, and should accuse
The rash endeavours of a feeble Muse.
Fool as she was, to imitate, so young,
The lov'd, the prais'd, th' inimitable song;
And paint your glories in the Latian tongue.

* Lord Halifax's Epistle to the Earl of Dorset, on the Battle of The Boyne (English Poets, vol. XII. p. 229); and Mr. Stepney's Epistle on King William's Voyage to Holland, (ibid. p. 248). N.

† The Prince's death. E.—This Poem I have never seen. N.

The callow eaglet wisely takes his rest
 Safe in the covert of a downy nest;
 Till, grown mature in strength, he dares to fly,
 Faces the glaring sun, and towers on high,
 And bears the rattling thunder through the sky.

As, in return to heaven for large supplies,
 From the same gifts we cull a sacrifice;
 So you receive a labour of your own,
 If, thus disguis'd, the wondrous piece be known;
 If through this rough-drawn copy still you trace
 Some lively features of a beauteous face:
 But I beyond Promethean frauds aspire,
 Not only steal, but smother heavenly fire.

“Where are the flights (true Critics may exclaim)
 The heat, the force, and fancy, wing'd with flame?
 Where is great William's glorious image seen,
 Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien?
 No Gods descending here adorn the scene*.”
 Such was the change when bright Diana stood
 Amidst her thousand nymphs, besmear'd with mud:
 Alphæus, close pursuing, gaz'd unmov'd,
 Nor knew the Goddess he so fiercely lov'd.

Yet blame your Muse, that gave too much delight;
 'Tis fatal to be eminently bright.
 You from Translations had escap'd unharm'd,
 Were I less daring, or had you less charm'd.
 Poems I view'd around of every size;
 But, Pirate-like, flew to the richest prize.
 So, starting sudden from his dark abode,
 To chuse a consort, rush'd the Stygian God.

* Lord Halifax's expressions are here well introduced. N.

Scouring, he drove his steeds o'er Enna's plains,
 Through crowds of swooning nymphs and frightened
 On every side his eager eyes he cast, [swains:
 But Proserpine the rest in form surpass.
 The ravisher no longer could forbear;
 Furious on her he seiz'd, though many a Fair,
 And all Sicilia's blooming pride, was there. }

Some, by kind fates, to greatness force their way,
 And without dawns shew a glorious day:
 Others, by fortune and industrious strife,
 Arrive at honours in the noon of life.
 Many by painful slow degrees ascend,
 And, anxious, till the verge of death, attend.
 Great Dryden did not early great appear,
 Faintly distinguish'd in his thirtieth year:
 But Nature, when she would a Poet doom
 To shew ripe wonders in his opening bloom,
 Lavishly gives from all her choicest mines,
 And the rich ore with nicer care refines.
 Britannia grieves, such blessings are but few,
 A Cowley, Congreve, and a Montague.

Could you, my Lord, the trembling Muse forgive,
 And bid the criminal, twice guilty, live;
 Yet how can she those injuries defend,
 Done to your dear, (alas!) departed * friend?
 Stepney! in foreign courts a favourite name,
 For ever sacred to the voice of Fame!
 Abroad, at home, his actions wonder mov'd;
 Great was the glory to be thus approv'd,
 But greater that, to be by you lov'd. }

* Mr. Stepney died two years before this was written. N.

O! were the Graces, which adorn your mind,
 Not to themselves so gloriously unkind!
 Could you, untroubled, your own praise receive,
 Who praise to others are so pleas'd to give!
 Fir'd with the theme, I had not crept so long
 In lowly number, and a rural song.
 Ev'n now my voice I would attempt to raise,
 And to new wonders consecrate new lays;
 Such as might sooth the most harmonious ear,
 Nor Garth, nor Addison, should blush to hear.
 But you already modestly refuse,
 And check the sallies of th' ambitious Muse.
 Yet though your glories are with care conceal'd,
 Virtues, when cover'd most, are most reveal'd.
 We view with pleasure every vulgar stone,
 While richest jewels are with caution shown.

WRITTEN BY MR. EUSDEN,

AND SPOKEN AT

A CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT*.

“Non ego mendaci distinxì carmine quenquam,

“Nulla venenato litera missa joco est.” OVID.

HA I L, British fair-ones, who in silence sit,
 And fancy, all you know not, must be wit,
 Who own your ignorance in Roman books,
 Yet judge of Roman eloquence by looks;
 Unknown, in Latin, we your fame might wrong,
 But who dares taint you in your native tongue?

* I know not in what year. They were printed for the second time in 1714, folio. N.

A secret

A secret truth at first must be confest ;
 We Students are too grave or dull to jest.
 An English jest such jealousies can raise,
 We Puppet-shows receive, and banish Plays.
 Here, ev'n the Tragic Muse is thought unchaste :
 Well may learn'd Oxford boast a happier taste !
 Andromache there sheds a guiltless tear,
 And Mourning Brides without a blush appear ;
 Brave Anthony may own Love's power divine,
 Indulge his passion, and the globe resign :
 Great Cæsar there has fall'n with decent pride,
 And greater Cato more than once has died.

But here the scene is chang'd to trifling shows,
 A German juggles tricks, and flits his nose.
 No more the Salamander's coldness name ;
 That only lives in, but this breathes out, flame.
 Another glorious fight, a second call ;
 A man too little, or a man too tall.
 Observe what crowds the hideous artist draws,
 Who postures skrews, that start from Nature's laws ;
 The lovely image Heaven had stamp'd is fled,
 And fair Humanity deform'd for bread.
 To Afric's wild inhabitants you run,
 And meet those monsters, which the wise should shun.
 Mix'd with the sprucest bands, bright Cælias shine,
 And shoot more darts than quills the Porcupine.
 Here Indian Otters and white Owls you see,
 With tawney Lions in dumb majesty :
 There the dead Tortoise forms a spacious boat,
 In which Miss Venus us'd of old to float.

From Sciences we solemnly repair
 To ropes, and fiddles, and a bounding Fair.
 With such a graceful mien, so strong a spring,
 The nymph still rises from the quivering string,
 That the swift motion our kind thoughts improve,
 And paint her flying on the wings of Love.
 Feats of activity, till these, unknown,
 And yet not all her wondrous feats are shown.
 Close by degrees Philosophers advance,
 Glote on the Dancer, but still praise the dance.
 Our Alma Mater promises relief,
 She can allay the pain, or sooth the grief:
 Enamour'd Strephons! chuse you as you please,
 Cool grottos, purling streams, or willow trees.
 Or, if your vapours rage not too severe,
 Ev'n dancing Dogs and three-legg'd Cats are here,
 And Punch is merry twice at least a year.

Now let th' unpointed satire gently note
 Th' enormity of each vast petticoat.
 Sometimes the Muses, languishing, might droop;
 But bashful Clio never wore a hoop.
 O! had Diana on the wood-land green
 Entrench'd her females in this odd machine,
 With pleasure she had heard th' affrighted boar
 Rustle in silks, and pierc'd with whalebone roar;
 Her nymphs, unknown, had driven an amorous trade,
 Brisk Atalanta had no gambols play'd,
 But, like St. Winifred, been still a maid.

The weak, th' afflicted, kindly, hoops befriend,
 And injur'd Virtue generously defend,

While, widely spread, with tutelary care,
 They cheat the world, and skreen the pregnant fair :
 Or else some Literati might have shown,
 All are not Saints, nor Eunuchs, in a gown,
 And had long since lost Fellowships deplor'd,
 Who still glare reverend on the buttery-board.

Hoops were at first a Pagan innovation,
 Though now most us'd in the most Christian nation.
 Fame says, a Critic, for vast depths renown'd,
 Secret Memoirs of Ithaca has found ;
 Those musty rolls some wondrous truths declare !
 Penelope was not so chaste as fair.
 She, for state-reasons, was the first beginner
 Of hoops ; a sly, discretionary finner !
 What though she heathenish swell'd about the waist,
 The filken umbrage still proclaim'd her chaste :
 The prude in sun-shine sicken'd at a spark,
 But was a very woman in the dark ;
 Virtue's strict rules she readily could teach,
 But to walk by them was beyond her reach ;
 You know, 'tis hard to practise what you preach. }
 This the true meaning of the web is thought,
 The night unravel'd what the day had wrought.
 Hence adages of endless toil begun,
 A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done.
 With proper furniture she grac'd the room ;
 Here the soft couch was spread, there stood the loom.
 Fine linen she admir'd ;—well ! where 's the hurt ?
 She wove for each new lover a new shirt ;
 Nay, and more presents made (her zeal was such)
 Than here are Would-be-wits !—You'll say, that's much.

Supplied

Supplied with piquet-friends, it plain appears
 The lady might live out full twenty years.
 Perhaps she wept too at her lord's return,
 And then, then only, had just cause to mourn.
 Good man ! he went dissatisfied away,
 But feign'd a madness first, in hopes to stay :
 He had been mad indeed, unforc'd to roam,
 And leave so beautiful a wife at home.
 Tell me, ye Learn'd, is it not too presuming
 To trust a creature with herself, when blooming ?
 Some softer minutes may the best surprize,
 Women are flesh and blood, and men have eyes.

Unnumber'd scenes of various dangers past,
 The virtuous husband safe return'd at last :
 Heedless I call'd him virtuous—O, for shame !
 Adulterers deserve another name.
 His boasted purity receiv'd a spot ;
 Telegonus he rakishly begot.
 With stronger charms, he the fam'd charmer won,
 And boldly clasp'd the Daughter of the Sun.
 If this were all, I dare be positive,
 Some of you, Ladies, could one slip forgive :
 But much I fear, he staid not (may be thought)
 With Queen Calypso, fix whole years, for nought.
 By other slanderers he seems belied ;
 They fancy, he took freedoms with his guide ;
 His guide was Pallas :—judge you, if he cou'd ;
 She was too chaste ;—in English plain—too proud.
 Besides, though all divine in every feature,
 The Goddess was no very tempting creature.

She

She read him serious lectures ; but, alas !
 She never told the cuckold what he was.
 I guess you Fair-ones, by your smiles, inclin'd
 To think his madam paid him in his kind.
 Howe'er, 'twas happy for their nuptial vows,
 He grew not jealous of his faithless spouse.
 But who her peccadillo's could discover ?
 Each gallant prov'd an honourable lover.
 O Ladies ! now, how alter'd quite the case is !
 How few deserve to be in your good graces !
 The scandal-mongers in confusion ceas'd,
 Lessen'd their noise as petticoats increas'd ;
 No busy tongues could tell her curious elf,
 And she had prudence not to tell herself :
 Poor Lyfsey found the fate of modern men,
 And was still bubbled by his own dear Penn.

From Grecian tales 'tis easy to digress
 To British Cynthias, in laconic drefs.
 There happy elegance of taste is seen
 In stockings purple, and in garters green.
 The well-turn'd shoulder is disclos'd, to move
 And feed the sight with avenues to Love.
 When Phœbus ran, young Daphne to embrace,
 His passion glow'd, and heighten'd in the race.
 Immodest winds her tender limbs reveal'd,
 And beauties shew'd, which innocence conceal'd.
 Still as she turn'd, her snowy neck he view'd ;
 No wonder if his Godship had been rude :
 A naked prospect wantonly inspires
 Our beardless novices with strange desires.

Where

Where will you stop?—Already we can see
Below the bosom, and above the knee.
If from your heads and feet such dangers rise,
Ah! whither, whither shall I point my eyes?
When you kill Sages, those you kill by chance;
O'er heaving breasts with caution still they glance:
But sanguine Fresh-men, indiscreetly warm,
Dwell with their eyes, and suck in every charm.
Thus Egypt's Queen, a speedier death to bring,
Prest close the serpent, and enjoy'd the sting.
Who first saw Basilisks with speckled pride,
Gaz'd on their spots, but as he gaz'd he died.

Chang'd is the mode from that of former days.
Ladies receiv'd no visits without stays;
Eliza's dames of honour took no snuff,
And husbands only peep'd beneath the ruff.
In fashions still the difference was as great,
Ere Nuns were banish'd from this sacred seat;
When charitable Monks could grant with ease
A license for all Pagan liberties;
When squeamish consciences gave no restraint;
For gold, a Sinner might commence a Saint;
A happiness much wanted in our times:
The crimes of Love were construed venial crimes.
Then Barnwell-virgins might securely rove,
Unharm'd, though rifled in the neighbouring grove:
No Proctor's staff yet walk'd its awful round,
Nor midnight purple startled at the sound;
Ere Sunday-nymphs on Clare-Hall-piece were seen,
Or Coffee-booths aspir'd on Jesus-Green;

Ere

Ere Covent-Garden Mistresses came down,
 And taught the youths to tympanize the town;
 Ere Sophs had learnt with humms the pit to fill,
 Or Beaux to flutter round the Market-hill.

Alas! our Beaux but flutter here a while,
 They part, and longing Laundresses beguile.
 Rich heirs our humble Colleges forget,
 And launch into the vices of the great.
 From tutors freed, to Inns of Court they run,
 And fashionably learn to be undone.
 A skittish Chloe costs (nor think her dear)
 A splendid brace of hundred pounds a year.
 Besides, expect a frequent, sad complaint,
 For watches, rings, and filks—but never paint.
 Th' Athenian Orator, who lean'd to Vice,
 Found Laïs' beauties bore too high a price.
 For a full loose to joys, the niggard soul
 Bade but a solitary Greek pistole.
 Not Virgin-Danaë alone was sold
 With dextrous cunning for a shower of gold;
 Nor did a husband's shape Alcmena move,
 She yielded to a second, golden Jove:
 While the fly God for one night did agree,
 And then for cheapness stretch'd that one to three.
 Now change the hand, and different strike the lyre;
 How reigns Apollo in this tuneful choir?
 Our wits, who most harmoniously compose,
 Drink not at Helicon, but at The Rose.
 If circling years new dividends account,
 I quit all claim to the Pierian mount.

What

What would rich misers give for the command
Of barren provinces in Classic land ?
Why ! just as much (a Soph would answer soon)
As for ten thousand acres in the Moon.
My laurel'd hopes I willingly resign,
Give me but Flavia—take the tuneful Nine.
Where am I by uxorious fancies led ?
We Fellows want the privilege to wed.
Have no kind creatures charity in store
For those who by necessity are poor ?
The Cambridge-wives maliciously agree
To keep our Doctors Maids till sixty-three.
They still might fate their lawful dears with blifs,
Yet spare an eleemosynary kifs.
Indulge my youth, and cure me of Love's blindness,
For pity take me, kill me—but with kindness.
You would be mov'd, if you my virtues knew—
I can be happy, and be secret too.

Some may their favours from Parnassus boast,
My Muse shall ever be a British Toast.
A smile from Flavia can secure renown,
Though Polyhymnia and her sisters frown.
If e'er I gain'd, I gain'd from beauty, fame ;
It rais'd my numbers, and inspir'd my flame.
This truth allow'd, I logically thence
Draw but one sweet, material consequence ;
With me no Fair her reputation loses :
A Poet sure may toy with all the Muses.
Oft her Catullus Lesbia entertain'd,
And tender Ovid his Corinna gain'd.

Still

Still Saccharissa's pride all tongues upbraid,
Who own'd no music, though a Waller play'd.
But in his strength of genius few excel;
We praise you faintly, till you use us well.
By you disdain'd, we stretch a feeble wing,
Approv'd, we boldly soar, and sweetly sing.
So in long drougths, with no kind moisture fed,
The sickening lily languishes its head:
But if the friendly skies indulgent pour
On Earth's parch'd bosom a soft genial shower,
The faded leaves their youthful bloom regain,
And a new brightness smiles around the plain.

CLAUDIAN'S COURT OF VENUS.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

IN the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
That casts a shadow into distant lands.
In vain access by human feet is try'd,
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile through seven wide channels spread,
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along its sides no hoary frosts presume
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom.
The winds with caution sweep the rising flowers,
While balmy dews descend, and vernal showers.
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal Spring.
Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,
And genial breezes soften all the year.

The

The nice, luxurious soul, uncloy'd, may rove,
 From pleasures still to circling pleasures move,
 For endless beauty kindles endless love. }

The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
 Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain;
 Where the pleas'd eye may flowery meads behold
 Inclos'd with branching ore, and hedg'd with gold.
 Or where large crops the generous glebe supplies,
 And yellow harvests, unprovok'd, arise.
 For, by mild Zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
 Yields every grain, nor asks the peasant's toil.
 These were the bribes, the price of heavenly charms,
 These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms.
 For such a bliss he such a gift bestow'd,
 The rich, th' immortal, labours of a God.

A sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
 Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
 But here no bird its painted wings can move,
 Unless elected by the Queen of Love.
 Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
 She hears the songster, and approves the song.
 The joyous victors hop from spray to spray;
 The vanquish'd fly, with mournful notes, away.

Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
 And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
 The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
 And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
 The distant platanes seem to press more nigh,
 And to the sighing alder alders sigh.
 Blue heavens above them smile, and all below
 Two murmuring streams in wild meanders flow.

This,

This, mix'd with gall, and that, like honey, sweet ;
 But, ah ! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet !
 Steep'd in these springs (if verse belief can gain)
 The darts of Love their double power attain.
 Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,
 A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound,
 Along the grassy banks, in bright array,
 Ten thousand little Loves their wings display.
 Quivers and bows their usual sport proclaim,
 Their dress, their stature, and their looks, the same :
 Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
 And tender as the Nymphs from whom they sprung.
 For Venus did but boast one only son,
 And rosy Cupid was that boasted one.
 He, uncontrol'd, through Heaven extends his sway,
 And Gods and Goddeses by turns obey :
 Or, if he stoops on Earth, great Princes burn,
 Sicken on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.
 Th' inferior Powers o'er hearts inferior reign,
 And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.

Here Love's imperial pomp is spread around ;
 Voluptuous Liberty, that knows no bound,
 And sudden storms of wrath, which soon decline,
 And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine ;
 Unartful tears, and hectic looks, that shew,
 With silent eloquence, the Lover's woe ;
 Boldness unfledg'd, and to stol'n raptures new,
 Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue ;
 Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
 Which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy ;

And short-breath'd vows, forgot as soon as made,
On airy pinions flutter through the glade :
Youth, with a haughty look and gay attire,
And rolling eyes, that glow with soft desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat,
While fullen cares and wither'd age retreat.

Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays ;
But by reflection of the grove is seen
The gold still vary'd by a waving green.
For Mulciber with secret pride beheld
How far his skill all human wit excell'd ;
And, grown uxorious, did the work design
To speak the artist, and the art divine.

Proud columns, towering high, support the frame,
That hewn from Hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet scarce adorn
The ruby walls, on which themselves are borne.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate, lies ;
And steps, with shining jaspers slippery, rise.

Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow.
The wanton winds through groves of cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd fragancies away.
Here, with its load the mild amomum bends ;
There, cinnamon in rival sweets contends.
A rich perfume the ravish'd senses fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm distills.

At these delightful bowers arrives at last
The God of Love, a tedious journey past :

Then

Then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Idalian sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
Ambrosial essence one bestows in showers,
And lavishly whole streams of nectar pours.
With ivory combs, another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens, the dishevel'd hair.
A third, industrious, with a nicer eye,
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest.
Sweet negligence! by artful study wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgement of the glass is here unknown,
Here mirrors are supply'd by every stone.
Where-e'er the Goddess turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now, while she did her spotless form survey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire and almighty sway,
She spy'd her son, and, fir'd with eager joy,
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the favourite boy.

PLUTO'S SPEECH TO PROSERPINE.

FROM CLAUDIAN, BY MR. EUSDEN.

CEASE, cease, fair Nymph, to lavish precious tears,
And discompose your soul with airy fears.

Look on Sicilia's glittering courts with scorn ;

A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.

Imperial pomp shall sooth a generous pride ;

The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.

If you above terrestrial thrones aspire,

From Heaven I spring, and Saturn was my fire.

The power of Pluto stretches all around,

Uncircumscrib'd by Nature's utmost bound :

Where matter, mouldering, dies, where forms decay,

Through the vast trackless void extends my sway.

Mark not, with mournful eyes the fainting light,

Nor tremble at this interval of night.

A fairer scene shall open to your view,

An earth more verdant, and an heaven more blue.

Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies ;

And other stars, with purer flames, arise.

There chaste adorers shall their praises join,

And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.

The blissful climes no change of ages knew,

The golden first began, and still is new.

That golden age your world awhile could boast,

But here it flourish'd, and was never lost.

Perpetual Zephyrs breathe through fragrant bowers,

And painted meads smile with unbidden flowers :

Flowers

Flowers of immortal bloom and various hue;
 No rival sweets in your own Enna grew.
 In the recess of a cool sylvan glade,
 A monarch-tree projects no vulgar shade.
 Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
 And golden apples to your reach descend.
 Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
 The yellow harvest will increase the more.
 But I too long on trifling themes explain,
 Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
 Whole Nature owns your bower: whate'er have birth,
 And live, and move, o'er all the face of Earth;
 Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,
 Or sportive roll along the foamy deep;
 Or on stiff pinions airy journies take,
 Or cut the floating stream, or stagnant lake;
 In vain they labour to preserve their breath,
 And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.
 Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings,
 Hail! Goddess of all sublunary things!
 Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
 And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elysian plain.
 The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,
 Know no superior honours in the grave.
 Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs, shall come,
 And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
 The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,
 And see past pleasures teem with future woes;
 Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,
 While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.

When, ripe for second-birth, the dead shall stand
 In shivering throngs on the Lethæan strand,
 That shade, whom you approve, shall first be brought
 To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught;
 Whose thread of life, just spun, you would renew,
 But nod, and Clotho shall re-wind the clue.
 Let no distrust of power your joys abate,
 Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.

The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping fair,
 And check'd the fury of his steeds with care :
 Possess of Beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
 And Love first softer'd the relentless God.

TO MR. ——. BY MR. EUSDEN.

YOU ask, my friend, how I can Delia prize,
 When Myra's shape I view, or Cynthia's eyes :
 No tedious answer shall create you pain,
 For beauty, if but beauty, I disdain.
 'Tis not a mien that can my will control,
 A speaking body with a silent soul.
 The loveliest face to me not lovely shows,
 From the sweet lips if melting nonsense flows :
 Nor must the tuneful Chloris be my choice,
 An earthly mind ill suits a heavenly voice.

What though my Delia not decay'd appears,
 She wants, you cry, the gawdy bloom of years.
 True ; but good sense perpetual joys will bring ;
 Her wit is ever youthful as the spring.
 Those fluttering sparks, who fashionably burn,
 And hourly for some fair Dorinda mourn,

Soon

Soon as the fancied Goddess is enjoy'd,
To find her woman, sicken, and are cloy'd.
Not so my Delia shall consume her charms,
But rise each morn more beauteous from my arms.
With envious swiftneſs rolling years may move,
Impair her glories, not impair my Love:
Time's wasteful rage the husband ſhall deſpiſe,
And view the wife ſtill with the bridegroom's eyes.
So kneels, at ſome ſam'd antiquated ſhrine,
The pious pilgrim to the power divine.
Around he ſees wild rugged heaps of ſtone,
Where Parian marble once, and jasper ſhone:
Yet, conſcious what thoſe ruins were of old,
Dares not, unmov'd, the moſſy walls behold;
But trembles at the Deity's abode,
And owns the powerful preſence of the God.

ON A DISPUTE WITH A GENTLEMAN ABOUT THE
EXCELLENCE OF SOME OF MR. DRYDEN'S
WRITINGS; WHEN A LADY, BEING ASKED
HER OPINION, BLAMED THEM.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

TO Dryden's Muſe I early homage paid,
And manhood fix'd the choice my youth had made.
The numbers flow'd delightful from his tongue,
And all was harmony when Dryden ſung.
But, ſince Cleora the ſweet Bard diſdains,
Harſh is his verſe, and rugged are his ſtrains:

Not kneeling Torrismond can pity move,
And the world seems too meanly lost for Love.

Nor let my rival triumph, though I yield;
Her charms, and not his reasonings, won the field.
Pleas'd with Cleora's censures, I submit:
So fair a face is sure a judge of wit.
Rough are the lines, that rough to her appear;
Her eyes confess the justness of her ear.
The fam'd Corinthian thus redeem'd her cause,
And with bright glances baffled all the laws.
Her orators had labour'd long in vain
To prove her injur'd, and her right regain.
Imperial Reason still unwarp'd was found,
And just decrees the joyful victor crown'd:
Till Laïs, rising with a sweet surprize,
Disclos'd her bosom, and unveil'd her eyes.
Amaz'd, each judge the silent pleader view'd,
Repeal'd the sentence, and her suit renew'd.
The faults they saw, they now can see no more,
And blame those actions, which they prais'd before.
Triumphant Wrong o'er vanquish'd Right prevail'd,
And Beauty won, where Eloquence had fail'd.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE TATLER.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

AT last is granted, what we wish'd for long,
The Roman arts have learn'd the British tongue.
The sweet Venustian Bard could lash the crimes,
And ridicule the follies of his times:

Yet

Yet the fly satyr mov'd with so much ease,
The sting, while wounding, never fail'd to please.
Nature, we fear'd, had here herself out-done,
Too weak again to raise so great a son :
But now in fame we dare with Rome engage ;
A second Horace has adorn'd our age.

Hail you ! whose every thought, and every line,
Our judgements ripen, and our tastes refine.
Who reads your works knows what the world e'er knew,
All human life lies open to his view.
Old age with tears fees artfully display'd
Those fruitless pleasures which they once obey'd ;
While by too dear experience youth, untaught,
Fly from the snares, in which their fires were caught ;
And by your labours double their delight,
Learn how to live, as well as how to write,

O ! in what beauteous elegance of dress
Th' immortal bloom of Virtue you express !
How sweetly mild she looks in all her rules !
The choice of wise men, though the scorn of fools.
How Vice can never with true reason suit !
The man degraded sinks into the brute.
Our bliss is lost, when ill we once begin ;
There is no Eden in the paths of sin.

If sacred thirst of glory you inspire,
Each labouring breast glows with a generous fire.
Had fate reserv'd young Ammon for this age,
We had not seen him with wild frenzies rage ;
His vain descent from Heaven he would disclaim,
To shine the foremost in your Court of Fame.

While

While the Coquette her airy motions tries,
“The man has humour!” gay Emilia cries;
Laughing goes on, and hugs the faithful glass,
Pleas’d with the true reflection of her face.
But grave Althæa reads the Prude with spleen,
And wonders how her secret faults were seen.

When rules of honour, in the married life,
You strictly fix to husband and to wife,
The libertine from Chloe’s arms retires,
Forgets to lust, and burns with nobler fires.

Or, when the fluttering coxcombs of the town
And all their nauseous fopperies are shown,
Such is the wit, as needs no critick fear,
And the chaste vestal, unconcern’d, might hear;
Such as can never innocence defile,
Yet from the most severe extorts a smile.

The happy delicacy of your Plays
I pass in silence, nor attempt to praise.
O Charlotte! who thy character can read,
But soon must languish, sigh, and secret bleed?
Is it your fancy that thus boundless roves,
Inflames our passions, yet eludes our loves?
Or to the world are living Charlottes known,
Or she, th’ unrival’d Phoenix, reigns alone?
To wealth, to power, I every wish resign,
If only that dear Charlotte might be mine.

Go on, great man! if you need farther go,
Whose bright meridian can no brighter show.
Still you their favourite let the Muses call,
All arts adorning, and adorn’d by all.

So variously you write, yet still so well,
 We know not where to judge you most excel:
 Nor can you, though you multiply the store,
 Add to your glory, or our wonder more.

MR. EUSDEN TO A LADY,
 WHO WEPT AT HEARING CATO READ.

IF ever grief could perfect form improve,
 Euphrenia, weeping, more commands our love.
 How shall we call that we so much admire,
 A melting brightness, or a humid fire?
 Blush not at sorrows seen, in vain suppress,
 Sighs swell to streams, and flowing shine confess.
 The happy Poet must with transport hear
 His art confirm'd by such a precious tear;
 Precious as that which good Octavia shed,
 When Virgil mourn'd o'er young Marcellus dead.
 Alas! the generous Roman differs still!
 She wept, she could not save; you weep, to kill.
 Ah, gentle Fair! too kind, too cruel Maid!
 Can you in others Tyranny upbraid,
 Yet be the cause of Liberty betray'd?
 Think on his halcyon hours you could destroy;
 Each glided smooth, for each was wing'd with joy.
 Whate'er he freely wish'd, he freely chose,
 Like Roman Senates, till a Cæsar rose.
 These lips, which us'd no favourite sound to claim,
 Now fondly quiver on Euphrenia's name.

This

This heart, which once no pointed glance had stung,
Bleeds at your sight, and trembles at your tongue.
Yet do I court, not struggle with, my chain;
Easy the thraldom, pleasant is the pain,
And you for ever shall Dictator reign. }

The stubborn Cato, whose unshaken soul
No flatteries could allure, no force control,
Had you then liv'd, had sweet confusion felt,
His sternness soften'd, and begun to melt:
Oft would have look'd, and oft with glad surprize
Bondage itself own'd lovely through those eyes.
Tell me, ye Learn'd, how equal objects strike
Euphrenia's breast with passions so dislike?
How tender and relentless thus agree!
Why there all discord, here all harmony?
Can you lament the miseries of Rome,
Patricians lost, or slavery their doom;
Yet ravage careless o'er your native isle,
Sport in destruction, and in murder smile?
Oh! when you weep, and vanquish'd Virtue grace,
Who would desire the mighty victor's place?
Misfortune proudly triumphs o'er success,
And Cæsar envies Cato's happiness.
How willing for such tears to yield up all,
Scarce an equivalent, the conquer'd ball!
How pleas'd superior glory to allow,
The world by Cæsar, Cæsar rul'd by you.

Sure, Bards of old deceiv'd us in their strains,
Syrens were all Euphrenias of the plains;
Who, gently touch'd by some soft mournful sound,
Melted in tears, and lavish'd deaths around.

The noblest Poet drew the noblest throng,
And the bright hearers made the dangerous song.
Was not this piece so elegantly fine,
You had not listen'd to a full design ;
Gay, pompous nonsense had less fatal been,
You could not weep where Nature was not seen.
Ah ! let the Muse aid to the Lover bring,
Nor from her excellence his ruin spring.
The charms of Verse should still the Charmer move,
And whom they melt to Pity, sooth to Love.

VERSES BY MR. EUSDEN,

ON THE SPECTATOR'S CRITIQUE ON MILTON.

LOOK here, ye Pedants, who deserve that name,
And lewdly ravish the great Critick's fame.
In cloudless beams of light true judgement plays,
How mild the censure, how refin'd the praise !
Beauties ye pass, and blemishes ye cull,
Profoundly read, and eminently dull.
Though Linnets sing, yet Owls feel no delight ;
For they the best can judge, who best can write.
O ! had great Milton but surviv'd to hear
His numbers try'd, by such a tuneful ear ;
How would he all thy just remarks commend !
The more the Critic, own the more the Friend.
But, did he know once your immortal strain,
Th' exalted pleasure would increase to pain :
He would not blush for faults he rarely knew,
But blush for glories thus excell'd by you.

IMITATIONS OF STATIUS*.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

BOOK IV. 246.

GREECE thus embroil'd, and arms around prepar'd,
 With joy the young Parthenopæus heard.
 New to the field, yet fir'd with thirst of fame,
 The beauteous, blooming, beardless, hero came.
 Mean-time beyond the bleak Lycæus stray'd
 Swift Atalanta, in a distant glade;
 Pursued the sylvan game with eager joy,
 Nor fear'd the danger of her favourite boy.
 Oh, had her heart the least forebodings known,
 The mother's fondness had preserv'd the son,
 Had bid the warrior to the groves retreat,
 And cool'd a glorious, but destructive, heat.
 Never of beauty to a male before
 Indulgent Nature lavish'd such a store.
 Yet the rich work compleatly she design'd;
 A woman's face conceal'd a manly mind.
 A proof of courage in each act appears;
 But what is courage in such tender years?
 For him, the Nymphs, that haunt the verdant woods,
 Or bathe their snowy limbs in crystal floods;
 Or on the mountain sport, or on the plain;
 All sigh'd, all languish'd, and all burn in vain.

* A longer imitation of the Thebaid (Book IX. 570.)
 is printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, perhaps by
 the same hand; But I have not room for it. N.

And

And sure his form might Nymphs inflame with love,
 Which could Diana's settled hate remove.
 For when she saw, in the Mænalian shade,
 How the fair, smiling, little wanton play'd;
 How harmless o'er th' unbending grass he flew,
 Of the stol'n raptures she unmindful grew:
 Well seem'd the virgin in the mother lost,
 That could this sweet, this heavenly burthen boast.
 New friendship soon the Goddess did commence,
 Recall'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence.
 The marks of honour did again bestow,
 The darts, the quiver, and the Cretan bow.

Th' unfledg'd commander, vainly rash of thought,
 Already burns with battles yet unfought.
 To his quick view the bloody scene appears,
 And comely dust his yellow locks besmears.
 Transports unknown the numerous captives yield,
 While the gay victor prances o'er the field.

His wonted pleasures now delight no more;
 No music in the hounds that bay the boar.
 Inglorious seem the conquests of the wood;
 He scorns the dart, not dy'd with human blood.
 Unarm'd the youth, how lovely to behold!
 But glitters sweetly fierce in burnish'd gold.
 His surcoat glows rich with the Tyrian stain,
 While diamond clasps the waving folds restrain.
 His shield, for lightness, of smooth skins was made,
 Where his fam'd mother's triumph shone display'd:
 Deep in th' Ætolian boar was fix'd the reed,
 And in the paint the savage seem'd to bleed.

In his left hand a bow with graceful pride
He bore, his right the Cydon eugh supply'd.
No vulgar art adorn'd his coat of mail
With feather'd gold, and many a shining scale ;
His radiant helm the waving crest furrounds,
And on his back his amber-quiver sounds ;
But the pale amber jaspers green enchase,
And with a livelier verdure dye the grafs.
His fiery courser snorts and neighs aloud,
With woodland spoils of spotted lynxes proud,
In swiftnefs, us'd to leave the mountain-hind,
A rival for the sweeping Northern wind ;
With joy his master, sheath'd in arms, he bore,
But wonder'd at a weight unfelt before :
His master, pleas'd, and flush'd with youthful grace,
Flew all around, and brighten'd every place.
Arcadian cohorts, firm, experienc'd bands,
Enclose their Lord, and wait his dread commands.
Arcadians, Time's first sons, who scorn to trace
From the known origin a mortal race ;
Who your dark pedigree convey too high,
Ere moon, or stars, were lighted in the sky ;
Ere Nature's rudeness Art had taught to yield,
Unbuilt each city, and untill'd each field.
From that lost æra you derive your birth,
And steps first printed on the wondering earth.
The hardy race (if Fame the truth has fung)
From rigid fires, and wooden parents sprung.
The labouring oak a stubborn offspring bred,
And kindly with fresh showers of acorns fed.

From

From the tall ash a new creation rose,
And teeming laurels felt a mother's throes.
The beech prolific prov'd in like degree,
And a green infant dropp'd from every tree.
These early, young inhabitants begun
To watch the motions of the rolling sun.
New to the strange vicissitude of light,
They trembled at the swift approach of night :
While Phœbus hasten'd to the Western streams,
In vain they follow'd to o'ertake his beams :
Then, weary'd, heav'd their hands, and begg'd his stay, }
Hung with their eyes on the last fainting ray, }
And mourn'd and sicken'd in despair of day.

BOOK IV. 309.

FAME now th' important secret had betray'd,
And to the mother the sad truth convey'd,
How her rash son, inflam'd with war's alarms,
Had march'd, and all Arcadia rous'd to arms.
Struck with the fatal news, at first she found
No strength, and dropp'd her uselefs arrows round.
Then, swift as storms that rend the lofty woods,
O'er rocks she flew, and stemm'd the foaming floods.
Her loosen'd robes, neglected, flow'd behind ;
Her locks at pleasure ruffled in the wind.
The mother tigers thus, their children slain,
Pursue the murdering wretch, and scour along the plain.
Close to her son she stood ; the red forsook
His cheeks, and shew'd a pale dejected look :
Then cry'd, " What frenzy has possess'd my boy ?
Hence, vain, deluding Honour, airy toy !

Can thirst of fame impertinently raise
In such a tender breast so fierce a blaze ?
Leave arms, my child, to men ; nor tempt too far
The sweating toils and dreadful shocks of war.
Too soon, alas ! thy feeble strength would yield,
In the rough tempest of an iron field.
Nor do I seek to damp a glorious fire ;
But wish thy vigour answer thy desire.
Trembling, I saw thee late (nor vain my fear)
Launch at the bristling boar thy pointed spear :
The savage turn'd, nor could those nerves repel
His rage, and only not supine you fell :
Then, if a winged Death I had not sped,
Where would that restless valour now be fled ?
You no more dangers had industrious run ;
But now those darts will not protect my son :
Nor trust thy erring bow, nor martial force,
And the vain swiftness of that dappled horse.
Arms thou attempt'st, scarce able yet to prove
The sweet fatigues and softer wars of Love.
Too true the fatal omens, which I took,
When sudden all the vaulted temple shook ;
Diana's image, bending, seem'd to fall,
And shaggy spoils dropp'd from the sweating wall.
No wonder, that my bow with pain I drew,
And arrows, guiltless of destruction, flew.
Ah ! stay, my hero, stay, too brave ! too young !
Till riper years have slacken'd sinews strung ;
Till on thy cheeks a shade gives manly grace,
And the soft mother has forsook thy face.

Thy

Thy boldness then shall be no more deplor'd,
And I myself will reach, unask'd, thy sword.
No idle tears thy eagerness shall blame,
In paths of glory, and pursuit of fame.
But homeward now, my only hope, retire;
Can you, Arcadians, such a chief desire?
Let generous pity spare the tender king,
Or not from trees, but flinty rocks, you spring."

ON THE DEATH OF COWLEY,

AND HIS BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY ROGER EARL OF ORRERY*.

OUR Wit, till Cowley did its lustre raise,
May be resembled to the first three days;
In which did shine only such streaks of light,
As serv'd but to distinguish day from night.

But

* Third son of the first or great Earl of Corke, an able general, statesman, and writer, as appears by his conduct in Ireland (when lord Broghill) both in peace and war, under Charles I. Cromwell, and Charles II. for whom he secured that kingdom; and by his Plays, Poems, Treatise on the Art of War, State Letters, &c. Of these works the first and the last were collected and published by his great-grandson John Earl of Orrery (and afterwards of Corke), in 1739 and 1742. He also wrote "Parthenissa," a Romance; poems on most of the Festivals of the Church; a poem on the Restoration; a political poem (of which Charles II. took a copy in MS.) called "A Dream;" &c. &c. It is observable that he composed most of his pieces when confined by the gout; which made Mr. Dryden tell him, in a dedication, that, "like the

But Wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like light, when 'twas united to the sun.

The Poets formerly did lie in wait,
To rifle those whom they would imitate;
We watch'd to rob all strangers when they writ,
And learn'd their language, but to steal their wit.
He from that need his country does redeem,
Since those who want may be supply'd from him;
And foreign nations now may borrow more
From Cowley, than we could from them before;
Who, though he condescended to admit
The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,
Yet he those ancient Poets does pursue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;

“priestess of Apollo, he delivered his oracles always in torment,” and that “the world was obliged to his misery for their delight.” Charles II. for his services, created him Earl of Orrery in 1660, made him one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, President of Munster, and one of the Cabinet Council, and offered him the great seal upon the fall of the Earl of Clarendon, which his infirm health prevented his accepting. See Budgell's *Memoirs of the Boyles*, p. 112. He died Oct. 16, 1679. Jacob says, “he published six plays in heroick verse; wherein true English courage is exactly delineated, and morality and virtue truly illustrated.” His grandson Charles the fourth Earl (of whom see p. 70), is well known by his controversy, when a commoner, with Dr. Bentley; as is his great-grandson John (above-mentioned) by his Translation of Pliny's Epistles, Life of Swift, Letters from Italy, &c. — “By one or other of this family, says Dr. Johnson, almost every art has been encouraged or improved.” D.
He

He taught them first to the New World to steer,
But they possess all that is precious there.

When first his spring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in some wonder and sorrow too;
That God had so much wit and knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his praises spent.

But those who in his Davideis look,
Find they his blossoms for his fruit mistook.
In differing ages different Muses shin'd;
His green did charm the sense, his ripe the mind.
Writing for Heaven, he was inspir'd from thence,
And from his theme deriv'd his influence.
The Scriptures will no more the wicked fright;
His Muse does make religion a delight.

Oh! how severely man is us'd by fate!
The covetous toil long for an estate;
And, having got more than their life can spend,
They may bequeath it to a son or friend:
But Learning (in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by time and care);
Learning, the truest wealth a man can have,
Does with the body perish in the grave:
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Though 'tis the noblest purchase of the mind:
Oh! why can we thus leave our friend possess'd
Of all our acquisitions but the best*!

Still, when we study Cowley, we lament,
That to the world he was no longer lent;

* This complaint, as hath been observed by Mr. Budgell,
is extremely poetical and pathetic. N.

Who like a lightning to our eyes was shown,
 So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone :
 Sure, he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,
 Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher ;
 For, when wise Poets can no higher fly,
 They would, like Saints, in their perfections die.

Though Beauty some affection in him bred,
 Yet only sacred Learning he would wed ;
 By which th' illustrious offspring of his brain,
 Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign :
 His works shall live, when pyramids of pride
 Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.

That sacrilegious fire (which did last year
 Level those piles * which piety did rear)
 Dreaded near that majestic church to fly,
 Where English Kings and English Poets lie †.
 It at an awful distance did expire ;
 Such power had sacred ashes o'er that fire ;
 Such, as it durst not near that structure come,
 Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb :
 And 'twill be still preserv'd, by being so,
 From what the rage of future flames can do :
 Material fire dares not that place infest
 Where he, who had immortal flames, does rest.

There let his urn remain ; for it was fit
 Amongst our Kings to lay the King of Wit ;
 By which the structure more renown'd will prove,
 For that part bury'd, than for all above.

* The churches destroyed by the fire of 1666. N.

† The Abbey of Westminster. N.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

You must suppose it to be Easter holy-days * : at what time Cicely and Doll, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Westminster, with a leash of Prentices before them ; who go rowing themselves along with their right arms to make more haste, and now and then with a greasy muckender wipe away the dripping that bastes their foreheads. At the door they meet a crowd of Wapping Seamen, Southwark Broom-men, the inhabitants of the Bank-side, with a Butcher or two prick'd-in among them. There a while they stand gaping for the master of the show, staring upon the suburbs of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted cloth before they go into the puppet-play. By and by they hear the bunch of keys, which rejoices their hearts like the sound of the pancake-bell. For now the man of comfort peeps over the spikes, and, beholding such a learned auditory, opens the gate of Paradise, and by that time they are half got into the first chapel (for time is very precious), he lifts up his voice among the tombs, and begins his lurrey † in manner and form following :

HERE lies William de Valence
A right good Earl of Pembroke,
And this is his monument which you see,
I'll swear upon a book.

* It is needless to observe, that the introduction and notes to this droll poem are by the author of it. They are characteristic of those who are described as visiting the tombs. N.

† This word, now disused, needs no explanation. N.

He was High Marshal of England,
When Henry the Third did reign ;
But this you take upon my word,
That he 'll ne'er be so again.

Here the Lord Edward Talbot lies,
The town of Shrewsbury's Earl,
Together with his Countess fair,
That was a most delicate girl.

The next to him there lieth one,
Sir Richard Peckshall hight,
Of whom we only this do say,
He was a Hampshire Knight.

But, now to tell ye more of him,
There lies beneath this stone

Two wives of his and daughters four,
To all of us unknown.

Sir Bernard Brockhurst there doth lie,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen Anne ;
Queen Anne was Richard the Second's Queen,
And was King of England.

Sir Francis Hollis, the Lady Frances,

The same was Suffolk's Dutcheſs.

Two children of Edward the Third

Lie here in Death's cold clutches.

This is the third King Edward's brother,

Of whom our records tell

Nothing of note, nor say they whether

He be in Heaven or Hell.

This

This fame was John of Eldeston,
He was no Costermonger,
But Cornwall's Earl; and here 's one dy'd
'Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady Mohun, Dutcheſs of York,
And Duke of York's wife alſo.
But Death reſolv'd to horn the Duke,
She lies now with Death below.

The Lady Anne Roſs, but wot ye well
That ſhe in childbed dy'd,
The Lady Marqueſs of Wincheſter
Lies buried by her ſide.

Now think your penny * well ſpent, good folks,
And that you are not beguil'd.
Within this cup doth lie the heart
Of a French Ambaſſador's child.

But how the Devil it came to paſs,
On purpoſe, or by chance,
The bowels they lie underneath †,
The body is in France.

* When the price of admiſſion was raiſed to three pence, does not appear; but it was advanced to fix pence in 1779, when the Earl of Chatham's effigies was placed in the Abbey. This is certainly a moſt magnificent collection of monuments; but the lamentable condition into which many of them are continually falling, cannot but excite the regret of every ingenuous ſpectator, and may in ſome degree be conſidered as a national reproach. N.

† Dol. I warrant ye the Pharifees carried it away.

There's

There's Oxford Countess, and there also
 The Lady Burleigh her mother,
 And there her daughter, a Countess too,
 Lie close by one another.

These once were bonny dames; and though
 There were no coaches then,
 Yet could they jog their tails themselves*,
 Or had them jogg'd by men.

But woe is me! those high-born sinners,
 That wont to pray so stoutly,
 Are now laid low, and, 'cause they can't,
 Their statues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutches of Somerset,
 By name the Lady Anne,
 Her Lord Edward the Sixth protected †,
 Oh! he was a gallant man.

In this fair monument which you see
 Adorn'd with so many pillars,
 Doth lie the Countess of Buckingham,
 And her husband Sir George Villars.

This old Sir George was grandfather,
 And the Countess she was granny,
 To the great Duke of Buckingham,
 Who often topt King Jammy.

* Dick. Ho, ho, ho, I warrant ye they did as other women did: ha, Ralph?—Ralph. Oy, Oy.

† Tom. I have heard a ballad of him sung at Ratcliff-Cross.—Moll. I believe we have it at home, over our kitchen mantle-tree.

Sir

Sir Robert Eatam, a Scotch Knight,
 This man was Secretary,
 And scribbled compliments for two Queens,
 Queen Anne, and eke Queen Mary.

This was the Countess of Lenox,
 Yclep'd the Lady Marget,
 King James's grandmother, and yet
 'Gainst Death she had no target.

This was Queen Mary, Queen of Scots,
 Whom Buchanan doth bespatter,
 She lost her head at Totingham*,
 Whatever was the matter.

The mother of our seventh Henry,
 This is that lieth hard by,
 She was the Countess, wot ye well,
 Of Richmond and of Derby.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
 With his fair Queen beside him:
 He was the founder of this Chapel;
 Oh may no ill betide him!

Therefore his monument's in brass,
 You'll say that very much is;
 The Duke of Richmond and Lenox†
 There lieth with his Dutcheffs.

* Dol. How came she here then?—Will. Why, ye silly
 oaf, could not she be brought here after she was dead?

† Roger. I warrant ye these were no small fools in
 those days!

And

And here they stand upright in a press
 With bodies made of wax,
 With a globe and a wand in either hand,
 And their robes upon their backs.

Here lies the Duke of Buckingham,
 And the Dutcheſs his wife;
 Him Felton ſtabb'd at Portſmouth town,
 And ſo he loſt his life.

Two children of King James theſe are,
 Whom Death keeps very chary.
 Sophia in the cradle lies *,
 And this the Lady Mary.

And this is Queen Elizabeth;
 How the Spaniards did infeſt her!
 Here ſhe lies buried with Queen Mary,
 And now agrees with her ſiſter.

To another chapel now come we,
 The people follow and chat:
 This is the Lady Cottington:
 And the people cry, Who's that?

This is the Lady Frances Sydney,
 The Counteſs of Suffolk was ſhe,
 And this the Lord Dudley Carleton is,
 And then they look up and ſee;

* Beſs. Good woman, pray ſtill your child, it keeps
 ſuch a bawling we can't hear what the man ſays.

Sir Thomas Brumley lieth here,
Death would him not reprieve,
With his four fons and daughters four,
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir John Fullerton,
And this is his Lady I trow;
And this is Sir John Puckering,
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of Bridgewater in the middle,
Who makes no use of his bladder,
Although his Lady lie so near him:
And so we go up a ladder.

Edward the First, that gallant blade,
Lies underneath this stone,
And this is the chair which he did bring
A good while ago from Scone*.

In this same chair, till now of late,
Our Kings and Queens were crown'd.
Under this chair another stone
Doth lie upon the ground;

On that same stone did Jacob sleep
Instead of a down pillow,
And after that 'twas hither brought
By some good honest fellow†.

* Kate. He took more pains than I would ha' done for a hundred such.—Rafe. Gad! I warrant there has been many a maidenhead got i' that chair.—Tom. Gad! and I'll come hither and try one of these days, an't be but to get a Prince.

† Dol. A Papish, I warrant him.

Richard

Richard the Second lieth here,
And his first Queen, Queen Anne;
Edward the Third lies here hard by,
Oh, there was a gallant man !

For this was his two-handed sword,
A blade both true and trusty ;
The French men's blood was ne'er wip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here lies he again with his Queen Philip,
A Dutch woman by record ;
But that 's all one, for now, alas,
His blade 's not so long as his sword.

King Edward the Confessor lies
Within this monument fine.

I 'm sure, quoth one, a worser tomb
Must serve both me and mine !

Harry the Fifth lies there ; and there
Doth lie Queen Ellenor,
To our first Edward she was wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.

Henry the Third lies here entomb'd,
He was Herb John * in pottage ;
Little he did, but still reign'd on,
Although his sons were at age.

Fifty-six years he reigned King,
Ere he the crown would lay by,
Only we praise him 'cause he was
Last builder of the Abbey.

* St. John's wort, *hypericum*. N.

Here

Here Thomas Cecil lies; who's that?

Why, 'tis the Earl of Exeter,
And this his Countess is; to die
How it perplexed her *!

Here Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, rests:

What a noise he makes with his name!
Lord Chamberlain was he unto
Queen Elizabeth, of great fame †.

And here's one William Colchester

Lies of a certainty;
An Abbot was he of Westminster,
And he that faith no, doth lye.

This is the Bishop of Durham,
By Death here laid in fetters;
Henry the Seventh lov'd him well,
And so he wrote his letters.

Sir Thomas Bacchus, what of him?

Poor Gentleman, not a word,
Only they buried him here; but now
Behold that man with a sword,

Humphry de Bohun, who, though he were
Not born with me i' the same town,

Yet I can tell he was Earl of Essex,
Of Hertford, and Northampton.

* Dol. Ay, ay, I warrant her; rich folks are as unwilling
to die as poor folks.

† Cicely. That's she for whom our bells ring so often, is
it not, Mary?—Moll. Ay, ay, the very same.

He

He was High Constable of England,
As history well expresses :

But now, pretty Maids, be of good chear,
We're going up to the presses.

And now the presses open stand,
And ye see them all a-row,
But never no more is said of these
Than what is said below.

Now down stairs come we again,
The man goes first with a staff,
Some two or three tumble down the stairs,
And then the people laugh.

This is the great Sir Francis Vere,
That so the Spaniards curry'd,
Four Colonels support his tomb,
And here his body's buried.

That statue against the wall with one eye*
Is Major-General Norris,
He beat the Spaniards cruelly,
As is affirm'd in stories.

His six sons there hard-by him stand,
Each one was a Commander,
To shew he could a Lady serve,
As well as the Hollander.

And there doth Sir John Hollis rest,
Who was the Major-General
To Sir John Norris, that brave blade;
And so they go to dinner all.

* Dick. I warrant ye he had two, if he could have kept them.
For

For now the shew is at an end,
 All things are done and said;
 The citizen pays for his wife,
 The 'prentice for the maid.

FROM J. S. TO C. S*.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. X.

HEALTH to my friend who loves the town so well,
 Health from his friend who loves the country cell:
 In all but this we twin like brother doves;
 What one dislikes, the other disapproves,
 And Covent Garden cooing but divides our Loves. }
 Thou keep'st the billing nest, I range the fields,
 And taste what uncorrupted Nature yields;
 Riot in flowers, and wanton in the woods,
 Bask on the mossy banks, and skim along the floods.
 In short, I live and reign, and joy to be
 From all thy much-mistaken blessings free;
 And, as the slave the Flamen's surfeits fled
 Nauseate the honey-cakes, and feast on bread.
 If happiness of life be worth our care,
 And he who builds should nicely choose his air;
 Tell me the place which with the country vies,
 In easy blessings, and in native joys;

* First printed by Motteux, in "The Gentleman's Journal, 1693," who says, "it was written to a person of quality," perhaps Sir Charles Sedley. N.

Where chearful hearths deceive the cold so well,
Or gentle gales the raging beams repell,
When both the Lion and the Dog conspire,
With furious rays to set the day on fire.
Or where, ah, where! But here can sleep maintain
(That slave in courts) her soft imperial reign?
Is Parian marble, press'd beneath thy feet,
More beautiful than flowers, or half so sweet?
Or water, roaring through the bursting lead,
So pure as gliding in its easy bed?
Who builds in cities yet the fields approves,
And hedges-in with pillars aukward groves?
Strives for the country view that farthest runs,
And tweers aloof at beauties which he shuns?
In driving Nature out, our force is vain,
Still the recoiling Goddess comes again;
And creeps in silent triumph to deride
The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
An ignorant and uncomparing Fop
Is cheated less in any Mercer's shop;
Than he who cannot with a wary eye
Distinguish Happiness from Vanity:
Who prosperous Chance too eagerly embrace,
Feel double pangs in her averted face.
You once must leave whatever you admire:
Ah, wisely now and willingly retire;
Forfake the gaudy tinsel of the great,
The peaceful cottage beckons a retreat;
Where true Content so true a greatness brings,
As flights their favourites, and as pities kings.

The

The Stag and Horse in common pasture fed,
 Till jars ensued, and heels oppos'd to head;
 But horns are lucky things, and palfry fled,
 Foaming for spite (and passion is a wit,)
 He fought to man, and kindly took the bit;
 But, when he fully had reveng'd his cause,
 The spurs still gall'd his side, the curb his jaws.
 Just so the man who has his freedom sold
 (The nobler riches) to insulting gold;
 His back beneath a jaunting rider lays,
 Hackney'd and spurr'd through all his slavish days;
 Whose fortune is not fitted to his will,
 Too great or little, he's uneasy still.
 Our shoes and fortune surely are allied,
 We limp in strait, and stumble in the wide.
 Then wisely take what Chance and Fate afford,
 Nor wish for more—I know thou wilt not hoard!
 And, when I labour for the fordid gains,
 Or heap the trash, upbraid me for my pains:
 It serves, or rules, where-ever gold you find;
 But still the varlet is a slave by kind.
 Receive these from thy friend—
 Who laughs in Kent, from care and business free,
 And wanting nothing in the world but thee.

EPIGRAM ON WALLER.

VARIOUS his subjects, yet they jointly warm,
 All spirit, life, and every line a charm:
 Correct throughout, so exquisitely pen'd,
 What he had finish'd, nothing else could mend.

MR. HARRISON* TO MRS. M. M.

WITH A BOUGH OF AN ORANGE-TREE.

FROM a warm clime and generous foil
 This plant remov'd deludes our toil,
 Disdains what baffled art has done,
 And drooping mourns the distant sun.
 Yet, Mira, near thy bosom plac'd,
 It shall new life, new pleasure taste ;
 Sweets, more than nature gave, dispense,
 Nor lend thee charms, but borrow thence.

See the young fruit thy power confess,
 And love their own Bermudas less ;

Though

* William Harrison esq; a young gentleman high in esteem, and (as Swift expresses it) “ a little pretty fellow, with “ a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature,” and fellow of New College, Oxford, had no other income than forty pounds a year as tutor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons. In this employment he fortunately attracted the favour of Dr. Swift, whose generous solicitations with Mr. St. John obtained for him the reputable employment of secretary to lord Raby, afterwards earl of Strafford, and then ambassador at The Hague. A letter of his whilst at Utrecht, dated Dec. 16, 1712, is printed in the Dean's Works ; to which Dr. Birch has annexed some curious particulars of Mr. Harrison, who did not long enjoy his rising fortune. He was dispatched to London with the Barrier-treaty ; and died Feb. 14, 1712-13. See the Journal to Stella, of that and the following day ; where Dr. Swift laments his loss with the most unaffected sincerity.

Though all that we think bright and fair,
Though Paradise itself be there.

Ripen'd by thy auspicious eyes,
And eager to bestow the prize,
For which thy matchless beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden ball;
Love's smiling Queen, whose tender aid
Protects the Myrtle's fragrant shade,
Fore-knowing what thy charms would be,
Left to thy choice this fairer tree.

IN PRAISE OF LAUDANUM.

BY MR. HARRISON.

I Feel, O Laudanum, thy power divine,
And fall with pleasure at thy slumbering shrine:
Lull'd by thy charms, I 'scape each anxious thought,
And every thing but Mira is forgot.

sincerity. Mr. Tickell has mentioned him with respect, in his "Prospect of Peace," English Poets, vol. XXVI. p. 113; and Dr. Young, in the beautiful close of an "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne" (vol. LII. p. 185.) most pathetically bewails his loss. Dr. Birch, who has given a curious note on Mr. Harrison's Letter to Swift, has confounded him with *Thomas* Harrison, M. A. of Queen's College. The poems here printed, with "Woodstock Park" in Doddsley's Collection, are all the poetical writings that are known of this excellent young man; who figured both as an humourist and a politician in the fifth volume of the *Tatler*, of which (under the patronage of Bolingbroke, Henley, and Swift) he was professedly the editor. See the "Supplement to Swift."—There was another *William* Harrison, author of "The Pilgrim, or the happy Convert, a pastoral tragedy, 1709." N.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. HARRISON.

FLORELLA, when those eyes I see,
So innocently kind and free,
Ever fix'd, and fix'd on me :

Say, why should I my time mis-spend,
With idle fears so long attend,
And lose the lover in the friend ?

A year, or two, I could forbear ;
But that some happier youth, I fear,
May gain thy heart, and triumph there.

Then, dearest girl, with me retire ;
What Age should give, Love shall inspire,
And thou shalt ripen by my fire.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S CAT.

BY THE SAME.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd ?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd ?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell !
Begin, ye tuneful Nine, a mournful strife ;
For every Muse should celebrate a life.

THE

THE PASSION OF SAPPHO.

BY MR. HARRISON.

HAIL, sacred Muse, and vocal shell,
That wont the joys of Love to tell;

Now turn your songs to mournful strains,
My joys are fled, my Love remains.

Wanton Cupid, idle toyer,
Pleasing tyrant, soft destroyer,
Do not thus my heart control;

Phaon flies me far away,
Reason does renounce thy sway,
Yet contented I obey,

Ever raging,

Past assuaging,

Love possesses all my soul.

Beneath this sad and silent gloom,
I waste my beauty, youth, and bloom:

But not the shades that banish day

Drive Phaon's brighter form away;

A youth so shap'd, with such a mien,

A front like that of Jove serene,

With sparkling eyes, and flowing hair,

And wit that ever charms the fair,

The spiteful Gods contriv'd for ruin,

And deck'd him thus for my undoing:

O the soft transporting pleasure,

When we yield our virgin treasure;

When we meet the joyous lover,

And an equal flame discover.

Nothing now to Love denying,
Blushing, panting, melting, dying.
O the soft transporting bliss !
What is life—or fame to this !
I rave, I rave, unhappy maid ;
That name my folly does upbraid ;
To shame, remorse, and death betray'd,
What Power, what God, can send relief ?
Sicilian virgins, shun the arts
Whence my misfortunes rise :
With ease my Phaon conquers hearts,
With ease neglects the prize.
I dream, or in some rival's arms,
Forgetful of my rifled charms,
I behold the perjur'd boy :

Anguish waste,
Lightning blast,
Heaven forsake her,
Hell o'ertake her,
Ere she tastes the rising joy !

No ; let her triumph, let her prize
The faithless wretch, whom I despise ;
By his ingratitude set free,
I'll reap the sweet of liberty.
Mighty hero, could you leave me ?
Did my charmer hope to grieve me ?
Thus be all thy wishes blasted,
For no longer I adore thee ;
Had thy love one moment lasted,
Happy I had chang'd before thee.

Wander, Phaon; so will I,

Roving, ranging,

Ever changing,

Gay and airy,

Form'd to vary;

I, to pain you,

Will disdain you,

And to nobler conquest fly.

Resentment, pride, and glowing shame,

Once guardians of my spotless fame,

By conquering Love though banish'd hence,

Again vouchsafe me your defence,

Affert an Empire late your own,

And shake the tyrant on his throne:

Support me, aid me, for I feel

My fainting resolution reel.

Doubt, thou certain state of sorrow,

We lose to-day, to wait to-morrow;

He may return, my Phaon may;

I cheat myself, why does he stay?

Shall Sappho, like a helpless maid,

Pine to death, of death afraid?

I've tried all female arts in vain,

Dissembled scorn and false disdain;

For, oh! with real grief oppress'd,

I burn, and tempests shake my breast.

O what torments wound my heart!

Gentle Death, in pity take me,

And perform thy grateful duty:

Since my Phaon does forsake me,

To thy arms I yield my beauty,

Kinder then than Cupid's dart.

PRO-

PROLOGUE. BY MR. JOSEPH HAINES*.

WHen the hot sun with scorching beams does shine,
 With ice we calm the raging heat of wine.

Our Author in like circumstance is cast;
 He cools his fancy, to oblige your taste;
 He under-writes to please, and frames his wit
 Exactly to the level of the Pit.

Know-

* The time when this merry Comedian (usually called *Count Haines*) was born, is uncertain: but he received the rudiments of learning at the school of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, where he made such progress that he was the admiration of all that knew him. His ready wit and facetious humour prevailed upon several gentlemen to send him to Queen's College, Oxford, where his learning, and infinite fund of humour, gained him the esteem and regard of Sir Joseph Williamson, who, when he was made secretary of state, took Joe for his Latin secretary. But Haines had too little taciturnity for an employment of that kind; for Sir Joseph too often heard the substance of his epistles to foreign courts, before they could come to the hands of those persons who were to receive them. Upon this account, Joe was removed from his employment. However, Sir Joseph recommended him to one of the heads of the University of Cambridge, where he was willingly received; but a company of players coming to Stourbridge fair, near that place, Joe fell so much in love with their employment and way of living, that he threw away his cap and band, and made one of their company. He was soon called to the King's company in Drury-lane, where
 his

Knowing what stuff will pass, 'tis his intention,
 Never to soar above your apprehension.
 Therefore he writes to you, the moderate wits,
 True country 'squires, conceited fops and cits,
 Pimps, pandars, parasites, prigs, beaux, and bullies,
 And whores, with all their equipage of cullies :
 I think I see one there, just so attended ;
 Since the vacation, Lord ! how things are mended !

his inimitable performance and vivacity brought him into the familiarity of the wits of the age, and persons of the first rank, insomuch, that a noble duke, going ambassador to France, thought it no disgrace to take Haines as a companion. Joe (besides the dead languages) spoke Italian and French to as much perfection as if he had been born both at Rome and Paris ; and therefore it is no wonder to he was carested by many of the French nobility. Here he took the title of Count, and by his art tricked many of the rich citizens of Paris out of large sums of money. After his French expedition, he returned to the stage again, and had the art to form the countenances of his audience by his own ; for the muscles of his face were like gaping, generally catching. His Prologues and Epilogues do not seem extraordinary in the reading, but his manner of speaking made them inimitable. The Epilogue in particular, that he spoke riding on an ass, created such a laughter and reiterated applauses, that it was near half an hour in the speaking. This excellent Comedian was author of one play, " A Fatal Mistake, or The Plot spoiled ; as it was lately acted, 1692." He died of a fever (after a short illness) April 4, 1701, at his lodgings in Hart-street Long Acre, and was buried in Covent Garden church-yard. See " British Theatre, 1752," p. 119. N.

I told her fortune then, which I remember
 Was, she should get new rigging in December:
 Now I Jo. Haines protest upon my honour,
 She's there, with all my prophecy upon her.
 In me a strange prophetic spirit reigns,
 Which I impute to an excess of brains,
 That does my business upon each occasion,
 For none, I hope, will think 'tis inspiration.
 A Poet came to me the other day,
 To learn the destiny of his new play;
 Urg'd by good-nature, I in pity show'd him
 How to prevent a shame the devil ow'd him:
 But he would on to meet the Critic's shot;
 So volunteering Poet went to pot.
 Our Author brings you here his Virgin Muse;
 A Virgin you should gently, gently use:
 And if she's awkward now, at the beginning,
 Consider this is her first time of sinning:
 Like your kept misses, more experienc'd grown,
 She hopes to give content to all the town.
 Ladies, I'm sure, you will be pleas'd to day,
 For he has two constant women in his Play:
 And, if he's not deceiv'd, a pretty tale,
 But yet he has this refuge, if that fail:
 When Poets plots in Plays are damn'd for spight,
 They Critics turn, and damn the rest that write:
 So the State-plotter, on the like pretence,
 Missing his aim, becomes an evidence.

EPILOGUE. BY MR. HAINES.

SPOKEN BY MR. BOWMAN, MIMICKING A BEAU.

Loaded with muff, and nose adorn'd with snuff,
 Eclips'd in wig like owl in ivy-bush;
 With dangling shoulder-knot o'er arm a-kimbo,
 In fine embroidered coat just out of limbo;
 With all the rhetorick of *doux yeux* I come,
 To mitigate our trembling Author's doom;
 Who bid me beg your smiles (the Poet's alms)
 In words as moving as the Singing-psalms.
 Not doubting my success, because he knows,
 The fair sex must be obliging to the beaux;
 For while those gallants, who had brains to spare,
 For honour ran campaigning every year,
 Love! Love! the nobler province of the two,
 Kept peaceful beau at home to die for you:
 Not that he fear'd the wars, but some chance-blow
 Might beat out his fine teeth; and then you know
 Though he the man were sav'd, that kills the beau,
 Whose courage might, no doubt, successful prove,
 In bed of honour, as in bed of Love.
 But whether think you has the greater charms,
 Don Mars the bully's, or Don Cupid's arms?
 Who in this glorious field makes his campaign,
 So fam'd for killing eyes, and Lovers slain.
 Like Cæsar, here the beaux may conquest boast;
 They come, they ogle, and the heart is lost.
 No wonder then they're in such veneration;
 But I remember monkeys once in fashion,
 Till these new favourites obtain'd their station,

But

But monkey, squirrel, and lov'd parakeeto,
 (The prettier creatures much, methinks, to see to)
 Lap-dog, nay darling black, must all vail now,
 To the prevailing charms of rival beau.

But tell me, pray, how would this peacock show,
 If he were treated like old Æsop's crow?
 If those who clubb'd to his beauship flock'd together,
 And every bird laid hold of his own feather,
 Unrigg'd of cloaths, of wig, and unpaid linen,
 Sword, feather, muff, and no charms left to sin in;
 What a figure he'd make, you easily may guess,
 Stripp'd of his borrow'd plumes in that undress;
 The naked truth, I fear, would oft discover
 The giant beau to be a pigmy lover.

Sure nought but the green-sickness of the mind
 Can relish this sad trash of human-kind.

Howe'er——

Since beauteous plenty here begins to dress,
 With her bright ornaments, the face of peace,
 'Tis fit that our dramatic wars should cease:
 Therefore to you, sweet beaus, in meer compassion,
 These terms we offer of capitulation.

First then——

When you shall leave off to adore new faces,
 And paying only broken heads for places,
 As now your foibles, then we'll shew shew your graces.

And next——

Let not our womens tiring-rooms be haunted,
 Boast not of favours which they never granted.
 Tick not with orange-wench, or side-box misses—
 Alas! they live by love, and feed on kisses!

Grant

Grant this, and if they make not just requitals,
 You've our consents gratis to stop their vitals.
 (Demme)———*Exit like a beau.*

P R O L O G U E A T O X F O R D.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON, 1703.

FROM OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

O N C E more our London Muses, pleas'd, repair
 To this blest'd seat, and breathe their native air;
 Here seek protection from their kindred gown,
 Glad to retire from that degenerate town,
 Where spurious critics in false judgement sit,
 Debauch'd with farce, and negligent of wit.
 Our indignation equally they raise,
 Whether they frown or smile upon our Plays,
 And damn us with the scandal of their praise.
 Now to our wish we have an audience found,
 Which will be pleas'd with sense as well as found:
 You only can reform th' unthinking age,
 Redeem our credit lost, and dignify the Stage.
 Wit is your growth, and now ('tis all we crave)
 Retrieve that honour which before you gave:
 Poetry yet will thrive, if rais'd by you,
 As plants their fading vigour will renew
 From that kind soil in which at first they grew.
 Your learned censures will instruct the town,
 And teach them when to smile, and when to frown,
 And by your judgement to improve their own.
 You, as Wit's higher powers, our doom reveal,
 From whose decisive court there's no appeal.

Then

Then rise, Athenians ! in the just defence
 Of Poetry oppress'd, and long-neglected Sense ;
 The reputation of our art advance,
 Suppress th' exorbitance of Song and Dance,
 And in one powerful party conquer France.
 Nor have we vicious entertainment brought:
 You safely may approve, and smile without a fault,

With shame we must confess, our city guests
 Have been regal'd with such unwholesome feasts ;
 With greediness the fullom bait they seize,
 And, drest in Vice, ev'n Sense itself will please.

But now w' have nought t' offend the chastest ear,
 You from imputed crimes our Stage shall clear,
 For none will blush to own what you vouchsafe to
 hear.

V E R S E S T O A L A D Y,

ON DRAWING ME FOR HER VALENTINE.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

MAdam, permit me here to own
 A favour you yourself have shown ;

For he, who dar'd but to admire
 Before, now hopes he may aspire ;

By this embolden'd to improve
 His admiration into Love.

Blest be the man, whose happy thought
 From the gay birds this custom brought !

By which with lucky chance we gain
 What long had made our wishes vain ;

Only 'twixt us this difference lies
 And those musicians of the skies,

They

They for themselves their Lovers choose,
 But Fortune and the Gods for us.
 But above all, a blessing's due
 To that kind chance which gave me you :
 You, who with such an air and mien,
 And face not safely to be seen,
 With so much beauty, wit, and truth,
 Might well deserve a nobler youth ;
 A youth, if such a one there is,
 Who answers all good qualities :
 But, since none can be equal to
 So fine, so bright a nymph as you ;
 And 'twas before decreed above,
 That you must bless whom e'er you love ;
 Be pleas'd t' accept of him, on whom
 Fortune has such a favour thrown ;
 Who vows he'll do his best to please,
 And to deserve the happiness ;
 Or by his constancy will prove
 Such charms can always challenge love.
 So sweet confinement who would leave
 For all the freedom worlds can give ?
 So fetter'd in your arms to be,
 Ye Gods, 'twere glorious slavery,
 From which I never would be free !

EPIGRAM.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
 They light a torch to shew their shame the more !

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,
FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

Speak, Grief; for long the mournful strains have hung
Upon my drooping soul, and fix'd my tongue;
Pay the just tribute of a funeral verse,
And let her virtue's praise attend her hearse:
The task is great, for who can e'er descry
Each shining star which forms the galaxy?
Who can describe the graces of her mind,
Where all that's great, and good, and beauteous shin'd?
Who can each single virtue justly shew?
Or marshal all the glorious train in view?
No, the attempt would a rash zeal appear,
And but blaspheme the mighty character:
How well she acted all the parts of life,
Th' obedient child, and most indulgent wife;
The tenderest mother, and the best of friends,
Faithful, sincere, and generous without ends!
To such whom nature had to her ally'd,
She by a stricter bond of love was tied:
But the intensive goodness of her mind
Was to no less than the whole world confin'd.
No sneaking passions harbour'd in her breast,
Which might disturb her own or other's rest:
But all that knew her would in justice own,
That she help'd many, but she injur'd none.
Such virtues might have been more useful here,
Had Fortune plac'd her in a higher sphere;
And might have shone as good, and shone as clear.

}
But

But most in her lov'd privacy she spent
Her hours which to her Maker's praise she lent;
Her Maker now her praises will repay
With everlasting bliss, and endless day.

Sept. 6, 1703.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVII.

UPON the banks which fam'd Euphrates lav'd
Pensive we sat, and swell'd with tears the waves;
When the remembrance of our native seat
And Sion's lov'd idea did create
Fresh melancholy, and improv'd our fate. }
On the green branches of the trees which stood,
Rang'd on the margin of the rolling flood,
To whistling winds our tuneless harps we hung;
Our souls were discord, and our lyres unstrung:
Then with keen scoffs th' insulting victors cried,
"Why is your Jewish music laid aside?
Come sing some Hebrew song, and let us hear
How Sion's harmony will please the ear."
How shall we sing, at your absurd command,
Jehovah's song in this unhallow'd land?
Our notes shall ne'er in unblest'd vales rebound,
Nor barbarous air prophane the sacred sound.
Jerusalem, thou solace of our woe,
If I thy dear remembrance e'er forego;
If thou e'er cease to be my darling theme,
My thought when waking, and in sleep my dream;
Then may my skilful hand forget the lyre,
Forget to tune the strings, and strike the sounding wire!

May ev'n my tongue, when I this subject leave,
 Struck speechless, to my clammy palate cleave!
 By plaintive songs no more afford relief,
 But lose the wretched privilege of grief!
 Remember, Lord, how Edom's hostile race
 Urg'd-on the foes, our glory to deface;
 How in Jerusalem's last day they cried,
 "Raze her foundations, crush her towering pride;
 Lay waste her buildings with devouring fires,
 And level with the ground her glittering spires!"
 And thou, who hast our shining pomp consum'd,
 Curs'd Babylon, to sure destruction doom'd;
 Blest shall he be, who shall espouse our cause,
 And take due vengeance on our cruel foes.
 Blest shall he be that splits thy children's bones,
 And strikes their sprawling limbs against the stones;
 Who all thy streets with slaughter covers o'er,
 And daubs the rugged flints with clotted brains and gore.

T H E C H O I C E.

ON READING A LINE* IN POMFRET.

I WOULD be what I am, nor fondly crave
 Beyond what wiser Heaven in kindness gave;
 Or, if in any thing to change inclin'd,
 It is not in my fortunes, but my mind.
 Content I ask not, 'tis already given,
 Content! the dearest gift of bounteous Heaven!
 From envy, hatred, and ambition free,
 Thus far advanc'd in true felicity.

* "Some kind companion, for I'd have NO WIFE." N.

Could

Could I my other passions rule as well,
My conquests, Cæsar! thine would far excel.
Could I the sudden rage of anger tame,
And boiling blood within its banks reclaim:
Yet still to one I would indulgent prove;
A passion is it, or a virtue?—Love:
That salt of nature, and that soul of life,
Center'd in that dear charming name, A WIFE:
Chaste, prudent, pious, generous, constant, kind,
Charming and bright her eyes, but more her mind.
Let her be such, I ask no greater bliss,
And (thanks indulgent Heaven!) such she is.
Not that she has no moles, though such they are,
As though they own her mortal, leave her fair.
She can't dissemble, flatter, frown, nor chide;
And some she has, but 'tis a decent pride:
Beauty she has, or has at least to me,
And wit, with but a little vanity.
Learning and sense, which surly blockheads fear,
Because they want them, (thank my stars!) are here.
I th' world's great book she has some pages read,
And (by our isle's good leave) she is well-bred;
Nor want those blessings which our lives prolong
To the next age, and makes us ever young;
Sweet children, neatly, though not finely, dress'd,
With mother-wit and English faces bless'd.

Who rather lewdness than this life would chuse,
And those false joys the vicious world amuse;
Let them have that, and rottenness for me,
Who am content with health and chastity.

Had Orpheus happy been in such a bride,
 Whose loss he mourn'd by Thracian Hebrus' side;
 So soft had been his lyre, so sweet his song,
 The men, as well as trees, had danc'd along:
 Soon had he made those savages relent,
 And listening Hebrus flow as smooth as Trent.

ÆSOP AT COURT.

OR, SELECT FABLES. 1702.

BY DR. YALDEN*.

"Vendidit hic auro patriam —"

"— fixit leges pretio atque refixit." VIRG. *Æn.*

ÆSOP TO THE KING.

VICTORIOUS Prince! form'd for supreme command,
 Worthy the empire of the seas and land!
 Whilst impious Faction swells with native pride,
 Parties distract the State, and Church divide!
 And senseless libels, with audacious style,
 Insult thy Senate, and thy power revile!

Vouch-

* This little collection of Fables is one of the articles which are enumerated as wanting in vol. III. p. 167, and which have been since accidentally recovered. I have already observed that Dr. Johnson's "Life of Yalden" renders it unnecessary for me to enter on that subject. It may not, however, be improper to transcribe a few lines from Wood, Ath. II. 1022, which differ from Jacob, on whose authority the new Life seems in some measure to have been founded.

The

Vouchsafe to hear th' admired truths of old,
 Which Birds and Beasts in sportive Tales unfold;
 To curb the insolent, advance the good,
 And quell the ragings of the multitude.
 O fam'd for arms, and matchless in renown!
 Permit old Æsop to approach thy throne:
 To you the labours of his Muse belong;
 Accept the humble, but instructive Song.

FABLE THE FIRST.

THE RIVER AND THE FOUNTAINS.

A RIVER, insolent with pride,
 The Fountain and its Springs defied;
 That Fountain, from whose watery bed
 Th' ungrateful Flood was daily fed.

The variations are of no material consequence, but, as Wood is more particular than Jacob, may perhaps be considered as a curiosity: "Thomas Youlding, a younger son of Joh. Yould. sometimes a page of the presence and groom of the chamber to Prince Charles, afterwards a sufferer for his cause, and an exciseman in Oxon after the Restoration of King Charles II. was born in the parish of St. John Baptist in Oxon, on the second day of January, 1669, (in which parish, I myself received also my first breath) educated in Magd. Coll. school while he was a chorister of that house, was elected demy, an. 16 . . . and in the year 16 . . . probationer-fellow." He took the degree of M. A. May 12, 1694; B. D. April 30, 1706; and D. D. July 1, 1708. N.

And thus the Rabble Waves began :

“ We ’re the delight of Gods and Man !
How charming do our banks appear !
How swift the stream, the flood how clear !

“ See how, by Nature’s bounty strong,
We whirl our legion waves along :
In soft mæanders winding play,
And glitter in the face of day.

“ But thou, poor Fountain, silly soul !
Thy head absconding in a hole,
Run’st meddling on from place to place,
Asham’d to shew thy dirty face ;
In rocks and gloomy caverns found,
Thou creep’st inglorious under ground :
D’ you hear ? henceforth your Lords obey !
We the grand Waves assume the sway.”

“ Well, angry Sirs, the Fountain cry’d,
And how ’s your streams to be supply’d ?
Ye senseless fools, that would command,
Should I withdraw my bounteous hand,
Or backward turn my watery store,
That hour you ’d cease, and be no more.
Go ask that blustering fop the Wind,
That puts this whimsy in your mind,
And makes your factious surges rise,
If he ’ll recruit you with supplies.

“ And when to native mud you turn,
Such as a common-sewer would scorn,

Too late you 'll curse this frantic whim,
When carriers' steeds shall piss a nobler stream.

THE MORAL.

Unhappy Britain ! I deplore thy fate,
When juries pack'd, and brib'd, insult thy state :
Like waves tumultuous, insolently wise,
They tutor Kings, and Senators advise ;
Whilst old Republicans direct the stream,
Not France and Rome, but Monarchy 's their aim :
Fools rode by Knaves ! and paid as they deserve,
Despis'd whilst us'd ! then left to hang or starve.

FABLE II.

THE LION'S TREATY OF PARTITION.

A MIGHTY Lion heretofore,
Of monstrous paws and dreadful roar,
Was bent upon a chace :
Inviting friends and near allies
Frankly to share the sport and prize,
During the hunting-space.

The Lynx and Royal Panther came,
The Boar and Wolf of Wolsingham,

The articles were these :
Share and share like, whate'er they got,
The dividend upon the spot,
And so depart in peace.

A Royal Hart, delicious meat !
Destin'd by inauspicious Fate,

Was

Was started for the game :
 The Hunters run him one all ;
 The chace was long, and, at the fall,
 Each enter'd with his claim.

One lov'd a haunch, and one a fide,
 This ate it powder'd, t' other dried,
 Each for his share alone :
 Old Grey-beard then began to roar,
 The whiskers twirl'd, bully'd, and swore,
 The Hart was all his own.

“ And thus I prove my title good ;
 My friend deceas'd sprung from our blood,
 Half's mine as we're ally'd :
 My valour claims the other part ;
 In short, I love a hunted Hart :
 And who dares now divide ?”

The bilk'd Confederates they stare,
 And cry'd, “ Old Gentleman, deal fair,
 For once be just and true.”
 Quoth he, and, looking wondrous grum,
 “ Behold my paws, the word is Mum ;
 And so, Messieurs, adieu !”

THE MORAL.

Tyrants can only be restrain'd by might,
 Power's their conscience, and the sword their right :
 Allies they court, to compass private ends,
 But at the dividend disclaim their friends.

Yet

Yet boast not, France, of thy successful fraud,
Maintain'd by blood, a torment whilst enjoy'd :
Imperial Cæsar drives the storm along,
And Nassau's arms avenge the public wrong.

FABLE III.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part :
Afflicted fore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty found at heart.

But most her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light :
Nor could her spectacles avail,
To rectify their sight.

Receipts she try'd, the doctors see'd,
And spar'd for no advice
Of men of skill, or quacks for need
That practise on fore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaisters both,
And this, and that was done :
Then flannels, and a forehead-cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her house, though small, was furnish'd neat,
And every room did shine
With pictures, tapestry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst

Whilst they kept blind the silly soul,
 Their hands found work enough!
 They pilfer'd plate, and goods they stole,
 Till all was carry'd off.

When they undam'd their patient's eyes,
 And now pray how 's your sight :
 Cries t'other, this was my advice,
 I knew 't would set you right.

Like a stuck pig the woman star'd,
 And up and down she run :
 With naked house and walls quite scar'd,
 She found herself undone.

“ Doctors, quoth she, your cure 's my pain,
 For what are eyes to me :
 Bring salves and forehead-cloths again,
 I 've nothing left to see.”

THE MORAL.

See, injur'd Britain, thy unhappy case,
 Thou patient with distemper'd eyes :
 State-quacks but nourish the disease,
 And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expensive pain,
 When eighteen millions run on score :
 Let them clap mufflers on again,
 And physick thee of eighteen more.

F A B L E IV.

T H E S A T Y R S' A D D R E S S.

FIVE Satyrs of the woodland sort,
 Thought politicians then :
 Their ears prick'd up, their noses short,
 And brows adorn'd like Aldermen ;
 With asses hoofs, great goggle eyes,
 And ample chins of Be—m's fize :
 To Jove tript up with an address,
 In favour of the plains :
 That it would please him to suppress
 All heats and colds, his winds and rains ;
 The sun that he 'd extinguish too,
 And in the skies hang something new.
 “ My wise reforming friends, quoth Jove,
 Our elements are good !
 We manage for the best above,
 Though not so rightly understood ;
 But since such profound Squires are sent,
 We 'll treat you like the cream of Kent.”
 Then Jove brought out ætherial fire
 In a gilt chafing-dish :
 The sparkling flame they all admire,
 'Twas fine, they vow'd, as heart could wish :
 They gap'd, they grinn'd, they jump'd about !
 Jove, give us that, the sun put out !

The charming flames they all embrace,
 Which, urg'd by Nature's laws ;
 Their shaggy hides set in a blaze,
 And soundly sing'd their paws ;
 In corners then they sneak, with terror dumb,
 And o'er th' immortal pavements scud it home.

T H E M O R A L.

How senseless are our modern Whiggish tools,
 Beneath the dignity of British fools !
 With beef resolv'd, and fortify'd with ale,
 They censure monarchs, and at senates rail ;
 So eagerly to public mischief run,
 That they prevent the hands, which loo them on.
 O true machines ! and heads devoid of brains !
 Affront that Senate which your rights maintains !
 Thus ideots sport with power, and flames embrace,
 Till smarting Folly glares them in the face.

F A B L E V.

T H E F A R M E R A N D H I S D O G.

THERE dwelt a Farmer in the West,
 As we 're in story told ;
 Whose herds were large, and flocks the best
 That ever lin'd a fold.
 Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,
 And Towser by his side,
 Early and late he tun'd his throat
 And every wolf defy'd.

Lov'd Towser was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning skill'd,
Entrusted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

“ Towser, quoth he, I 'm for a Fair;
Be regent in my room :
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all safe at home.

I know thee watchful, just, and brave,
Right worthy such a place :
No wily Fox shall thee deceive,
Nor Wolf dare show his face.”

But ne'er did Wolves a fold infest,
At regent Towser's rate :
He din'd and supp'd upon the best,
And frequent breakfasts ate.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report :
But, coming on him by surprize,
Just found him at the sport.

“ Ingrateful beast, quoth he, what means
That bloody mouth and paws ?
I know the base, the treacherous stains,
Thy breach of trust and laws.

The fruits of my past love I see :
Roger, the halter bring ;
E'en truss him on that pippin tree,
And let friend Towser swing.

I'll spare the famish'd Wolf and Fox,
 That ne'er my bounty knew :
 But, as the guardian of my flocks,
 This neckcloth is your due."

T H E M O R A L.

When ministers their prince abuse,
 And on the subjects prey :
 With ancient monarchs 'twas in use,
 To send them Towser's way

F A B L E VI.

T H E F O X A N D B R A M B L E.

REN, an old poacher after game,
 Saw grapes look tempting fine :
 But, now grown impotent and lame,
 Could not command the vine ;
 His lips he lick'd, stood ogleing with his eyes,
 Strain'd at a running jump, but miss'd the prize:
 Quoth he, that honest bush hard-by
 Might give a friend a lift :
 In troth, its curtesy I'll try,
 And venture for a shift.

Without more words he bounces to the top,
 But gor'd and wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down Reynard came, batter'd and tore,
 He blow'd and lick'd his paws :
 Then mutter'd to himself and swore,
 Cursing the fatal cause ; [scorn,
 Damn'd rascal shrub, quoth he, whom hedge-stakes
 Beneath a furs-bush, or the scoundrel thorn !

Good

“ Good words, friend Ren, the bush reply’d,
 Here no incroacher ’scapes :
 Those Foxes that on brambles ride
 Love thorns, as well as grapes ;
 But better language would your mouth become :
 If you must curse, go curse the fool at home.”

T H E M O R A L.

Who first offend, then in disputes engage,
 Should check their passions and indecent rage :
 But peevish age, of weak resentments proud,
 Like woman’s stubborn, impotent, and loud.

Ill-manners never found a just pretence,
 And rude expressions shew a barren sense :
 But, when high birth descends to mean abuse,
 The crime runs foulest, and finds no excuse.

F A B L E VII.

T H E F O X A N D W E A Z L E.

TO THE LATE HONOURABLE THE COMMISSIONERS
 OF THE PRIZE-OFFICE.

A NEEDY Weazle heretofore,
 Very rapacious, lank, and poor ;
 That had no place, small comings-in,
 And liv’d in terror of the gin ;
 Nor got a morsel to his hole,
 But what he either begg’d or stole ;
 One night a foraging for prey,
 He found a store-house in his way :
 Each cranny then he nimbly past,
 With lantern jaws and slender waist ;

And made long time his quarters good,
On slaughter'd mice and wheaten food.

But, growing corpulent and round,
Too small the widest chink was found:
And now he squeez'd and thrust in vain,
For liberty and home again.

A Fox that chanc'd to stroll that way,
For meditation's sake, or prey,
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With rogueish looks and sneering smile;
And though he shrewdly gave a guess,
Yet ask'd him how and what's the case;
And why his Weazle-ship would keep
In durance vile, and play boh-peep.

Quoth he, "Alack, Sir, I was lean,
Haggard and poor, when I came in:
A skeleton, mere skin and bone!
Though now so gross and bulky grown,
That, with good chear and dainties fed,
My rump is bigger than my head.
But if a helping paw you'll lend,
To force a board, and serve a friend;
So fain I would my bacon save,
I'll kiss your foot, and live your slave."

Quoth Ren, "We Doctors hold it best,
After a long debauch, to fast:
Then as for discipline, 'tis fit,
You take a *quantum sufficit*.
Slacken with abstinence your skin,
And you'll return as you got in:

For, till each collop you refund,
You 're like to quarter in Lobs-pound."

THE MORAL.

Cæsar, no more in foreign camps expose
Your sacred life, to Britain's generous foes :
Thy dread tribunal now erect at home,
And, arm'd with vengeance, to her rescue come.

In power her basest enemies remain,
Oppress thy subjects, and thy treasures drain :
With sums immense they raise their fortunes high,
Though armies starve, and fleets neglected lie.

Bane of the war ! curse of thy martial reign !
You share the toil and dangers, they the gain :
To justice then the known offenders bring,
Avenge thy people, and assert the king.

FABLE VIII.

AN OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed Owl
One morning on the Sun fell foul,
Because it made him blind :
But by his sophistry you 'll guess
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The Sun illustrious with his light,
Dispensing warmth to all :
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and hooting like a sot
And thus began the brawl.

“ D’ ye hear, you prince of red-fac’d fools !
Hot-headed puppy ! foe to owls !

Why this offensive blaze ?

Behind some cloud go sneak aside,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

“ When I ’m a taking the fresh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And so much rudeness show !

I wonder when the modest Moon
Would serve an Owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one so !”

Bright Phœbus smil’d at what was said,
And cry’d, “ ’Tis well, Sir Logger-head,

You ’ve neither sense nor shame !
Because a blinking fool can’t bear
An object so transcending fair,
The Sun must take the blame.

Shall I the universe benight,
And rob the injur’d world of light,
Because you rail and scoul ;
When birds of the most abject sort
Deride and grin you for their sport,
And treat you like an Owl ?”

THE MORAL.

Who libel senates, and traduce the great,
Measure the public good by private hate :
Interest ’s their rule of Love ; fierce to oppose
All whom superior virtue makes their foes.

Thy

Thy merits, Rochester*, thus give offence;
 The guilty faction hates discerning sense:
 This Harley†, Seymour‡, Howell, and Mackworth find,
 Great eye-fores to the loud rapacious kind;
 But, whilst in holes Addressing Owls repine,
 Bright as the Sun their patriot names will shine.

FABLE IX.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

As out at sea a ruffling gale it blew,
 And clouds o'ercast the gloomy skies:
 The surges they began to rise,
 And terrify the sailors, jocund crew.
 This to the wanton billows was but sport,
 They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
 This was the burden of their song,
 They'd have a storm, and shew good reason for't.
 Then a fresh maggot takes them in the head,
 To have one merry jaunt on shore:
 They'd not be fetter'd-up, they swore;
 But thus to the insulted margin said:
 "Hey, flugs! d'ye hear, ye lazy hounds!"
 Open to right and left! make way,
 And give free passage to the Sea,
 Down with your ramparts and obstructing mounds.

* Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, was then lord lieutenant of Ireland. See an account of him in the "Supplement to Swift." N. † Afterwards earl of Oxford. N.

‡ Charles Seymour, duke of Somerset. N.

|| John Howe, esq.; of whom, see vol. I. p. 269. N.

“ See how they stir ! awake, ye brutes !
 And let us have one frisk at land ;
 Or, zbud, we ’ll wash you into sand,
 Without the tedious form of long disputes.”

“ Hold ! soft and fair ! the Banks reply’d ; we’re bound,
 In honour, to make good our post :
 And will, for all your windy boast,
 As barriers to the Sea, maintain our ground.

Go, lord it in your watery realms, the Main !
 There rage and bluster as you please,
 Licentious in your native Seas,
 But not an inch as trespassers you ’ll gain.

So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home !
 For if you dare invade our coast,
 You ’ll run your heads against a post,
 And shamefully retire in empty foam.”

T H E M O R A L.

Though Discord forms the elements for war,
 Their well-pois’d strength prevents the fatal jar :
 Harmonious Nature sets the balance right,
 And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain’d,
 Each power ’s by a subordinate restrain’d :
 But, when like raging waves they overflow
 Their stated bounds, and on the weaker grow ;
 Thrice happy realms ! where there are Patriots found,
 To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

F A B L E

FABLE X.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOW.

A TUNEFUL Nightingale, whose warbling throat
Was form'd for lofty song,

With every sweet harmonious note

He charm'd the listening throng:

The hooting Cuckow was displeas'd alone,

Condemn'd his manner, and extoll'd her own.

“ This screaming fop, quoth she, that scares

All creatures with his din;

When folks are listening to my airs,

Forsooth he 's putting in.

Here 's such a chattering kept, and odious noise,

My song's quite spoil'd with his confounded voice.”

The injur'd songster modestly reply'd;

“ Since you perform so fine,

The contest let some judge decide,

And try your skill with mine;

Vanquish'd, I'll your superior genius own.”

The Cuckow shook her head, and cry'd 'twas done,

A solemn plodding Ass that graz'd the plain

Was for an umpire chose:

The Nightingale advanc'd his strain,

And charm'd with every close.

The Cuckow's note was one unvary'd tone,

Exceeding hoarse, yet pleas'd, she roar'd it on.

Appeal was made; the judge this sentence gave,

“ You, Sirrah, Nightingale!

Of musick you some smatterings have,

And may in time do well;

But for substantial song, I needs must say,
My friend, the Cuckow, bears the bell away."

THE MORAL.

Mackworth *, who reads thy well-digested lines,
Where eloquence with nervous reason shines,
Sees art and judgement flow through every page,
The Patriot's zeal free from indecent rage;
So pure thy style, thy manners so refin'd,
Your pen transmits the candour of your mind.

Yet happier he that has the Answer wrote,
In penury of sense, and dearth of thought:
Whilst Asses judge, and Faction claims a vote,
Abusive nonsense is th' admired note;
Where want of art and manners merit praise,
He robs the Cuckow of her ancient bays.

FABLE XI.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

THE Sun and Wind one day fell out
In matters they discours'd about.

Old Boreas, in a rage,
Call'd the Sun fool, and swore he ly'd,
Spit in his face, his power defy'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

* Sir Humphry Mackworth, to whom Yalden addressed an excellent poetical epistle "On the Mines late of Sir Carbery Price," English Poets, vol. X. p. 400.—Sir Humphry wrote some political pamphlets about this time. N. Quoth

Quoth he, "Yon goes a Traveller,
 With formal cloak and looks demure,
 The Whiggish signs of grace :
 Who fairly off the cloak can force,
 From one so stiff, proud, and morose,
 Deserves the upper place."

With that the Wind began to rise,
 Bluster'd and storm'd it through the skies,
 Making a dismal roar :
 The Non-con. wrapp'd his cloak about,
 Trudg'd on, resolv'd to weather 't out,
 And see the tempest o'er.

The storm being spent, with piercing rays,
 Full on his shoulders Phœbus plays,
 Which soon the Zealot felt ;
 Aside the cumbersome cloak was thrown,
 Panting and faint, he laid him down,
 More decently to melt.

The Sun then ask'd his blustering friend,
 If farther yet he durst contend,
 And try some other way :
 But, conscious of so plain a truth,
 He put his finger in his mouth,
 Without a word to say.

THE MORAL.

Your Whigs disgrac'd, like Bullies of the town,
 Libel and rail, the more they're tumbled down :
 Superior merit still prevails at last,
 The fury of their feeble storm is past.

But

But when the Senate darts its piercing rays,
 Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace :
 The hypocritic cloak is tiresome found,
 And the faint Zealot pants upon the ground.

F A B L E XII.

T H E B O A R A N D F O R E S T.

A LION, generous and brave,
 For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace ;
 His lands in royal bounties gave,
 And treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His Ministers whole realms obtain'd ;
 And Courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
 His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
 With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The Boar, to shew a subject's love,
 Crav'd for the public good a boon,
 His ancient Forest to improve,
 By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

“ Alcoves and shady walks, quoth he,
 Are laid aside, become a jest ;
 Your vistas lofty, wide, and free,
 Are *à la mode*, and only in request.”

The grant being pass'd, the ravenous Boar,
 A Desert of the Forest made :
 Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,
 And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This

This act of violence and wrong
 Alarum'd all the savage race ;
 With loud complaints to Court they throng,
 Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the Lion shook,
 And vow'd the Boar should dearly pay ;
 " I hate, quoth he, a down-cast look,
 That robs the publick in a friendly way.

" Unhappy groves, my empire's pride !
 Lov'd solitudes, ye shades divine !
 The rage of tempests ye defy'd,
 Condemn'd to perish by a fordid Swine.

" Ye rural Deities, and Powers unknown,
 What can so great a loss suffice !
 If a hung Brawler will atone,
 Accept friend Chucky for a sacrifice."

THE MORAL.

The British oak's our nation's strength and pride,
 With which triumphant o'er the main we ride ;
 Insulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
 A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like Druids then your forests sacred keep,
 Preserve with them your empire of the deep.
 Subjects their Prince's bounty oft abuse,
 And spoil the public for their private use ;
 But no rapacious hand should dare deface,
 The royal stores of a well-timber'd chace.

F A B L E

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard strove to swim
The torrent of a rapid stream,
To gain the farther side ;
Before the middle space was past,
A whirling eddy caught him fast,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and struggling spent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content;
Poor Ren a soaking lay ;
Till some kind ebb should set him free,
Or chance restore that liberty
The waves had took away,

A swarm of half-starv'd haggard Flies,
With fury seiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led ;
With many a curse and bitter groan,
He shook his sides, and wish'd them gone,
Whilst plenteously they fed.

A Hedge-hog saw his evil plight ;
Touch'd with compassion at the sight,
Quoth he, " To show I 'm civil,
I 'll brush those swigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorseless prey,
And send them to the Devil."

" No

“No, courteous Sir, the Fox reply’d,
 Let them infest and gore my hide,
 With their insatiate thirst;
 Since I such fatal wounds sustain,
 ’Twill yield some pleasure midst the pain,
 To see the blood-hounds burst.”

THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

“Le sang du Juste à Londres fera faute
 “Brusser, par feu, &c.”

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
 “With royal blood defil’d, O cleanse my stains!
 Whence plagues arise! whence dire contagions come!
 And flames that my Augusta’s pride consume!”

“In vain, saith Thames; the Regicidal breed
 Will swarm again, by them thy land shall bleed:
 Extremest curse! but so just Heaven decreed!
 Republicans shall Britain’s treasures drain,
 Betray her Monarch, and her Church prophane!
 Till, gorg’d with spoils, with blood the leeches burst,
 Or Tyburn add the second to the first.”

FABLE XIV.

THE BEAR AND MOUNTBANK.

THERE liv’d a Quack in high repute,
 By virtue of a velvet suit,
 And celebrated bill;
 As for his knowledge, ’tis allow’d,
 He had enough to cheat the crowd,
 And that’s good modern skill.

Once

Once as this Orator held forth
 On topicks of his medicines' worth,
 And wondrous cures they wrought;
 Though not a word they understood,
 His eloquence so charm'd the crowd,
 That still they gap'd and bought.

Midst his harangue, one day it chanc'd,
 Tom Dove * the Bear that way advanc'd,
 In procession to his stake;
 The Rabble quit their Doctor straight,
 And with huzzas on Bruin wait,
 Who thus the chief bespake:

"D'ye hear, ye pack of bawling louts,
 Compos'd of vermin, stink, and clouts,
 Why all this noise and do?
 Though through my nose a ring is got,
 And here I'm baited like a sot,
 Still I resemble you.

"Observe that Mountebanking Fool,
 Perch'd yonder on his three-legg'd stool,
 With poisonous drugs to sell;
 See o'er his shoulder how he sneers,
 Three hours to lug you by the ears,
 Yet pleases wondrous well.

"With fulsome lyes and stupid stuff,
 He cheats and banters you enough,
 Yet there ye flock by shoals;
 But if by chance a Bear's brought out,
 At him ye hollow, laugh, and shout,
 And who's the greater fools?

* Tom Dove has been celebrated by Dryden and King. N.

“ So, brother Monsters, face about,
 The Quack your keeper wants his rout;
 For, underneath the rose,
 Another sort of Brutes there are,
 Besides a stupid Russian Bear,
 That’s misled by the nose.”

THE MORAL.

Ill Ministers, like Quacks, the crowd deceive,
 Defraud them for their good; and they believe:
 At France and Rome they rail with specious arts,
 And, whilst they cheat the vulgar, gain their hearts.

But if sagacious Bruin smells them out,
 Their frauds exposing to the injur’d rout;
 To mischief prone, implacable, and strong,
 Ten thousand tongues and hands revenge the wrong.

FABLE XV.

THE PEACOCK PROCLAIMED KING.

A VULTURE, old and feeble grown,
 Took-up, and much reform’d his life;
 His beak decay’d, and talons gone,
 Yet still he relish’d noise and strife.

Once a young Peacock to the Birds brought forth,
 On his high birth harangued, and blooming worth.

“ The isles and watery realm, said he,
 This hopeful Monarch shall command;
 His sceptre to depend on me,
 And rule the tributary land;
 Reserving only for our royal use,
 Whate’er the seas and fertile coasts produce.”

The

The Peacock, a pert dapper spark,
 Made the sagacious Vulture's choice;
 His title and descent, though dark,
 Soon gain'd the whole assembly's voice,
 The Pye except, a member of the board,
 Who, midst their acclamations, crav'd a word.

“ His Highness' merits and desert,
 Quoth he, 'tis needless to dispute;
 In giving empires we're too pert,
 With neither right nor power to do 't;
 You've made a Peacock King: pray, now 'tis done,
 What Champion here conducts him to his throne,

“ Where the imperial Eagle reigns,
 Renown'd for arms, and warlike might,
 Who such a feeble youth disdains,
 And Vultures dares engage in fight?
 Therefore, Messieurs, it is my private voice,
 That the possessor first approve our choice.”

THE MORAL.

Cæsar, that Prince betrays his fears,
 Who styles thee Monarch in the field,
 But, when thy army disappears,
 To weak Pretenders will thy titles yield.

But wiser Politicians say,
 True conduct is not so much shewn,
 In giving others' realms away,
 As in defending well their own.

F A B L E

FABLE XVI.*

A LACONIC CONDEMNED.

A SAGE Laconic, truly wise,
 Whose conversation was concise,
 Train'd-up in rigid schools;
 Once, when a single word would do,
 Had lavishly made use of two,
 In high contempt of rules.

A Bill against him was preferr'd,
 The charge by evidence averr'd,
 That fully prov'd the fact:
 The Judges aggravate the crime,
 In words as few, and little time,
 As answer'd men compact.

Quoth one, "The being too verbose
 A misdemeanor is so gross,
 Of that pernicious kind!
 The punishment must reach your sense,
 And reason smart for this offence,
 By torturing your mind.

"Read Jura Populi o'er twice,
 Pittis and Bunyan, books of price!
 And Oats's modest vein:
 Read Baxter's volumes, Tindal's works,
 Yorkshire Petish with that of Bucks,
 True cant, and libel strain.

* A specimen of "Æsop in Spain" may be seen in
 P. 250. N.

“ For solid nonsense, thoughtless words,
The Vindication of the Lords,

That answers ‘ Mackworth’s State :’

Read first and second paragraph,

If possible drudge on through half,

Your crime you ’ll expiate.”

The wretch with strong convulsions shook,

Despair and anguish in his look,

To Heaven for mercy cry’d :

Quoth he, “ Send gibbets, racks, or wheel,

Algiers and gallies please me well,

Such torments I ’ll abide.

“ But damn me not for one offence,

To volumes unally’d to sense,

Vainly to waste my breath:

That Answer to the Commons’ Rights

With labour’d dullness so affrights,

• The thoughts are worse than death.”

TO THE REVEREND DR. BENTLEY,

ON OPENING TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.

BY MR. EUSDEN *.

LONG have we, safe, Time’s envious fury scorn’d,

By kings first founded, then by kings adorn’d ;

If fainting e’er we fear’d a fatal close,

Some new Mæcenas with new life arose.

Fretted by age, we still the stronger grow,

And to our ruins all our beauties owe.

* Of whom, see above, p. 128. N.

So casia roughly chaf'd the sweeter smells,
And silver more consum'd in brightness more excels.

Rais'd on high columns the proud fabrick stands,
Where Barrow praise from every tongue commands:
Where the vast treasures of the learn'd are shown;
No works more rich, more noble, than his own.
The Muses soon the stately seat admir'd,
And in full transports their glad sons inspir'd:
Their sons, inspir'd, sung loud, and all around
Echo redoubled back the chearful sound;
Sweet was the song, when lays (if such they give)
Worthy of cedar, shall in cedar live.

This sumptuous pile shew'd the brave founder's mind,
But equal labours still remain behind.
God's sacred house too long neglected lies,
And from some other Jöash wants supplies;
But none was found, till you resolv'd to show
How far exalted piety could go:
From little funds so largely to design,
Yet to make all in full perfection shine,
Great is the glory, and the glory's thine!

Of old a joy in every face was seen,
Flush'd by the promise of a bounteous Queen:
She vow'd a temple; but too soon her breath
Vanish'd, and seal'd her pious vows in death.
Thus David drew the scheme, but not begun;
The dome was builded by his wiser Son.
Not so we far'd. Though by Eliza lov'd,
Her sister's thoughts were lost, but not disprov'd.
Till now we mourn'd our fate, but mourn no more;
Chac'd are the mists, which dull'd the light before.

New golden censers on new altars blaze,
New music sounds the great Creator's praise.
Angels again from Heaven might listening stray,
Did but another sweet Cecilia play.
Here, long conceal'd, we view the living paint;
Admire the picture, not adore the Saint.
There Cherubs with stretch'd wings deceive the sight,
And, bending forwards, seem prepar'd for flight;
While flowers in pleasing folds adorn each side,
Some droop their sickly heads, some wanton in their
Much more we see, and, silent with surprize, [pride.
Recall times past, and scarce believe our eyes;
How gloomy once these hallow'd mansions were,
But now how wondrous lovely, how divinely fair!
So quickly, where the fragrant dust was spread,
Riseth the Phoenix from his spicy bed;
Or such the change the witty Poets feign'd,
When hoary Æson his young bloom regain'd.
He but regain'd what was before his own,
While here are beauties seen, till now unknown.

If it so charms, how can we ever show
Thy matchless worth, to whom those charms we owe?
Our vain essays our weakness may proclaim,
But not enlarge the circle of thy fame.
Praises from some delusive may appear;
When foes extol, we need no flatteries fear.
The stubborn Atheist a fierce shock has felt;
Steel'd though he was, he now begins to melt:
Since thus he sees all prejudice remov'd,
'Thy acts confess the God thy learning prov'd.

ON

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S
 VICTORY AT AUDENARD,
 JUST AFTER THE LOSS OF GHENT AND BRUGES.
 BY MR. EUSDEN.

AS, in a starry night, the lonely swain,
 Watching his flock on the Sicilian plain,
 Upwards oft casts his eyes; the heavenly fires
 Around he sees, and all he sees admires:
 So I amaz'd, great man! thy acts survey,
 And still from glories to new glories stray:
 Lost in the sweet variety of light,
 I find none brighter in a train so bright;
 And doubt which first the grateful Muse should tell,
 For she on each could pleas'd for ever dwell.
 But hear! loud Pæans from the Belgic strand
 Resound thy triumphs, and our thanks demand!
 Thou art afresh the burthen of each song,
 The darling subject of the tuneful throng.
 In vain, alas! they string the sprightly lyre;
 In vain great actions can great thoughts inspire:
 Apollo's sons, when all their wit is shown,
 Reach not thy merit, but exalt their own.
 Thus numerous streams into the ocean flow,
 New honours they receive, but none bestow;
 Not raise the ocean's height, while they immortal
 grow.

Say, wondrous man! by what mysterious charms
 Thou bind'st th' unconstant Goddess to thy arms!

Why thus her love she partially displays?
 Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys.
 Fly swift, yet conquest swifter flies before;
 So flash the lightnings ere the thunders roar.
 Uncommon paths thy wary march proclaim,
 But every path with thee can lead to Fame.
 No tower so strong as can create despair;
 Nor cliffs so barren but can laurels bear.
 Dear-gain'd experience oft has taught the foe
 The fatal progress of thy arms to know:
 Too well the usual marks are understood;
 A purple dye still taints the crystal flood,
 And every field thou fatten'st round with Gallic blood.

Here I could boundless rove; thy virtues praise,
 Sweetly bewilder'd in the various maze:
 I, Janus-like, could now with pleasure trace
 Of ages past a worthy, deathless race;
 View Greece with all its heroes in the bloom,
 And the long glories of imperial Rome.
 But thou already hast possess'd the whole;
 There is no rival in the shining roll:
 Unless their different graces were combin'd;
 Young Ammon's soul with Cæsar's prudence join'd;
 But though from all we cull'd the parallel,
 Yet thou in something still would'st all excell.
 Thus when Apelles with nice labour strove
 Justly to draw the beauteous Queen of Love;
 The flowery pride of all the land he chose,
 And from a thousand would his one compose.
 Some sweet embellishment in each was seen,
 In this the smile, in that the pleasing mien.

What

What art could do, the pencil had exprest ;
 Not yet entire the Goddess shone confest,
 But barely known, and little more than guest. }

Oh, had these times given to the hero birth,
 Who once was called Lord of the conquer'd Earth ;
 Thy arms his wild ambition had defy'd,
 And wisely check'd the mighty victor's pride.
 Like Lewis he had found a lowlier state ;
 A greater seen, not thought himself so great :
 And for more worlds had no complaints begun,
 But wept for grief he could not conquer one.

Strange ! to what height ingratitude can rise !
 See the foul monster of gigantic size !
 What virtuous acts can we secure engage
 From black oblivion by malicious rage ?
 If to this fiend all Blenheim's honours yield,
 And the won trophies of Ramillia's field ;
 If every chance with murmurings be sustain'd ;
 Two towns surpriz'd move more than countries gain'd.
 Laurels in vain safe from some dangers are ;
 Envy can blast what Jove's own fires will spare.
 This fatal truth the brave Athenian prov'd,
 Whom the wise Socrates so dearly lov'd :
 From that rich source with arts divinely stor'd,
 Early the youth aloft to empire soar'd.
 Too nobly great, and ruin'd by success ;
 His merit still was more, his glory less.
 From Cymè lost, suspicions did begin,
 Not that he could not, but he would not win.

But may green wreaths for ever thee adorn !
 Thou under more propitious stars wast born :

Oft may we see revolve such happy days !
 Oft be it thine to conquer, ours to praise !
 Soon then the hideous din of war shall cease,
 And the long-wearied Albion rest in peace.
 Learning and arts shall crown'd with plenty smile,
 And bays, with olives twin'd, grace the fair blissful isle.
 Mean-time, our thanks, a worthless gift, receive ;
 'Tis nothing, but 'tis all that we can give.
 Let no fantastic wits thy conduct blame,
 Nor envy blemish e'er thy spotless fame.
 Thee Anna chose ; in thee let all rejoice,
 Since by new wonders Heaven confirms the glorious choice.

MEDEA, ACT IV. LAST CHORUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

FROM things consider'd with a stricter view,
 And deepest thought, this fatal truth I drew :
 Sure of mankind th' unmarried part is blest,
 By joys too much distinguish'd from the rest.
 Suppose there are ('tis but suppose, I fear)
 Pleasures which could the nuptial state endear ;
 Think, thou may'st wish, and every wish enjoy,
 A beauteous daughter, and a blooming boy :
 Still where's the mighty comfort of a wife ?
 Or what is wanting in a single life ?
 Pity not ours, nor thus thy fate admire ;
 The bliss we know not, we can ne'er desire.
 Yet this advantage on our side we boast ;
 The good is little, vast the ill we lost.

All

All hush'd, and calm !—no griefs our ease impair,
 Free from the father's many a griping care;
 First, how the child may generously be bred,
 Adorn'd with arts, and through each virtue led.
 Next, how to crown him with a fair estate,
 And so to make him happy, make him great.
 Parents from labours to new labours run,
 To hoard-up treasures for the darling son:
 Yet know not what this darling son will prove;
 A roving spendthrift may reward their love.
 Not small the evils which we here behold,
 But far the greatest still remain untold.
 Just when with utmost pain the drudging fire
 Has rais'd a fortune answering his desire;
 Already the first scene of life is done,
 Whom once he call'd his child, he calls his son,
 The boy forgotten and the man begun.
 Large promises and hopes the youth incite,
 His father's glory and his friends delight:
 But fullen clouds involve the brightest day,
 While all look on, to some disease a prey,
 The lov'd, the wondrous youth untimely pines away.
 Too well, alas ! too well, ye Gods, we knew
 Our troubles many, and our pleasures few:
 Why needed this fresh plague be added more
 To the rich, boundless miserable store?
 The old, as cloy'd with life, to death belong,
 But must it rudely seize the brave, the young?
 In vain we strive; the cruel doom is read,
 The blossom's wither'd, and our hopes are fled.

HERO

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GREEK. BY MR. EUSDEN.

SING, Muse, the conscious torch, whose nightly flame
(The shining signal of a brighter dame)

Through trackless waves the bold Leander led,

To taste the dangerous joys of Hero's bed :

Sing the stol'n bliss in gloomy shades conceal'd,

And never to the blushing morn reveal'd.

I see the lovely youth triumphant ride

O'er the proud billows of th' insulting tide ;

And lo ! a light shoots glimmering from afar,

Of nuptial sweets the kind presaging star :

A light ! which (would propitious Jove incline)

In brighter glory should for ever shine ;

And, mix'd among its kindred fires above,

Be call'd the gentle harbinger of Love.

For sure it did on earth this office bear,

And Hymen's pleasures were its nightly care ;

Till envious winds with boisterous fury rose :

But, Goddess ! thou the mournful tale disclose ;

At once from high the sacred torch was tost,

Its flame extinguish'd, and the lover lost.

Where Neptune stretcheth out an arm, to bound

Fair Europe's confines from the Asian ground,

A rising town on either shore commands

The distant sea, and awes the neighbouring lands ;

Here the Idalian boy his sport begun,

And with one dart a double conquest won :

To

To equal breasts an equal flame convey'd;
 The loveliest youth ador'd the loveliest maid.
 He sure must never have convers'd with fame,
 Who knows not Hero and Leander's name:
 Alike both glories of their native place;
 Abydos one, and one did Sestos grace.

Whoe'er thou art, that hither bend'st thy way,
 Oh, for a while the pleasing coast survey!
 This, this the tower, whence the kind light did guide
 The swimming lover to his Sestian bride:
 That the fam'd Hellespont he nightly cross'd,
 Which still in murmurs groans Leander lost.

But haste we Love's soft triumphs to relate,
 From the first dawnings to its ripen'd state:
 And whence the youth so passionate became,
 And how the nymph glow'd with as fierce a flame.

Hero from noble blood her line did trace,
 Her looks confess'd the glories of her race:
 Priestesses of Venus too; but chose to reign
 In noiseless ease, and shunn'd the nuptial chain.
 Far from her parents early she retir'd,
 And the safe covert of a tower desir'd:
 The tower was high, and near the water stood;
 She seem'd a new-sprung Venus from the flood.
 Discreet withal, nor lov'd to dance and play,
 And waste in vain impertinence the day:
 Secure in innocence, she liv'd unknown,
 And balk'd the witty censures of the town.
 There is an inborn pride, which taints the race;
 A fair-one ne'er could brook a fairer face.

To

To pleasure Venus was her darling care ;
 Nor did thy altars, Cupid, want a share :
 In vain, alas ! the pious virgin strove ;
 No vows the fiery arrows could remove,
 But she must fall a sacrifice to Love.

For now the time was come, the solemn day,
 When annual rites religious Sestians pay
 To Beauty's Queen ; around with fables spread,
 She mourns Adonis, fair Adonis dead !
 Hither in shoals from neighbouring islands throng,
 Confus'd, the gay, the grave, the old, the young :
 From Phrygia these, and from Hæmonia some,
 But all from Cyprus and Abydos come,
 And not one lingering sluggard droop'd at home.
 No amorous youth would surely miss the day ;
 Where feasts invite, they still with joy obey :
 Scarce (as I guess) on bare devotion's score,
 The silent statues of the Gods t' adore ;
 For breasts, like theirs, with youthful raptures warm,
 Not the dead idols, but the living charm.

But, oh ! to see with what a sprightly haste
 The beauteous priestesses through the temple pass'd !
 Not rising Phœbe shews a face so bright
 To glad the world, and rule the spangled night.
 For on each blooming cheek, by nature spread,
 Was seen the purest white and freshest red :
 Such is the hue the springing lily shows,
 Fleck'd with the blushes of the opening rose.
 Scarce yet the parallel would be compleat,
 Not that so beautiful, nor this so sweet.

Of old the thinking dotards did agree
To stint the Graces to the number three;
Had Hero blest those times, they soon had found
Too dull their notion, and too strait their bound;
Whene'er she smil'd, had view'd with dumb surprize,
Ten thousand Graces sporting in her eyes.

The bright Immortal must with pleasure hear
A priestess far above all mortals fair:
In beauty's charms (could beauty's cause be tried)
If not a rival, surely near allied.

No wonder then each youth a flame confest,
And with heav'd hands the sweet enchantress blest:
None but, inspir'd with tender thoughts, began
To wish himself (in vain!) the happy man.
Desiring eyes on the lov'd object hung,
Where-e'er she glided through the wondering throng,
And scatter'd pleasing ruin all along,
Till from the crowd

By Love one eloquent above the rest,
In these, or words like these, his soul express'd:

"Big with vain hope, to Sparta once I came,
Where every nymph can every breast inflame;
But never yet have in one virgin seen,
With so much majesty so sweet a mien.
Who knows but Venus may some cheat design,
And what we fancy human, is divine:
The Graces much are fam'd; and this must be
Sure the most charming of the charming three.
Weary'd with looking, fain I would be gone,
Yet could, methinks, for ever still look on.

Were

Were death the price, doom'd for the happy night,
 Not death should damp one moment of delight :
 Nor could th' immortal joys of Gods above
 Engage my wishes, or distract my love.
 But thou, O Goddess ! listen to my prayer ;
 If not thy Hero, give me such a Fair.

Thus mourn'd some wounded youth ; whilst others
 In wild disorder to conceal their love : [strove
 But flames too fierce to hide at once possess'd,
 And roll'd and revel'd in Leander's breast.
 He saw the Nymph, and, struck with strange delight,
 Resolv'd on something far beyond a fight.
 He bled, but would not keep his wound unknown,
 And wish'd to live, but could not live alone.
 Ungovern'd thoughts to rage improv'd desire,
 And kindled in his eyes impetuous fire.

Beware, ye heedless youths, and fly apace ;
 No dart so piercing as a beauteous face :
 Nor winged deaths with half such swiftnefs fly,
 As the loose glances from a sparkling eye.
 The luscious poison our fond eyes convey
 Down to th' unguarded heart, a trembling, helpless prey.

Unruly passions now the youth assail,
 And fears and hopes successively prevail :
 Sooth'd with her charms, he strives his fears to blame,
 Then blushing checks the too ambitious flame :
 But wiser Love with noble pride disdains
 The bashful modesty of simple swains ;
 And in soft whispers said, his laws were such,
 None fears too little, and none hopes too much.

Rais'd

Rais'd with these thoughts, he did his steps advance,
 To try the magick of a side-long glance,
 With all the artful blandishments, that move
 The soul, to listen to the lure of Love.
 She took the hint; (what Lovers now can find
 That natural tendency in woman-kind?)
 First seem'd to frown, but easily grew mild,
 And, conscious of her own perfections, smil'd.
 Then turns her head with graceful scorn away,
 But, quick returning, doth herself betray;
 And in Love's greatest eloquence replies,
 The silent language of consenting eyes.

With joy amaz'd, the youth his passion knew,
 At once discover'd, and successful too;
 Impatient grown, he chid the tedious light,
 And wish'd the swift approaches of the night:
 Nor wish'd in vain; soon the bright Hesper shone,
 And love-obliging shades came rushing on.
 Darkness can fears expel, and hopes renew;
 Th' embolden'd Lover to his quarry flew,
 And there stood face to face, a glorious interview!
 Then, all on fire, her hand he gently press'd,
 And sighs and dying murmurs told the rest.
 Starting, she did a short resentment feign,
 And with a frown drew back her head again.
 But he, with love inspir'd, new joys descries
 Through the thin umbrage of a forc'd disguise;
 And seiz'd her robe, and, full of pleasing thought,
 The last recesses of the temple sought.

With

With steps unequal she advanc'd behind,
And, with a willing, half unwilling mind,
Threaten'd the youth ; at once severe and kind.

“ Stranger, what madness doth thy breast invade ?
Whither, ah ! whither would you force a Maid ?
Let loose my garments quick, and home retire ;
Flee the displeasure of my wealthy Sire :
If that you flight, and mortal power disown,
Vex not the Priests, lest the Goddess frown.
Go! be not with presumptuous thoughts misled ;
'Tis bold aspiring to a Virgin's bed.”

True to her sex, thus chid the charming Fair ;
But glad Leander could such chidings bear :
This seeming storm a future calm betrays ;
Th' auspicious omen of his halcyon days.
For women soon are kind, if peevish grown ;
Faintly they struggle, when their rage is gone.
That known, the youth her fragrant bosom press'd,
And warm'd with melting lips each swelling breast.

Then thus began ; “ Oh ! how shall I proclaim
Thy every charm ? Shall I thy wondrous frame
A second Venus, or Minerva, name ?
For sure those looks no earthly stamp display ;
None ever boasted so refin'd a clay.
Bless'd be thy Sire ! and bless'd be doubly more
The fertile womb, which the fair burden bore !
With pity hear a youth his flame reveal ;
Whom you could only wound, 'tis you can only heal.
If Venus be your guide, let Venus move ;
And by her great example learn to love.

Ah! come, this silly name of Maid despise;
Indulge thy soul, and give a loose to joys.
No Virgin can a worthy Priestess be
To her who laughs at dull Virginity.
Would'st thou the Goddess faithfully adore,
Regard nice conduct less, and Nature more.
Oh! canst thou ever her sweet laws admire,
Yet be a stranger to a Lover's fire?
The little wanton God did me ordain,
If not to conquer, still to hug my chain.
A slave so humble was Alcides seen,
When led by Hermes to the Lydian Queen:
My passion still a nobler spring did move;
The God of Wit yields to the God of Love.
Why need I Atalanta's fate declare,
Who wisely (as she thought) declin'd the snare;
While from Melanion's arms all ice she fled,
And shun'd the pleasures of a nuptial bed;
Till she by Venus' rage her follies mourn'd,
And love for love, and flame for flame return'd?
Let this Arcadian nymph instruct thy mind;
Thou art moreauteous, would'st thou be more kind!"

Accents so soft her passions did control,
And sooth'd the angry Fair, and tun'd her soul.
She fix'd her eyes upon the silent ground,
And all with crimson blushes glow'd around.
Unwonted motions own'd some new desire,
And oft she gather'd-up her loose attire.
A yielding maid by every sign was meant;
For dumb denying is a sure consent.

Pleasingly pain'd, she first begins to fear
 Something, she knows not what, she knows not where.
 Deep in her breast Leander's charms remain ;
 She thinks, and sighs, then looks, and sighs again.
 Nor the fond Lover, with a less surprize,
 Fed on her snowy neck his famish'd eyes.
 Thus long a virgin-modersty she try'd,
 Not to discover what she could not hide ;
 By slow degrees from earth she rais'd her look,
 Distilling humid blushes ere she spoke. }
 Then in harmonious sounds the painful silence broke :

“ Stranger, thy words might rocks to pity move ;
 Where didst thou learn the wondrous art of Love ?
 Ah, by whose conduct didst thou hither come ?
 Who first seduc'd thee from thy native home ?
 Pleasing thy tale, but pleasing still in vain ;
 No faithless rover must his wish obtain ;
 Or, if I could so mad and senseless prove,
 My powerful parents would upbraid my love.
 What though some secret pleasures you design'd,
 To silence long they could not be confin'd :
 The tongues of men so scandalous are grown,
 You hear from thousands what you act with one.
 Whoe'er thou art, thy name and country tell,
 For mine, alas ! by thee are known too well.
 That tower, which mates the skies, is my retreat ;
 'Tis there I fix my solitary seat :

The mistress of one damsel, I despise
 What all th' unthinking many chiefly prize,
 Greatness, and pomp, and shew, and public noise. }

This,

This, this th' Elysium, which I early chose;
 In vain my father did my choice oppose:
 From giddy crowds and youthful gambols free,
 Calm I enjoy a golden liberty;
 And, safe on shore, with pleasure hear from far
 The grumbling murmurs of the watery war."

Here paus'd the sweet-tongued Syren; and, afraid,
 Began to wonder where her thoughts had stray'd.
 Her looks the trouble of her mind disclose,
 While with new blushes new-born glories rose;
 Which still she strove to hide: but he employs
 His thoughts on means to meet his coming joys.
 The God of Love, who strikes the fatal blow,
 Can best (if any can) the medicine show:
 He to the youth the secret did reveal,
 Pleas'd as he was to wound, and then to heal.
 The Lover soon a zealous fury show'd
 T' obey the wise instructions of the leading God:
 On her soft bosom he reclin'd his head,
 And, sighing, thus the fond Leander said:

"For thee, my fair-one, dangers I'll despise,
 And dare th' inclemencies of winter skies:
 Swift on the wings of Love I'll force my way,
 Though winds, and flames, and floods, command my stay,
 These arms the foaming surges shall withstand,
 Insult their rage, and oar me safe to land.
 Thus every night to thy embrace I'll fly,
 Shivering with cold, all pale and breathless lie,
 And, when full-warm'd, with bliss dissolve and die. }
 Justly you ask the country whence I come;
 Know then, Abydos is my neighbouring home.

Ah, from thy turret let some friendly light
 Chace the thick darkness, and direct my sight:
 Thou the delicious land of Love shalt be,
 And I the ship steer'd by that star to thee.
 All other lights above I shall disdain,
 Whether they kindly or unkindly reign:
 Nor see Orion blazing from afar,
 The slow Boötes, and the Northern carr.
 But, oh, beware, too charming maid, beware!
 (If e'er my safety can deserve thy care)
 With caution let the shining guide be plac'd,
 For, when its flame expires, I breathe my last.
 What more? — Leander is the name I bear,
 And only to be thy Leander swear."

Thus did the youthful pair resolve to know
 From mutual love what mighty pleasures flow:
 Secret they fix'd the place, the time to meet;
 (For sweetest joys, if stol'n, are doubly sweet;)
 When ebbing darkness seem'd to bid adieu,
 And both unwilling by constraint withdrew.
 She to her tower fled swifter than the wind;
 The careful lover wisely staid behind,
 And mark'd the place where all his treasure lay,
 Then nimbly leapt from shore, and cut the liquid way.

The force of Love by absence Lovers try;
 On tardy wings the drowsy minutes fly:
 The day looks dull, with all its beauties bright,
 'Tis morn, 'tis noon, but still they wish for night.
 At last the shades did with such silence creep,
 That universal Nature seem'd to sleep.

But

But the unpitying tyrant, Love, denies
 Refreshing slumbers to Leander's eyes :
 Restless he roves along the dreary shore,
 While with tumultuous rage the surges roar.
 But watchful Hero rais'd the torch on high,
 The kind fore-runner of approaching joy :
 He saw the promis'd star, how bright it shone !
 And by its flame learn'd to improve his own.
 But, when the billows louder roar'd, he stood,
 And, trembling, view'd the melancholy flood :
 Then with these words his drooping spirits cheers,
 Resumes his courage, and expels his fears :

“ Love, like the sea, a boundless fury claims ;
 There rolling waters, here are rolling flames.
 What means my throbbing breast ? Securely move
 Through coldest waters, when all-fir'd with Love.
 Venus is kind ; fond heart, thyself compose :
 From the green ocean first the Goddess rose.
 Her still the tumults of our souls obey,
 And with a nod she smooths the ruffled sea.”

This said, the youth with eager haste undrest,
 And circled round his head his flowing vest :
 Then through the floods pursued his hot desires
 (For floods could never quench a Lover's fires).
 Still as he swam, he kept the light in view,
 And was himself the ship and pilot too.
 Mean-time, the Nymph no easy labour finds
 To screen the torch from rude tempestuous winds :
 In every noise, Leander's voice she hears,
 And all his dangers doubles by her fears ;

THU, much fatigued, he landed on the shore,
And with a lover's fury fought the tower.
The fair-one met him with extended arms,
And to his pleasure yielded all her charms:
In silent joy she hastens to her room,
And scents his body o'er with rich perfume.
The youth his natural sweetness thus regain'd,
But panted still for what he had sustain'd.
Then both laid gently down; the loving bride
Clung to the bridegroom, and thus softly cried:

“Canst thou, my dear, all this endure for me?
What faithful lover ever lov'd like thee?
For me thy limbs in briny waves to steep,
And bear th' unwholesome stench of the deep?
Oh, 'tis too much!—Come to thy Hero's breast,
Forget thy labours, and securely rest.”

The lover heard the soft-inviting maid,
And, swift like lightning, what he heard, obey'd:
Both, blest'd alike, exalted raptures feel,
What few can fancy, and what none can tell.

This amorous pair scorn'd vulgarly to wait
For a dull, formal, ceremonious state.
The father no Epithalamium sung,
No masque was seen, no sprightly lyre was strung.
No tuneful bard some sacred numbers said,
Nor nuptial torch adorn'd the nuptial bed.
Silence and darkness, kindred Gods, were there;
One pleas'd the youth, and one oblig'd the fair:
That all around his downy wings display'd;
This shelter'd rising blushes with a shade.

Thus

Thus in luxuriant joys they pass'd the night,
Joys which Aurora never blabb'd by light.
He with a timely care did home retire,
Unfated still, and breathing still desire :
While she her change did from her parents hide,
And was by day a maid, by night a bride.
And, oh, how oft their wishes join'd in one,
To hail the setting, not the rising, sun !

See here the sweets of Love, but quickly past ;
Such pleasures are too exquisite to last.
The gaudy scene of summer-glories gone,
Winter with frow and furrow'd looks stalks-on.
The full-fledg'd whirlwinds their hoarse voices try,
And drive the clouds, and bluster through the sky.
The mounting waves, that peaceful crept before,
Boil into rage, and tumble to the shore.
The trembling mariner dares not withstand
The angry frith, and wisely keeps the land.
But winds and troubled seas can ne'er dismay
Leander's soul, or interrupt his way ;
The fatal light once seen, the Lover must obey.
Yet sure the fair, now winter's rage was strong,
A while should miss thee, to enjoy thee long :
Did reason guide, not folly warp her mind ;
To prove less cruel, she must prove less kind.
But heat of passion hurried both too far,
And stubborn Fate's decrees resistless are :
Unhappy Hero brandish'd from above
The torch of Furies, now no more the torch of Love.

'Twas a bleak night ; the winds began to play,
And with eternal lungs dispute their sway :

When the too constant, punctual youth again,
 Flush'd with past triumphs, tempts the faithless main.
 Waves roll on waves; aloft the waters rise,
 Swell'd by the tempest, and insult the skies.
 Fierce Boreas issues with collected might,
 And fullen Auster loud provokes to fight.
 The milder Zephyr with inferior force
 Meets the mad Eurys in his headstrong course:
 At once they rush, at once the ocean roars,
 And curling billows dash the rocky shores.

Much did Leander toil, and much sustain;
 Long strove to brave their rage, but strove in vain:
 Oft Neptune's aid with pious vows implor'd,
 And oft the Sea-born Goddess he ador'd.
 Thee, Boreas, too, he minded of thy flame,
 And what thou suffer'dst for th' Athenian dame:
 But thee to pity nothing can incline,
 Deaf to his prayers, as he was once to thine.
 Fruitless are all essays; for Love's decree,
 That rules us here, is rul'd by destiny.
 Tost and re-tost, no friendly succour near,
 His courage faints, and sinks into despair.
 His slacken'd nerves their wonted strength refuse,
 His feet their motion, arms their vigour lose;
 Nor can he now repair his stifled breath,
 But drinks the briny waves, and sucks-in death:
 At once the torch down by the winds was tost,
 And with its flame his life and love were lost.

While the poor nymph his absence did bemoan,
 With many a pensive thought, and many a groan;

The

The lingering hours at length the day restore;
 But night could never seem too long before.
 The barren beach and seas she round survey'd,
 And hop'd her Lover in the dark had stray'd:
 But, ah! too soon she spy'd him, where he lay
 A lump of beautiful, though breathless, clay.
 All o'er confus'd she stood, and would lament,
 But wanted words to give such sorrows vent.
 She stamp'd, she roll'd her eyes, she tore her hair,
 And rav'd with all the symptoms of despair:
 Then, darting headlong with a furious leap,
 From the high tower she plung'd into the deep.
 Thus for Leander dy'd his fair belov'd;
 And equal fates their equal passion prov'd*.

THE COURTIER, A FABLE †.

A MILK-WHITE rogue, immortal and unhang'd,
 By Fate and Parliaments severely bang'd,
 Without a Saint, a Devil was within;
 He fought all dangers, for he knew all sin; Re-

* This poem, after having been translated into English by four different poets, was again attempted by Mr. Theobald, and not without success. See "The Grove, 1721," p. 1. N.

† This single Fable is selected, not for any peculiar excellence, but as a curiosity; being a specimen of a small collection, which was published earlier than Dr. Yalden's, under the title of "Æsop in Spain, or a few Select Fables in Verse. Translated from the Spanish. 1701," 8vo. There are but eight of these Fables, which are introduced by a Preface, not destitute of humour, in the character of Æsop. I know not who was the author; and never saw but one copy either of this collection, or of "Æsop at Court." They are both in the Lambeth Library, marked "EE. 9 12. Poetry, 1594—1714." N

Resolv'd for grandeur, and to acquire wealth,
 Robb'd some by force, and others trick'd by stealth;
 A wheedling, fawning, parsimonious knave,
 The Prince's favour he resolv'd to have.
 The only means by which he thought to rise,
 He shuffled cards, and sily cogg'd his dice;
 A true state-juggler, could make things appear
 Such as would please his prince's eyes or ear;
 Produc'd false lights, his monarch to mislead,
 Which made him from his paths of interest tread.
 He screen'd all villains from due course of laws,
 And from his prince his truest subjects draws;
 Till angry senates the vile monster took,
 And from the root the upstart cedar shook,
 Squeez'd the curst sponge had suck'd the nation's coin,
 And made him cast-up what he did purloin:
 Then on a gibbet did the monster die,
 A just example to posterity.

THE MORAL.

Let favourites beware how they abuse
 Their prince's goodness, or the people's laws;
 How they clandestine methods ever use,
 To propagate a wrong unrighteous cause.

The prince's favour, like a horse untam'd,
 Does often break the giddy rider's neck:
 On him who for preferment's so much fam'd
 The people oft their bloody vengeance wreak.
 Let these beware how they mislead their prince,
 Or rob the treasure of a potent nation,
 Or multiply enormous crimes; from hence
 Come hanging oft, or noble decollation.

S E N F

SENECA'S TROAS. ACT II. CHORUS.

BY MR. JOHN GLANVILL*.

IS 't true that souls their bodies do survive?
 Or does a flam the timorous world deceive?
 When some dear friend our dying eyes has clos'd;
 And Life's last day Death's endless night impos'd;
 When the eas'd corpse, like an o'er-jaded slave,
 At length fet free, lies quiet in the grave;

* Son of Julius Glanvill, a younger son of Judge John Glanvill. He was born at Broad Hinton, Wilts, in 1664; became, at the age of fourteen, a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; admitted scholar there June 10, 1680; and, after he was B. A. stood for a fellowship of All Souls in 1683; "at which time (says Wood) Tho. Creech of Wad-
 "ham Coll. standing also, the latter carried it, which Glan-
 "vill took as a great affront, so conceited was he of his own
 "parts. After he had taken the magisterial degree, and put
 "aside from being fellow of Trin. Coll. because he would be
 "drunk and swear, he retired to Lincoln's Inn, and became
 "a barrister." Besides the little poems here printed, he was
 author of, 1. "Some Odes of Horace imitated with relation
 "to his Majesty and the Times, 1690." 4to. 2. "Poems
 "dedicated to the Memory, and lamenting the Death, of her
 "late sacred Majesty, of the Small-Pox, 1695." 3. "Se-
 "neca's Agamemnon, Act I." printed in Oxford Miscellany
 Poems, 1685. 4. "A Plurality of Worlds, translated from
 "the French, 1688." 8vo. See Wood, II. 1079. N.

Were

Were it not wise the soul too to entomb !
But must we still endure Life's wretched doom ?
Or happier do we die entire and whole,
Leave no continuing reliet of a soul ?
But when the vital vapour of our breath,
Gasp'd into air, is lost in clouds and death,
We're gone, and all that was of us before
To any thing of life is then no more !
Yes, thus we perish, and thus undergo
Th' approaching lot of all things here below.
Time flies, and all the sea and sun goes round
With sure and quick destruction shall confound.
Swift, as above the stars, and moon, and sun,
In hurrying orbs their hasty courses run,
We pass to fate ; nor when we disappear
Are we, or ever shall be, any where.
As short-liv'd smoke, ascending from the flame,
Hovers, dissolves, and ne'er shall be again.
As gather'd clouds, by scattering blasts disjoin'd,
Disperse, and fly before the hostile wind ;
So that thin fleeting thing, Life, passes o'er,
So flows our spirit out, and then 's no more.

After death 's nothing ; death itself is nought,
Th' extremest bound of a short race of thought.
Let slaves and fools their fears and hopes give o'er,
Solicit and delude themselves no more.
Would you know where you shall be after death ?
There where you were before you suck'd-in breath.
The dead and the unborn are just the same,
The dead returning whence the living came.

Time

Time takes us whole, throws all into the grave;
 Death will no more the soul than body save.
 For Hell and the damn'd Fiend that lords it there,
 With all the torments we so vainly fear,
 Are empty rumours, melancholy whims,
 Fantastic notions, idle, frightful dreams.

H O R A C E, B O O K I. O D E XIII.

B Y M R. G L A N V I L L.

W H E N happy Strephon's too prevailing charms,
 His rosy neck, and his soft waxen arms,
 Inhuman Lydia, wantonly you praise,
 How cruelly my jealous spleen you raise!
 Anger boils-up in my hot labouring breast,
 Not to be hid, and less to be suppress.
 Then, 'twixt the rage, the fondness, and the shame,
 Nor speech, nor thoughts, nor looks, remain the same.
 Fickle as wind my various colour shows,
 And with my tide of passion ebbs and flows:
 Tears, stealing, fall distill'd by soft desire,
 To shew the melting slowness of the fire.
 Ah, when I see that livid neck betray
 The drunken youth's too rudely wanton play;
 When on those passive lips the mark I find
 Of frantic boiling kisses left behind;
 I rave, to think these cruel tokens shew
 Things I can not mistake, and would not know.

How

How fond 's the hope, how foolish, and how vain,
 Of lasting love from the ungrateful swain,
 Who that soft lip so roughly can invade,
 Hurting with cruel joy the tender maid?
 Quickly they 're glutted who so fierce devour;
 They suck the nectar, and throw by the flower.
 But, oh, thrice happy they that equal move
 In an unbroken yoke of faithful love!
 Whom no complaint, no strife, no jealousy,
 Sets from their gentle, grateful bondage free;
 But still they dear fast mutual slaves remain,
 Till Death unkindly breaks the unwilling chain.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

BY MR. GLANVILL.

WHEN, Chloe, by your slave pursued,
 Why should you fly so fast!
 So the stray'd fawn i' th' pathless wood
 To her lost dam makes haste.
 Each noise alarms, and all things add
 New terror to her fear;
 She starts at every dancing shade,
 Each breath of singing air.
 With every leaf, each bush that shakes,
 Throughout the murmuring grove,
 Her sympathetic heart partakes;
 She trembles as they move.

Fond

Fond Maid, unlike the wolf and boar,
 I hunt not to destroy :
 My utmost prey would be no more
 Than you might give with joy.
 Urg'd-on by soft and gentle love,
 I harmlessly pursue :
 Your flight to me may cruel prove,
 But not my chace to you.
 Cease idle dreams of fancy'd harms,
 To childish fears trepan ;
 Leave running to thy mother's arms,
 Who now art fit for man's.

H O R A C E, B O O K II. O D E XII.
 B Y M R. G L A N V I L L.

U R G E me no more to write of martial things,
 Of fighting heroes, and of conquering kings ;
 Our brave forefathers glory to advance,
 Shew subdued Ireland, and sing vanquish'd France ;
 Tell how Spain's blood the British ocean swell'd,
 With shame invading, and with more repell'd.
 No, these high themes of the heroic strain,
 Suit ill with my low feeble vein ;
 To equal numbers I'd in vain aspire,
 How shall I make a trumpet of a lyre ?
 Much less dare I, in an unhallow'd strain,
 Great Nassau's wars and victories prophane.
 You better may in lasting prose rehearse
 Things which defy my humble verse.

'Tis

'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
Such glorious actions with so mean a style.

Me fair Lycinia's softer praise,
Her native charms, and winning ways,
The Muse ordain'd to sing in gentle lays ;
Me the sweet song, which Syren's art defies ;
Me the serenely shining eyes,
And, above all, the generous grateful heart,
True to the mutual love, and faithful to its part.
Lycinia, whose becoming dance
With airy motion does Love's fire advance ;
Whose wanton wit, wild as her eyes,
The tickled mind does pleasantly surprize ;
Whose various arts all our loose powers alarm,
A grace each action, and each word's a charm.

Ah, when her willing head she greatly bends.
And fragrant kisses languishingly lends ;
When with fond artful coyness she denies,
More glad to lose, than we to win the prize ;
Or when the wanton, in a toying vein,
Snatches the kiss from the prevented swain ;
Would you then give one bracelet of her hair,
For the poor crowns that monarchs wear ?
Would you exchange, for all those favourite isles
The sun laughs on, one of her pleasing smiles ?
Would you, for both the Indies' wealth, decline
The hidden treasures of her richer mine ?
Not I, for such vain toys I'd ne'er remove ;
My wealth, my pomp, my heaven, should all be Love !

SONG.

SONG. BY MR. GLANVILL.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last
 I ventur'd to lay forms aside.
 'Twas I was modest, nor she chaste ;
 The Nymph, as soon as ask'd, comply'd.

With amorous awe, a silent fool,
 I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear ;
 Speak, Love, how came your slave so dull,
 To read no better there ?

Thus, to ourselves the greatest foes,
 Although the Fair be well inclin'd ;
 For want of courage to propose,
 By our own folly, she 's unkind.

A S H O R T V I S I T.

SO the long-absent Winter sun,
 When of the cold we most complain,
 Comes slow, but swift away does run ;
 Just shews the day, and sets again.

So the prime beauty of the Spring,
 The virgin lily, works our eyes ;
 No sooner blown, but the gay thing
 Steals from th' admirer's sight, and dies.

The gaudy sweets o' th' infant year,
 That ravish both the smell and view,
 Do thus deceitfully appear,
 And fade as soon as smelt unto.

Amynta, though she was more fair
 Than untouch'd lilies, chaste as those;
 Welcome as suns in Winter are,
 And sweeter than the blowing rose;
 Yet when she brought, as late she did,
 All that a dying heart could ease,
 And by her swift return forbid
 The joys to last, she's too like these.

Ah, Tyrant Beauty! do you thus
 Increase our joys to make it less?
 And do you only shew to us
 A Heaven, without design to bless?
 This was unmercifully kind,
 And all our bliss too dear has cost;
 For is it not a hell to find
 We had a paradise that's lost?

THE ENQUIRY AFTER HIS MISTRESS.

BY MR. HORATIO TOWNSHEND*.

THOU shepherd, whose intente eye
 O'er every lamb is such a spy,
 No wily fox can make them less;
 Where may I find my shepherdes?

* Son of Horatio the first lord viscount Townshend. He was member of parliament, first for Yarmouth, and afterwards for Heytesbury; and was also a commissioner of excise. He died Oct. 24, 1751, in his sixty-ninth year. Lætitia the late countess of Exeter was his daughter. N.

A little

A little pausing, then said he,
 “How can that jewel stray from thee?
 In Summer’s heat, in Winter’s cold,
 I thought thy breast had been her fold.”

That is indeed the constant place,
 Wherein my thoughts still see her face,
 And print her image in my heart,
 But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling said, “I might
 Of Chloris partly have a sight,
 And some of her perfections meet
 In every flower was fresh and sweet.

The growing lilies bear her skin,
 The violets her blue veins within;
 The blushing rose, new-blown and spread,
 Her sweeter cheeks, her lips the red.

The winds that wanton with the Spring,
 Such odours as her breathing bring;
 But the resemblance of her eyes
 Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voice who strives to hit,
 His object must be higher yet;
 For Heaven, and Earth, and all we see
 Dispers’d, collected is but she.”

Amaz’d at this discourse, methought
 Love and Ambition in me wrought,
 And made me covet to engross
 A wealth would prove a public loss.

With that I sigh'd, aſham'd to ſee
 Such worth in her, ſuch want in me ;
 And, cloſing both mine eyes, forbid
 The world my ſight, ſince ſhe was hid.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

FROM HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE II.

BY MR. TOWNSHEND.

THE Poet, whoſe too flattering hopes aſpire
 To reach the noble heat of Pindar's fire ;
 Like the fam'd boy, by no perſuaſion won,
 Oppoſes waxen pinions to the ſun ;
 The feeble wings diſſolve in ſcorching light,
 And drop the mad adventurer from his flight ;
 Whoſe raſh attempts to gain forbidden fame
 Diſgrace his fall with a more ſignal ſhame,
 And only ſerve to give the ſea a name.

As headlong floods, ſworn with perpetual rain,
 No more their once-ſurmounted banks reſtrain,
 Deep ſtreams of eloquence, in Pindar's page,
 Swell with ſuch uncontrol'd, impetuous rage ;
 Worthy the laurel's conſecrated prize,
 As oft as his obedient pen he tries,
 Whether his pompous Dithyrambic ſong
 In arbitrary numbers rolls along ;
 Or if of Gods he ſings, in god-like words,
 Or Heaven-born Heroes, and their acts records ;
 No Bard ſo fit th' immortal men to tell,
 By whom the fires were quench'd, or monſters fell.

Or

Or if his Muse embalms the victors' names,
 Renown'd for God-like deeds at Pisa's games;
 Describes the champions, and the fiery steed,
 Measuring th' extended plain with winged speed;
 Each action with peculiar lustre shines,
 And warms us o'er again in Pindar's lines,
 In whose eternal volume thus to live,
 Is greater praise than thousand statues give

Not less successful, when his style he turns,
 And some brave youth's too early funeral mourns;
 Who might without the Muse compassion move,
 Untimely snatcht from the new joys of Love:
 The widow'd bride admits of no relief,
 No intervals break-off her endless grief;
 Till Pindar, with the power of numbers, tries
 To bring the lovely image to her eyes;
 Whom he describes so virtuous and so brave,
 That in his nobler part he triumphs o'er the grave.

THE VOYAGE.

BY DR. SAMUEL WOODFORD*.

AS one that's from a tedious voyage come,
 And safe through thousand storms arriv'd at home,
 Resolves to put to sea no more,
 Or boldly tempt the flattering main,
 How smooth so e'er it lie, or plain;

But,

* Eldest son of Robert Woodford, of Northampton, gent.
 He was born in the parish of Allhallows on the Wall, Lon-
 don,

But, having drawn his broken hull on shore,
 To some kind Saint hangs up his consecrated oar;
 I, who a greater sea had past,
 The ocean of rough Poesy,
 Where there so many shipwreck'd be;
 Or on the rocks, or on the quicksands cast;
 Recounting what myself had seen,
 And in how many deaths I'd been,
 Where scarce an empty wish or hope could come between;
 With almost as confirm'd a vow,
 Resolv'd no less to consecrate
 Some votive table, which might shew
 The labours I did undergo;

don, April 15, 1636; became a commoner of Wadham College in 1653; took one degree in Arts in 1656, and in 1658 retired to the Inner Temple, where he was chamber-fellow with the poet Flatman. In 1660 he published a poem "On the Return of King Charles II." After that period, he lived first at Aldbrook, and afterwards at Bensted in Hampshire, in a married and secular condition, and was a member of the Royal Society. 14 cal. Jan. 1669, he took holy orders from bishop Morley, and was soon after presented by Sir Nich. Stuart, bart. to the rectory of Hartley-Malduit in Hampshire. He was installed prebend of Chichester, May 27, 1676; made D. D. by the diploma of archbishop Sancroft in 1677; and prebendary of Winchester, Nov. 8, 1680, by the favour of his great patron the bishop of that diocese. He died in 1700. His poems, which have some merit, are pretty numerous, as will appear by his own account of them in this Ode, and by the notes annexed to it. N.

And at a far more easy rate,
Give others the delight to view on land my dangerous
fate.

Already was the sacred plank design'd,
And in it now I first assay'd the deep;
When, thinking only near the shores to keep,
There rose a sudden and tempestuous wind,
Which made me leave the unsaluted land behind.

The sea before was calm and still,
And gentle airs did with my streamers play,
Scarce strong enough my half-struck sail to fill,
And through the yielding crystal force my way.
Close by did many a vessel ride,
Whose pilots all with bays were gaily crown'd;
And to the murmurs of the tide,
Voices and mirths were heard around.
Myself made there Anacreon's lute resound *;
Which sprightly seem'd, and wondrous brave,
And its old killing notes to have;
But from the waters more, than those rough touches
which I gave.

'Twould still of nothing sound but Love,
Though I the various stops did often prove;
Wherefore new † loves I did begin,
And intermix'd (as parts) my own;
Which took fresh vigour from the string,
And o'er the dancing floods were quickly blown.

* Turn'd Anacreon into English verse. S. W.

† Made several Love verses to Cletia & al. S. W.

I Venus sang, and stolen joy,
 And of his flames who 'scap'd at Troy *.
 And as the Thracian Orpheus by his skill,
 To ransom his Eurydice, is said,
 And from the shades brought back the dead;
 My song a greater miracle did tell,
 And thither chain'd in verse alive Proserpina did lead †,
 Such was my song; but, when the storm arose,
 Voices and mirth were heard no more,
 But every man fell stoutly to his oar,
 And to the floods did all their strength oppose,
 Hoping to reach some harbour, but in vain;
 They were with greater fury hurry'd back into the main.
 Then might one hear, instead of these,
 The dying shrieks of such as shipwreck'd were;
 And those proud galleys, which before at ease
 Plough'd-up the deep, no longer did appear;
 But to the waves became a prey,
 Some downright sank, some broken lay,
 And by the billows were in triumph borne away.
 My keel so many leaks did spring,
 That all the hold with water was flow'd o'er;
 And a sea no less dangerous rag'd within,
 Than that which strove abroad the tempest to out-roar.
 So over-board my lading straight I cast,
 With some faint hope my barque to save ‡;

But

* Translated the fourth Book of Virgil. S. W.

† Claudian's Rapt. Prof. S. W.

‡ Having had so many crosses, or, which is truer, seeing
the

But on the wind away they quickly past,
 And my best safety was no hope to have.
 Yet by me still the great Jessean lyre I kept,
 Which from my couch I down did take,
 Where it neglected long enough had slept,
 And all its numerous chords I did awake;

the little profit, I resolved to make no more verse, except the argument were divine or moral; and so resumed my old design of paraphrasing the Psalms; which I began anew, Jan. 31, 1662, and finished the third of June, 1665. S. W. — Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase on the Psalms, in Five Books, was published in 4to, 1667, and again in 1678, 8vo. This Paraphrase, which was written in the Pindaric and other various sorts of verse, is commended by R. Baxter in the Preface to his "Poetical Fragments, 1681;" and is called by others "an incomparable version," especially by his friend Flatman, who wrote a Pindaric Ode on it, and also a copy of verses on Woodford's "Paraphrase on the Canticles, 1679," 8vo. With this latter Paraphrase are printed, 1. "The Legend of Love," in three cantos. 2. "To the Muse," a Pindaric Ode. 3. "A Paraphrase upon some select Hymns of the New and Old Testament." 4. "Occasional Compositions in English Rhimes," with some Translations out of Latin, Greek, Spanish, and Italian, but chiefly out of his last; some of which Compositions and Translations were before falsely published by a too curious collector of them from very false copies, against the will and knowledge of their author. Dr. Woodford complains that several of his Translations of some of the Moral Odes had been printed after the same incorrect manner. N.

Thinking,

Thinking, since I the waves must try,
Them and the Sea-Gods with a song to pacify,

I play'd, and boldly then plung'd down,
Holding my harp still in my hand,
My dear companion through those paths unknown;
But hopeless with it e'er to reach the land.

When lo, the chaste Iarua, with a throng
Of Nymphs and Tritons waited-on,
As she by chance there pass'd along,
Drove up her chariot by my side,
And, in requital for my humble song,
Invited me with her to ride,
And, fearless of the way, with them my course to guide.
And down she reach'd her snowy hand,
And from the floods me gently rais'd,
Whilst all the Sea-gods on me gaz'd.

And waited, ere they further went, some new command.

Which straight she gave, and at her word the wind
Backward did scower: before, as smooth and plain

The ocean lay; storms only rag'd behind:

So to my harp I turn'd again,
And all its silent fetters did unbind.

No longer was I of the deep afraid,

But, bolder grown, more anthems plaid,
And on them put my chains, who theirs upon the waves
Till, having many a country past, [had laid.

And coasting the whole earth around,
The North-west passage navigable found,

I on my native shore was cast,
And safely touch'd the British Isle at last.

This

This table as in colours 'twas exprest,
 And which Belisa's * curious pencil wrought,
 With ivy garland, and with bays I drest,
 And to my Muse's sacred temple brought,
 Hoping it would accepted be,
 And surely gain my liberty
 From future service, and declare me free.
 But as I waiting in the court did stand,
 Into a sudden ecstasy I fell;
 And, led by an immortal hand,
 Which entrance for me did command,
 Approach'd the fane's most private cell,
 By none e'er seen before, where awful dread and reve-
 rence dwell.

* Mrs. Mary Beale. S. W. — This lady was daughter of
 “ Mr. Cradock, minister of Walton upon Thames; learned
 “ the rudiments of painting from Sir Peter Lely, and had
 “ some instructions, as Vertue thought, from Walker. She
 “ painted in oil, water-colours, and crayons, and had much
 “ business; her portraits were in the Italian stile, which she
 “ acquired by copying several pictures and drawings from
 “ Sir Peter Lely's and the royal collections. Her master
 “ was supposed to have had a tender attachment to her; but,
 “ as he was reserved in communicating to her all the re-
 “ sources of his pencil, it probably was a galant passion, ra-
 “ than a successful one. She died in Pall Mall, at the age of
 “ 65, Dec. 1697; and was buried under the communion table
 “ in St. James's church.” Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting,
 vol. III. p. 67.—Mr. Walpole says, that Dr. Woodford (whom
 by mistake he calls Dr. *Woodfall*) wrote several poems to
 her honour, under the name of *Belisia* (Belisa). R.

'Twas

'Twas not like those strait lodges here,
 Which by that name we call,
 But a magnificent and spacious hall,
 The roof with paintings garnish'd all,
 And where, in niches on the wall,
 There did the lively forms appear
 Of such who for their verse the laurel fert did wear.
 Greece and old Rome possess the chiefest place,
 And all the upper end their quarter was :
 The sides were into several coasts design'd ;
 And by their countries you each name might find ;
 The Italian, French or Spanish band,
 As they around did with their title stand :
 Britain as fair a space as any had ; [paid.
 And no less honours were to Her, than Rome or Athens
 Thither I turn'd my eye, and in the throng
 Of crowned heads translated there,
 Whose very names to count would be too long,
 The bright Orinda* did appear ;
 And, though come thither last of all,
 Made the most beauteous figure on the sacred wall.
 Aside her several niches were prepar'd
 For those who shall hereafter come,
 And with her there obtain a room,
 As with her in the Muses service they had shar'd.
 Already were some names enroll'd,
 And in fair characters enchas'd ;
 But who they were must ne'er be told,
 Till they the fatal stream have pass'd,
 And after death have here their living statues plac'd.

* Mrs. Kath. Philipps; of whom, see vol. II. p. 50. N.
My

My Muse alone these worthies could out-shine,
As she approach'd me there in shape divine :

Her golden hair was all unbound,
With careless art and wantonly did play,
Mov'd by her strings melodious sound,
As on her shoulders the loose tresses lay.

A wondrous mantle o'er her back was thrown,
And her gay mystic vest below
In royal state trail'd all adown ;
A lute was in her hand, and on her head a crown.

Amaz'd I at her feet did fall,
And prostrate lay till up she bid me stand,
Saying, " For this I thee did never call,
But boldly to receive my great command :

Arise ; for, lo, a better fate
Does on thy tuneful numbers wait,
Than what thou in the deep hast tried of late.

Not but that all thy labours there
To thine own wish shall amply be repaid ;
For I, by whom enroll'd they are,
Second to none but Heaven in that great care,
Which of thy verse and thee I always had,
Will look such large allowance for them shall be made,
That all the damage which thou didst sustain
Shall not compare with thy immortal gain.

Witness thy votive table, which I here accept
Within my archives a fair room to have,
(Worthy for the hand that did it to be kept)
And thy mean name from dark oblivion save,

Till

Till to another temple that 's above,
 Reserv'd for those who sacred numbers prove,
 And there at last conclude their love,
 Thy soul's bright image I hereafter shall remove,
 Where several whom thou here dost know
 (Ambitious at their very shrines to bow)
 Leaving their wanton lays behind,
 Like thee, and from all base alloy refin'd,
 More to resemble the Eternal Mind;
 With several who were never here,
 So god-like all their measures were,
 (As Jesse's son, whose harp thou erst didst bear)
 In glory with the first great Maker shine,
 And have for mortal bays a ray divine.

But first, my Sylvius*, thou again to sea must go,
 And many towns, and men, and countries know,
 In the new world † of Christian poesy,
 Part of which long since was design'd to be
 The happy fruits of thy discovery;
 Where none of all thy nation has been yet,
 The way so dangerous, and the task so great.
 Nor doubt but it shall recompence thy cost;
 And were it more, that age, they cry, th'ast lost,

* By the name of Sylvius, he addresses his friend Thomas Flatman, a Lawyer, Poet, and Painter: but in the latter of these professions only he arrived at any degree of excellence. See a short specimen of his poetry in p. 272. R.

† To write of the Creation, never attempted by any Englishman, except in version. S. W.

When,

When, to serve me, thou didst the bar * forsake,
 And for the long robe the ivy garland take,
 As that which would thy name immortal make.
 For I have honours to bestow,
 And regal treasures, though I rarely show
 The happy country where they grow.
 And though some wretch the plague endure
 Of miserable poverty,
 The fault 's his own, and not in me;
 Not that he is my votary,
 But under that disguise an enemy;
 Not I, but they alone who count me so, are poor.

Try me, this once, and once more tempt the main;
 Thou shalt not unattended go:
 For when thou next putt'st out to sea again,
 I'll be thy pilot, and the passage show.
 Nay wonder not, for 'tis no more
 Than what I several times have done before,
 When I my Tasso through those straits did guide,
 And made my Bartas o'er the furies ride;
 Those mighty admirals which did extend
 Their country-bounds beyond the world's wide end:
 'Twas I conducted them those lands to find,
 Where each did plant their nation's colonies;
 Both spreading less their sails than victories.
 And there are yet more lands for thee behind;
 And all the way, like them, thou shalt rehearse
 The birth of things, how they from nothing rose,
 By that Almighty Word which shall inspire thy verse,
 And help thee all its wonders to disclose.

* The study of the law. S. W.

No storm upon thy mast shall rest,
 Or any gales, but vernal, blow;
 The sea itself, to my great service prest,
 In plains of liquid glass shall lie below,
 And its obedience to my rule in dancing billows only show.
 And when thou home return'd shalt be,
 And of thy native earth once more take hold,
 Myself thy bark will consecrated see;
 And for this new world thus found out by thee,
 Make it a heavenly sign, near that which sav'd the old."

ON MRS. E. MONTAGUE'S

BLUSHING IN THE CROSS-BATH.

BY MR. FLATMAN*.

AMIDST the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
 Thus once the beauteous *Ægle* stood,
 So sweet a tincture ere the sun appears,
 The bashful ruddy morning wears:
 Thus through a crystal wave the coral glows,
 And such a blush fits on the virgin rose.

Ye

* Thomas Flatman was born in Aldersgate-street about 1623, educated at Winchester, and in 1654 elected from thence to New College in Oxford, which he left without taking a degree. He afterwards studied the law in the Inner Temple; married a young lady with a good fortune, Nov. 26, 1672; died Dec. 8, 1688, in the life-time of his father (at that time a clerk in chancery, and in his 80th year); and was buried at St. Bride's, London. He is described by

Mr.

Ye envied waters, that with safety may
 Around her snowy bosom play,
 Cherish with gentle heat that noble breast,
 Which so much innocence has blest,
 Such innocence, as hitherto ne'er knew
 What mischief Venus or her Son could do.

Mr. Granger as "one of the unsuccessful imitators of Pindar, or rather of Cowley, in a species of poetry which pleased more from its novelty, than its excellence, in that celebrated writer. He composed Pindaric odes on the death of the duke of Albemarle, the earl of Offory, prince Rupert, and Charles II. The duke of Ormond was so pleased with that on the death of the earl of Offory, his son, that he sent the author a ring, with a diamond in it, worth 100*l*. It is no wonder that the heart of a father, softened by the death of such a son, felt something in reading this composition which an indifferent person cannot even imagine; and mistook the natural working of his own breast, for the art of the poet. Flatman really excelled as an artist: a man must want ears for harmony, that can admire his poetry; and even want eyes that can cease to admire his painting. Some of his tasteless contemporaries thought him equally excellent in both; but one of his heads is worth a ream of his Pindarics; I had almost said all the Pindarics written in this reign. It does our author some honour, that Mr. Pope has very closely copied several of his verses, in his ode of "The dying Christian to his Soul."—Mr. Granger's censure on Flatman's poetry is surely too severe. He was one of the writers in "Don Juan Lambert, or a Comical History of the late Times," more commonly known by the name of "Montelion's Almanack," first published in 1660 by J. Philips, continued in the two succeeding years by Flatman, and said to be a very facetious and entertaining work. N.

Then from this hallow'd place
 Let the prophane and wanton eye withdraw,
 For Virtue, clad in scarlet, strikes an awe,
 From the tribunal of a lovely face.

CEREALIA, BY MR. J. PHILIPS*,

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

“Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria

“Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.”

PETRONIUS.

O F English tippie, and the potent grain,
 Which in the conclave of Celestial Powers
 Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem,
 Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur
 Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he fate
 With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
 Young actions issuing from the Fates Divan.
 Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
 Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
 In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope.
 Nor ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
 Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
 Beneath his over-shadowing orb of hat,
 And ample fence of elephantin nose.

* On the merits of this writer, Dr. Johnson has precluded all necessity of enlargement. The poem here ascribed to him is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Abp. Tennison. It was published by T. Bennet, the Bookseller for whom “Blenheim” was printed; a strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author. N.

Scorn-

Scornful of keenest polar winds, or fleet,
 Or hail, sent rattling down from wintery Jove.
 (Vain efforts on his seven-fold mantle, made
 Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
 Such energy of soul to raise the song,
 Deign, Goddess, now to me; nor then withdraw
 Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
 Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood
 Tardy with many a corse of Boïan knight,
 And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Shearing th' expanse of heaven with active plume;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
 The staunch Gerfaulcon through the buxom air
 Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to trufs
 The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
 Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
 Her golden trump the goddesses founded thrice,
 Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest sphere.
 Rouz'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
 To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
 With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
 Emblazon'd o'er they fate, devis'd of old
 By Mulciber, nor small his skill I ween.
 There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought,
 On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
 By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,

The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
 Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd ;
 And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
 The ensigns of the god ! with ardent tone
 He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
 Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were sated with immortal moult,
 Delicious tippie ! that, in heavenly veins
 Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred.
 Superior to Frontinac, or Bourdeaux,
 Or old Falern, Campania's best increase ;
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee.
 Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
 Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage low'd : such her deport
 When Arethusa from her reedy bed
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command
 In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
 Then, sighing, thus she said—" Have I so long
 Employ'd my various art, t' enrich the lap
 Of Earth, all-bearing mother ; and my lore
 Communicated to the unweeting hind,
 And shall not this preeminence obtain ?"
 Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
 The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
 Which gods call Crithe, in terrestrial speech

Ey-cleped Barley. “ ’Tis to this, she cry’d,
The British cohorts owe their martial fame
And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
This, when returning from the foughten field,
Or Noric, or Iberian, seam’d with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash !)
The veteran, carowing, soon restores
Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves !
And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
Shed vernal sweets o’er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank ;
But, when by genial rays of summer fun
Purg’d of his slough, he nimbler thrids the brake,
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
Enfanguin’d rays, the distant swains admire
His various neck, and spires bedropt with gold :
So at each glass the harraßt warrior feels
Vigour reate ; his horrent arms he takes,
And rusting faulchion, on whose ample hilt
Long Victory fate dormant : soon she shakes
Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
With speed succinct ; where soon his martial port
She recognizes, whilst he haughty stands
On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
Wide torment on the ferried files, so us’d,
Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout,
And havock dire ; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as Deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,

Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
 Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
 While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
 Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
 The beverage they quaff, whose happy foil
 Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
 Adorns with waving Crithe, (joyous scenes
 Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
 Nor feel th' eternal snows that cloath their cliffs:
 Nor curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
 Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
 Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
 Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
 Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
 Snug in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
 In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
 To form spruce architrave, or cornice quaint,
 On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
 Prepar'd)—there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
 Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing ale
 Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
 When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale:
 Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
 With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
 Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
 Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
 Of Arthur's imitative, large furloin
 Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
 The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
 Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub).

Planted

Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
 Meet paragon (as far as great with small
 May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
 Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin-set with palm,
 And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
 Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
 The quiver'd Arabs vagrant clan, that waits
 Infidious some rich caravan, which fares
 To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
 Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
 Blest by my boon: which when they slightly prize,
 Should they, with high defence of triple brass
 Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was tried
 By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
 Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns
 Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
 Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
 Should there resistless ravage, as of old
 Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
 Was wont, when first his marshal'd peerage pass'd
 The subject Rhene. What though Britannia boasts
 Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
 'Tis Ale that warms her sons t'assert her claim
 And with full volley makes her naval tubes
 Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!

Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
 And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls:
 It science can encourage, and excite
 The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.

Thou, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear :
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols shew,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he th' embattail'd Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire).
Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimeter with huge two-handed sway.
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom :
Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size :
And with their rubied faces stand the foe ;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect ; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the wood-man quits his layre,
And flies the yerning pack which close pursue
So they not bowfy dread th' approaching foe :
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on Soph promiscuous—Caps aloof

Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
 The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
 By Thracia's coadjutant, and the roar
 Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."

She said: the fire of Gods and men supreme,
 With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
 Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
 Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
 By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
 With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
 To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
 The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
 But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers.

BACHANALIAN SONG. BY MR. PHILIPS*.

COME, fill me a glass, fill it high,
 A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
 He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
 Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
 Who like me will never give o'er, [bowls,
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown

* From many circumstances, I have little doubt but this
 convivial song was by the author of "The Splendid Shilling."
 There was, however, an earlier poet, of both the names of
 this author; who was nephew to Milton, and wrote some
 memoirs of his uncle, and several burlesque poems; particu-
 larly, 1. "A Song upon the Tombs at Westminster," (most
 probably that printed anonymously by Dryden, and copied in
 this

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command;
 Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have fix in a hand,
 For I've trifled an age away;
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
 We'll drink the universe dry;
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
 If once we grow sober we die.

this volume, p. 167;) 2. "A Satyr against Hypocrites," which Jacob calls "a very ingenious performance," and, 3. "The Almanack of Montelion," (see p. 273.) He likewise wrote several other songs, all set to music by Dr. Blow; some pieces in a serious vein of poetry, well approved; and burlesqued the fifth and sixth books of Virgil's *Æneid*.—An ideal poet of the same name (assumed probably by Curll for the purpose of deceit) was author of two political farces, both printed in 1716; 1. "The Earl of Marr married with the Humours of Jockey the Highlander." 2. "The Pretender's Flight; or a Mock Coronation, with the humours of the facetious Henry St. John." These were by Curll himself. N.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE.

BY DR. BROOME *, NOT PRINTED IN HIS POEMS.

AH, cruel hand, that could such power employ
 To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
 Singly she charm'd before! but, by his skill,
 The living beauty and her likeness kill!

Thus

* As Dr. Johnson is writing the Life of this elegant poet, I will not anticipate the entertainment my readers have such ample reason to expect, any farther than to lay before them a few plain facts; for which I am indebted to authorities which it would be presumption to mention on so slight an occasion. William Broome, sprung from mean parents in Cheshire, was elected upon the foundation at Eaton, and had the (almost unheard-of) misfortune of being Captain of that school for one whole year, 1707, without any vacancy's happening at King's College, by which means he was superannuated. I repeat the expression *almost unheard-of*, as it has happened but four times in 160 years; viz. in 1619, 1653, 1707, 1756. Being an excellent Greek scholar, and universally beloved, his friends sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, where by their assistance, and a small exhibition, he was maintained till he entered into orders. Soon after which, accidentally becoming acquainted with Mr. Pope (who was upon a visit to Sir John Cotton, at Madingley, three miles from Cambridge) an intimacy ensued; and he translated eight books of the *Odyssey* (as appears by a note of his own), and had the merit of being "Annotator in part upon the *Iliad*, "and entirely upon the *Odyssey*." That he furnished "the
 "greater

Thus when in parts the broken mirrours fall,
A face in all is seen, and charms in all.

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race !
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face ;
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire,
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See with false life the lovely image glows
And every wondrous grace transplanted shows !

Fatally

“ greater part of the Remarks from Eustathius, together with
“ several excellent observations,” is acknowledged by Mr.
Pope ; who, it has been said, promised him a handsome gra-
tuity for his trouble, and when the work was finished, quar-
reled with him, and disappointed him of the promised reward.
It is certain that Broome thus represented the story to his
friends. Yet, in a Letter to Lord Harvey, from Mr. Pope,
who had been charged with “ selling Broome’s works printed
“ with Pope’s name,” he tells his lordship, he printed not
his name before a line of the person’s his lordship men-
tions — “ Besides, my lord, when you said I *sold* another
man’s works, you ought in justice to have added that
I *bought* them, which very much alters the case ; what
I gave was five hundred pounds ; his receipt can be pro-
duced to your lordship.” Broome and Fenton, we learn
from Ruffhead, had formed a design of translating the
Odyssey, while Pope was employed upon the Iliad ; and went
through several books of the Odyssey, which they desired him
to peruse ; he complied with their request : and, having made
a considerable progress in the work himself, adopted what he
found thus ready, for the speedier advancement of his work ;
and indeed it is some confirmation of what is thus related,
that,

Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains.
Hence the fond youth, that ease by absence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound:
Thus the bright Venus, though to Heaven she soar'd,
Was in her image by the world ador'd.

Yet, painter, yet, though Art with Nature strive,
Though ev'n the lovely phantom seems alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art! and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault!

Charms

that, among the poems in Broome's first edition, there is one "To a Gentleman who corrected some of my Verses," the title of which he afterwards thus changed: "To Mr. A. Pope, who corrected my Verses." In the Life of Pope, p. 205, it is asserted that Broome received from him 600*l.* and Fenton 300*l.* Probably the coadjutors, finding that Pope got more than they or he expected, were desirous of coming in for a share; but, if they received what they agreed for, there seems no just ground of complaint; and though Pope was not generous on this occasion, if he had a receipt for 500*l.* to shew, there is little more to be said on the subject.—Dr. Broome was for some time Rector of Sturston in Suffolk, whence he dates the dedication to Lord Townshend (then one of the principal Secretaries of State) Jan. 16, 1726; and was at that time chaplain to Charles lord (afterwards earl) Cornwallis. At Sturston he married a lady who had a good fortune, which enabled him to take the degree of LL.D. when the king went to Cambridge, April 25, 1728. Upon his resignation of the living of Sturston, he was presented by the crown to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, in August, 1733; and held it united to the rectory of Oakley Magna in Suffolk, to which

Charms such as hers, inimitably great,
 He only can express that can create !
 Could'st thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
 Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
 Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
 Lovely in thee ! herself more lovely still !

Thus in the limpid river we descry
 The faint resemblance of the glittering sky !
 O'er the clear wave the sun dispreads his beams,
 And darts a brightness through th' enlighten'd streams :

which he was presented by Lord Cornwallis, who afterwards gave him the vicarage of Eye in Suffolk. The two last preferments he enjoyed till his death, which happened at Bath, Nov. 16, 1745. He was buried in the abbey church there, by Dr. Gooch, bishop of Norwich. That he was favoured by the Muses, appears by his "Poems on several Occasions," first printed in the year 1727; again in 1739; a third time in 1750; and lately in the collection of the English Poets. One of his poems is intitled, "Melancholy, an Ode occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723;" but it is not quite certain that it was written on a daughter of his own. His "Verses on the Death of a Friend," which were printed in 1727, were afterwards very happily enlarged, and applied to Mr. Fenton, who died in 1730. "In The Sacred and Profane History of the World connected," vol. III. p. 60, Dr. Broome is mentioned by Mr. Shuckford, under the title of "the ingenious Annotator on the English Homer, whose real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleasure to me to say that I have a friendship with him." He left an only son, Charles Broome, who died of the small-pox, in 1747, being then an under-graduate at St. John's College, Cambridge. N.

But

But though the scene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move:
There the true heavens appear, and there display
A blaze of glory and a flood of day.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY
OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS;
BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.
BY DR. BROOME*.

WHY, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
See fair Aurora blushes in the skies!

The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
Begins his course, and ushers in the day.

Calmly serene and glorious to the view
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph complain,
For love each nymph, for envy every swain?
What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn,
When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn?

* Though it cannot absolutely be said that this poem is not printed in Dr. Broome's Works: the two copies materially differ. The present one is apparently the original, and preserves the name and date; the other is enlarged and more highly polished. N.

So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
 That all to thee with admiration run,
 Turn Persians, and adore the rising Sun.
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, as poets say; sure thou art he.
 Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
 There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
 Their radiant glory and their sweetness join,
 To shew their fatal power, and all their charms, in
 thine.

If fond Narcissus in the crystal stood,
 A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
 Well might the flame the pining youth destroy;
 Excess of beauty justified the boy.

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,
 WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

BY DR. BROOME; NOT AMONG HIS POEMS*.

WHAT woes must such an equal union bring,
 When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring?
 You, like Mezentius†, in the nuptial bed,
 Once more unite the living to the dead.

* It was printed in the first edition of his Poems 1727.

† “The living and the dead, at his command,
 “Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand.”

DRYDEN'S Virgil, Æn. viii.

E P I S T L E T O M R. B—.

B Y M R. F R A N C I S K N A P P *.

DEAR Friend, I hear that you, of late, are grown
 One of those squeamish critics of the town,
 That think they have a licence to abuse
 Each honest author, that pretends to muse.
 But be advis'd; why should you spend your time
 In Heathenish satire 'cause a fool will rhyme?
 Poor harmless Wesley! let him write again,
 Be pitied in his old heroic strain;
 Let him in reams proclaim himself a dunce,
 And break a dozen stationers at once †.
 What is 't to you? Why should you take 't amiss,
 If Grubstreet's stock'd with tenants? if the press
 Is hugely plied, and labours to produce
 Some mighty folio, for the chandler's use?
 Let Grubstreet scribble on; nor need you care,
 Though every garret held a Poet there.

You know, that are acquainted with the town,
 How the poor tribe are worried up and down;
 How pensively the hungry authors sit,
 And, in their upper regions, strain for wit.
 Such a poor tatter'd small-beer herd they're grown,
 That scarce an author from his hawkers known:

* Son of George Knapp of Chilton in Berkshire, gent.
 He was matriculated Dec. 16, 1688, of St. John's College,
 Oxford; and the next year chosen demy of Magdalen College.
 Wood II. 1023. A Poem by this Writer is prefixed to Pope's
 Works, English Poets, vol. XXXII. p. xi. N.

† This sarcasm is ill-founded and illiberal. N.

No jolly carbuncle through all the race
Appears to justify a Poet's face.
This a sufficient penance seems to me
For Higden's droll, or Settle's tragedy.
Is't not enough to starve for writing ill,
That they ne'er dine, but when they smoak a meal?
That their works only serve to wipe, or twine
A candle, or some feeble handbox line?
Consider, and let charity prevail.
What Christian critic can have heart to rail
At such poor rogues as these? Besides, you know
A true stanch Poet can't reform—what though
His works have furnish'd a lampoon or two!
They that have once in print proclaim'd their name,
Are senseless all of justice, as of shame;
And none but stationers should rail at them.
Had e'er the lewdest of them all the grace,
Or conscience, to repent of making verse?
For other sins, they feel remorse sometimes;
But sure no Poet e'er had qualms for rhymes.
Alas! no wholesome counsel can be us'd
By a poor harden'd wretch, when once be-mus'd.
'Then don't inhumanly your pains mis-spend
On reprobates that you can never mend.

Had we a parliament dispos'd to lay
A tax on metre, or invent some way,
In grand committee call'd, to regulate
This among other grievances of state;
Then you might hope to hear an act would pass
To limit all this hackney jingling race,

And

And order some commissioners to find
 Which way their genius chiefly is inclin'd,
 See how it stands affected to a Muse,
 And as their talents lie, their business chuse.
 When a poor thief to Tyburn's drawn, to be
 There made a pendulum for gallow-tree,
 Let D'Urfey then his woeful exit sing,
 And with, "Good people all give ear!" begin;
 In gentle ditty, tenderly relate
 The inconvenience of his sudden fate.
 Nor must judicious Rymer be forgot,
 Let him for madrigals compose a plot.
 Let Johnny Crown in mild acrosticks deal,
 His wondrous skill in anagram reveal;
 Let him in petty verse describe his flame,
 And edge his sonnet with his mistress' name
 'Stop thief' the warbling music shall prolong,
 'Stop thief' shall be the burden of the song.
 And Rymer* too (for he above the rest
 Is richly with a double talent blest);
 Let him, for deep reflections long renown'd,
 Be lawful critic through all Grubstreet own'd,
 To be the judge of each suburban lay,
 If their acrosticks all the rules obey,
 Compos'd according to the ancient way;
 If felon does with as much decency swing
 In metre, as he did before in string.

I grant you, such a course as this might do
 To make them humbly treat of what they know,
 Not venturing further than their brains will go.

* The Historiographer; of whom, see vol. I. p. 120. N.

But what should I do then, for ever spoil'd
 Of this diversion which frail authors yield?
 I should no more on Dunton's counter meet
 Bards that are deeply skill'd in rhyme and feet;
 For I am charm'd with easy nonsense more,
 Than all the wit that men of sense adore.
 With fear I view great Dryden's hallow'd page,
 With fear I view it, and I read with rage.
 I'm all with fear, with grief, and love possess'd,
 Tears in my eyes, and anguish in my breast,
 While I with mourning Anthony repine;
 And all the hero's miseries are mine.
 If I read Edgar, then my soul's at peace,
 Lull'd in a lazy state of thoughtless ease.
 No passion's ruffled by the peaceful lay,
 No stream, no depth, to hurry me away;
 Rymer in both professions harmless proves,
 Nor wounds when critic, nor when poet moves.

But you condemn such lifeless poetry,
 And wildly talk of nothing else to me
 But spirit, flame, rapture, and ecstasy;
 Strange mystic things, I understand no more
 Than laity *Pax tecum* did of yore.
 Therefore pray pardon, if I rail at sense,
 And plead for blockheads in my own defence;
 For whom I have a thousand things to say,
 Which you must wait for till another day.
 Forgive me if 'm too abrupt, you know
 I never was methodical, like you;
 I have no rule to make an end but one,
 For when my paper's out, my letter's done.

So

So once lay vicars, in the days of Noll,
 When faintly Peters did in pulpits droll,
 By hour-glass set their sermons; and the flock
 Might safely snore in spite of zealous knock,
 Till the last kind releasing sand was run;
 But, when the glass was out, the cant was done.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF A RETIRED LIFE.

BY MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

SENT TO HIS FATHER FROM ITALY.

AS in a shipwreck some poor sailor tost,
 By the rude ocean on a foreign coast,
 Vows to the Gods, he never more for gain
 Will tempt the danger of the faithless main;
 But hugs himself upon the friendly shore,
 And loves to hear the raging billows roar,
 That spend their malice, and can eat no more :
 Just so the wretch, who can no longer stand
 The shocks of Fortune, and is wreck'd at land,
 Lays down the burden of his cares, to find
 A solitary place, and quiet mind ;
 Chusing Content with Poverty to meet,
 Before a Fortune infamously great.
 Thus in respect of gold and silver poor,
 But rich in soul, and Virtue's better store;
 He digs in Nature's mines, and from her soil
 He reaps the noblest harvest of his toil ;
 His thoughts mount upward to their mother sky,
 And, purg'd from dross, exert th' etherial energy ;

The dusky prospect of his life grows clear,
And golden scenes of happiness appear.

Then, from the summit of philosophy,
Secure himself, mankind he may descry,
Industrious in the search of their own misery.
Like moiling ants, in various paths they run,
And strive in vain the rubs of life to shun ;
To different ends their actions they address,
Which meet and center in unhappiness.

One toils and struggles in pursuit of fame,
And grasps with greediness an empty name :
Wing'd with ambition, others soar so high,
They fall, and cannot bear so thin a sky :
This wretch, like Cræsus, in the midst of store,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

The wise man laughs at all their pains, secure
From lording passions, which those fools endure.
Despair and Hope are banish'd from his breast ;
Agues and fevers, that allow no rest :
And Lust, and Pride the mother of Disdain,
And Thirst of Honour, with her anxious train,
No longer, warring, peace of soul deny,
But, exiles of the mind, their once-lov'd mansions fly.
Nor Love misplac'd, nor Malice, now control
Right Reason's use, the guardian of the soul.
The thoughts unbiass'd, and no longer tost,
Of solid judgement now securely boast.
His fierce unruly race of passions die,
And the free'd soul asserts her liberty.
Instead of inward war, sweet peace of mind,
And silent ease, with all their quiet kind,

The noble regions of his heart regain;
 And with a calm and gentle empire reign.
 Silence becomes an amicable guest,
 And Peace, with downy wings, sits brooding on his breast:
 Soft hours pass over, void of noise and strife,
 And gently waft him to the verge of life:
 While, in a slow and regular decay,
 Death steals, unfelt, upon his setting day,
 As mellow fruits, ungather'd, drop away.

Blest Solitude! O harmless, easy state!
 Entrench'd in Wisdom, from the storms of Fate.
 Thus, on a bleaky cliff, the regal tree,
 Affail'd by winds and Heaven's inclemency,
 Expands his branches o'er the clouds, above
 Their blasts, unmov'd as his immortal Jove.
 The Gods smile on us, and propitious are,
 When Prudence does our actions first prepare.
 The strokes of Fortune fools alone endure;
 The wise and virtuous can themselves secure.

This Charles of Spain and Diocletian knew,
 Who timely from the conquer'd world withdrew;
 Opprest with fame, they laid the burthen down,
 And wisely, for content, exchange'd a crown.
 Lords of themselves and of their passions grown,
 They made new realms and conquests of their own:
 Nor had they need more nations to subdue,
 Themselves were emperors and empires too:
 Th' exterior shows of greatness they declin'd,
 And, for an Eden lost, gain'd Parādise of mind.

Elysium justly was by Poets feign'd
 A seat which none but quiet souls obtain'd.

Sweet myrtle groves (where birds for ever sing)
 And meadows smiling with immortal Spring,
 Were secret mansions of eternal rest,
 And made retirements for the pious blest.

O! that kind Heaven would grant me a retreat
 Before I die, in some sweet country seat!
 Or (if my wishes have too large a bound)
 An humble cottage fenc'd with osiers round,
 Where silver streams in flowery valleys glide,
 And rows of willows deck the river side!
 O, with what pleasure would my soul forego
 This riot of a life, this pomp of woe!
 Supplied with food which Nature's bounty gave,
 In need of nothing, nothing would I crave;
 My future actions should my past redeem,
 And all my life be suited to my theme.

UPON THE TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

BY A. PHILIPS*; NOT PRINTED IN HIS POEMS.

THE reigning fair on polish'd crystal shine,
 Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine.
 The favourite names we to our lips apply,
 Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy.

While

* Ambrose Philips, descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. On his coming to London, he soon ranked among the wits at Button's. The great reputation he gained by his pastorals was the occasion of Mr. Pope's writing the 40th number

While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,
 Propitious on the cause of freedom smile,
 The rash Pretender's hopes we may despise,
 And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes.

number of the Guardian, on the merits of Philips and himself; where he represented himself as the best versifier, and Philips as the better Arcadian. The enemies of Pope exulted, to see him placed below Philips in a species of poetry upon which he was supposed to value himself; but were much mortified to find that Pope himself was the real author of that paper, and that the whole criticism was irony. On the accession of king George I, he was made a justice of the peace, and a commissioner of the lottery; and when Doctor Boulter was advanced to the primacy, Mr. Philips went to Ireland with him, where he had considerable preferments, and represented the county of Armagh in parliament. Purchasing, some time after, an annuity of 400*l*. he returned to England in 1748; but did not live long to enjoy it. He was author of "The Life of Archbishop Williams;" was concerned with Dr. Boulter and others in "The Freethinker;" and wrote three tragedies, "The Distressed Mother," 1711; "The Briton," 1721; and "Humphrey duke of Gloucester," the same year. But his greatest reputation is owing to a beautiful winter-piece of his in The Tatler, dated Copenhagen, May 9, 1709; which Steele calls "as fine a piece as we ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters."—He collected and published his own poems a short time before his death; but it is less to be wondered at that he should omit this small epigram, than that he should have adopted (which he has done, English Poets, vol. XLIV. p. 371) a short epigram of Mr. Jeffreys. See Gent. Mag. Dec. 1779. N.

WRIT-

WRITTEN AT HANOVER,
UPON THE MARRIAGE CONTRACTED, BUT NOT
THEN CONSUMMATED, BETWEEN THE PRIN-
CESS SOPHIA* AND THE PRINCE ROYAL
OF PRUSSIA.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

HEROIC youth, in whom a warlike grace
Strives with the softness of an angel face;
No Fair, when you your happy homage pay,
Can long refuse to name the happy day:
Vanquish'd in Love, your conscious rival tries
To conquer worlds, and from his passion flies;
Striving to quell the torments of despair,
By joys of conquest, or by death in war.
Your sword shall stem his glory's rapid course,
As beauty's prize you won by beauty's force.

Never could bride a form so lovely boast,
Such majesty in so much sweetness lost!
The due proportion every feature shows,
And a celestial bloom around them glows.
Whene'er she speaks, the wondering audience find
The fairest mold inclose the fairest mind.
Fixt by her matchless charms, amaz'd we own,
Perfection was reserv'd for her alone.
Their fatal force the wounded gazer feels,
And his presumptuous flame with pain conceals;

* Whom the king of Sweden had demanded in marriage. N.
Beholds

Beholds the heavenly maid with hopeless eyes,
Burns at a distance, and in silence dies.

But you, young Prince, whose infant bosom fir'd,
In secret long the blissful hour desir'd,
Of bright Sophia's beauties now possess
(Her heart consenting you should both be blest);
Can rules of state still make you wish in vain,
Or tedious forms unbounded Love restrain?
Indulgent Heaven foresaw th' excess of joy
Too suddenly conferr'd might life destroy;
And, mixing highest bliss with just alloy,
The bridegroom made; but bid the lover stay.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS;

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE,
BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD*.

BY MR. POPE; NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along;

But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died.

10

* This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music — Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bp. Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom,

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF
APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

BY MR. POPE; NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity. Cibber, in the Apology for his Life, p. 26, speaks of her in very high terms; and in "The Tatler," No. 20, she is described under the character of Camilla; a character, which, from her having represented the princess in the opera of that name, was supposed to have disordered her mind. In the meridian of her beauty, and possessed of a large sum of money which she had acquired by singing, Mrs. Tofts quitted the stage, and was married to Mr. Joseph Smith, a great collector of books, and patron of the arts; who being appointed consul at Venice, she went with him. He lived in great magnificence; but, the disorder of his wife returning, she dwelt sequestered from the world in a remote part of the house, and had a large garden to range in, where she would frequently walk, singing and giving way to that innocent frenzy which had seized her in the early part of life. She died about the year 1760; and her husband about ten years after her. His numerous and valuable collection of books was brought over to this kingdom, and sold by auction. N.

VERSES

VERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY,
WITH A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF CUPID.

BY MR. HUGHES *; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

W H E N generous Dido in disguise carefs'd
This God, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,
Soon the fly urchin storm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames dispers'd through every part.

In

* This Poet's Life has employed the pleasing pen of Dr. Johnson, who has given the character of his genius from Pope; but I am sorry to say that our English Homer appears to have acted in this case with duplicity. In a letter to Mr. Hughes, just before his death, he thus expresses himself: "Would to God you might live as long as, I am sure, the
"reputation of your Tragedy must!" Letters from Eminent Persons, Lett. 290. In one to his brother, just after his death, with other elogiums, "I am glad of an occasion to
"give you, under my hand, this testimony both how ex-
"cellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I
"thought the author." Ibid. I. 197. And, which is still more to the purpose, this last "testimony of his real regard
"(as he styles it) for Mr. Hughes," being given after his death, the editor of his Works was allowed by Mr. Pope to publish, as "a greater instance of the sincerity with
"which it was given." Ibid. I. 205. These are his words. And now which is most deserving of credit, a testimony thus solemnly given to the world, or the echo, as it were, of his peevish friend, whom he was afraid to contradict, in a letter which he little thought would have been preserved
and

In vain she strove to check the new-born fire,
 It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher :
 In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,
 The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought :

and printed; and which, with his others to Swift, he wanted to recall? At every tribunal, a witness who contradicts himself is disbelieved; if such an opinion is not allowed to establish, much less should it be admitted to traduce a character: and, on the whole, the passage which Dr. Johnson has thus quoted can, with the confederate, only degrade and condemn the author of it, though "what HE wanted as an *honest* man, "he made up as a genius." I transcribe this passage from a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine, 1779," p. 457, who appears to be well informed — Dr. Johnson having observed that, "though Mr. Hughes's advances in literature "are in the Biographia very ostentatiously displayed, the "name of his master is somewhat ungratefully concealed;" the Reviewer in "The Gentleman's Magazine, 1779," p. 549, exculpates Dr. Campbell by observing, "that it does "not appear, or is likely, that he knew it; and all that can "be known is, that Hughes was a fellow-student in logic "and philosophy with Dr. Watts and Mr. Say, perhaps "under Mr. Thomas Rowe." — It must be owned, however, that concealing a master's name is a venial fault. If it is always to be mentioned, how often must the masters of Eton and Westminster be named, though perhaps they have contributed little! A lad may leave school before he comes under them; or even if he does, all the five or six previous ushers ought to have their proportionate share of praise. — An Ode, "To the Returning Sun," which I have printed in vol. III. p. 87, is probably by Mr. Hughes. N.

Yet Fate oppos'd her unrewarded care ;
Forfaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair.

No such event, fair Nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here ;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprize,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then ; and may this prove
A happy prelude to successful love !

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,
ON HIS SUCCESES IN IRELAND.
BY JONATHAN SWIFT*.

TO purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France ;
You, mighty Monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise ;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

* With much pleasure I here present to the publick an Ode which had been long sought after without success. That it is Swift's, I have not the least doubt ; and it is the more curious, as being the *second* poem that he wrote. He refers to it in the second stanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland." See the "English Poets," vol. XXXIX. p. 10 ; and "The Gentleman's Journal," "July, 1692," p. 13. N.

Had

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
 (Cowards are Monarchs by that title made),
 Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
 And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have :
 What trophies and what triumphs are your due ;
 Who could so well a dying nation save,
 At once deserve a crown, and gain it too !

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
 You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on ;
 And timely on the coming danger thought,
 Which we could neither obviate, nor shun.

Britannia stript from her sole guard the laws,
 Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice ;
 You straight stept in, and from the monster's jaws
 Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all ; as glorious is the care
 To preserve conquests, as at first to gain :
 In this your virtue claims a double share,
 Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title shew'd,
 An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
 To which they look as to some guardian God,
 That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the BOYNE we see !
 When Schonberg started at the vast design :
 The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
 Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
 You need but now give orders and command,
 Your name shall the remaining work perform,
 And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
 To interrupt the fortune of your course :
 Your influence does the vain attacks defy
 Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
 Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ :
 WILLIAM 's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
 Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

CANTATA. BY DR. SWIFT*.

IN harmony would you excell,
 Suit your words to your music well ;
 For Pegasus runs every race
 By galloping high, or level pace,
 Or ambling, or sweet Canterbury,
 Or with a down, a high down derry.

No

* This Cantata was omitted by mistake in arranging the materials for the English Poets. It is printed with the music in all the London editions of Swift ; and its history may be seen in the Supplement to his Works. Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls " illicit imitation," observes, that " this abuse of a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift ; who, though deaf to the charms of music, was not blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of

No victory he ever got
 By joggling, joggling, joggling trot ;
 No Muse harmonious entertains
 Rough, roistering, rustic, roaring strains.
 Nor shall you twine the crackling bays
 By sneaking, sniveling roundelays.

Now slowly move your fiddle-stick,
 Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick ;
 Now trembling, shivering, quivering, quaking,
 Set hoping hearts of Lovers aching.
 Fly, fly, above the sky,
 Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, galloping.
 Now sweep, sweep the deep.
 See Celia, Celia dies,
 While true Lovers' eyes
 Weeping sleep, Sleeping weep,
 Weeping sleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE, BY DR. SWIFT*.

ON Britain Europe's safety lies ;
 Britain is lost if Harley dies :
 Harley depends upon your skill ;
 Think what you save, or what you kill.

“ Ireland, to compose a Cantata in ridicule of this puerile
 “ mimicry. Here we have *motions* imitated, which are the
 “ most inharmonious, and *sounds* the most unmusical.—In a
 “ word, Swift's Cantata may convince any person, that music,
 “ if only imitative, would be ridiculous.” N.

* Not printed in his Poems.—It was inscribed to the physician who attended Mr. Harley whilst he lay wounded. See Journal to Stella, February 19, 1711-12. N.

F R A G-

FRAGMENTS OF A RHAPSODY ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT*.

SHOULD some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
 While monster crowds on monster through the piece,
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this?
 Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
 "A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings †;"
 Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
 Join ‡ Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and Clarke;
 So eggs of different parishes will run
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;
 So six bright chemic liquors when you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.
 Full licence priests and painters ever had
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;

* A considerable part of this poem has already appeared in the English Poets, vol. XLIII. p. 293. The variations and additions in the present copy, however, which is printed from a copy in the hand-writing of the author, are sufficient to justify its republication. N. † Dryden.

‡ The other copy reads,
 "Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke."

For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin.
 No common dauber in one piece would join
 The fox and goose—unless upon a sign.
 Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own.
 Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up;
 His Grace is always sure to be at top:
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly through a mine of lead.
 With such low arts your audience never bilk;
 For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk?
 Some easy subject chuse within your power,
 Or you can never hold out half an hour.
 One rule observe: this Sunday split your text;
 Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
 Speak, look, and move, with dignity and ease,
 Like mitred Secker, you'll be sure to please.
 But, if you whine like boys at country schools,
 Can you be said to study Cambray's rules?
 Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling stile,
 "Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 Through the past records of futurity—"
 All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 Till both are quite interpreted away:
 So frugal dames insipid water pour,
 Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.

His arguments in silly circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun :
So the poor turn-spit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
Surpriz'd with solitary self-applause,
He sees the motley mingled scene he draws :
Dutch painters thus at their own figures start,
Drawn with their utmost uncreating art.
Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail ;
Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender cares
At best can bring the bruises but to bears.
Still to your hearers all your sermons fort ;
Who 'd preach against Corruption at the Court ?
Against Church-power at Visitations bawl ?
Or talk about Damnation at Whitehall ?
Harangue the Horse-guards on a Cure of souls,
Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls,
Or rail at Hoods and Organs at St. Paul's ?
Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
To rave at Usurers in Lombard-street ?
Ye Country-vicars, when you preach, in town,
A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
Lay-by the little band and rusty wig ;
But yet be sure your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow ;
Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,
Nor from 'Change-alley steal a cant of words :
Coachmen wil criticise your style ; nay, further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther :

The dregs of the Canaille will look askew,
 To hear the language of the town from you:
 Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment possest,
 Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the Aldermen to hear the jest.

* * * * *

MR. C. PITT'S INVITATION
 TO THE RIGHT HON. GEO. DODDINGTON*.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

IF Doddington will condescend
 To visit a poetic friend,
 And leave a numerous bill of fare,
 For four or five plain dishes here;
 No costly welcome, but a kind
 He and his friends will always find;
 A plain, but clean and spacious room,
 The master and his heart at home,
 A cellar open as his face,
 A dinner shorter than his grace;
 Your mutton comes from Pimperdown,
 Your fish (if any) from the town;
 Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'er-aw'd,
 By human laws, not those of God,
 No venison steal, or none they bring,
 Or send it all to master King†;
 And yet, perhaps, some venturous spark
 May bring it, now the nights are dark.

* Created Lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 176.

† The Blandford carrier.

Punch I have store, and beer beside,
 And port that 's good, though frenchified.
 Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
 From Eastbery *—a desert—of wit.

One line, good Sir, to name the day,
 And your petitioner will pray, &c.

TO MY BROTHER, MR. CHR. PITT,
 ON HIS HAVING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our isle,
 “ I kiss your hand, Sir,” is the modish style;
 In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
 I beg to kiss your venerable toe,
 Not Old Infallibility's can have
 Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.

What dignity attends the solemn Gout !
 What conscious greatness if the heart be stout !
 Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,
 In painful majesty and decent pride,
 With leg tost high, on stately sofa sit,
 More like a sultan than a modern wit ;
 Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,
 Advance with caution, and retire with fear ;
 Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
 At times the anti-salic laws prevail.

Now, Lord have mercy on poor Dick ! say I ;
 “ Where's the lac'd shoe—who laid the flannel by ?”

* Mr. Doddington's seat at that time.

Within, 'tis hurry, the house seems possess'd;
 Without, the horses wonder at their rest.
 What terrible dismay, what scenes of care!
 Why is the footy Mintrem's hopeful heir *
 Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,
 And give attendance with his half-shut eyes?
 What makes that girl with hideous visage stare?
 What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair ‡?
 Why all this noise, this bustle and this rout?
 "Oh, nothing—but poor master has the gout."

Meantime, superior to the pains below,
 Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
 In rapturous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
 To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
 And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,
 In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain?
 Or does the Muse suspend the rage of pain?
 Awhile give o'er your rage; in sickness prove
 Like other mortals, if you'd pity move:
 Think not your friends compassionate can be,
 When such the product of disease they see;
 Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight,
 We'll wish you still the Gout, if still you write.

* Mr. Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

† Another servant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford fair; two miles from Pimpern, Mr. Pitt's rectory, where he was born, and where he died April, 13, 1748. aged 48. See his epitaph in Hutchins's Dorset, l. 82. N.

V E R S E S B Y M R. P O P E.
T O M R. C. S T. J A M E S ' S P L A C E.

L O N D O N, O C T O B E R 22.

F E W words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.
If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;
For three whole days you here may rest
From office, business, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

O N T H E C H U R C H.
A N O N Y M O U S; F R O M D R. Z. G R E Y ' S M S S.

G O O D Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
"The Church has vapours; there's no dangers nigh!"
In those we love not, we no danger see;
As, were they hang'd, where would the danger be?
But we must silent be amidst our fears;
And trust not to our senses, but our peers.
So ravishers, when past all sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then deflower the dame.

V E R S E S

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX.

FROM DR. GREY'S MSS.

ALL the materials are the same
 Of beauty and desire,
 In a fair woman's goodly frame
 No brightness is without a flame,
 No flame without a fire.
 Then tell me what those creatures are,
 That would be thought both chaste and fair?

Go ask but thy philosophy
 What gives her lips the balm,
 What makes her breasts to heave so high,
 What spirit gives motion to her eye,
 Or moistures to her palm?
 Then tell me, &c.

Ah Cælia, then, be not so nice
 For that betrays thy thoughts and thee;
 There's not a feature or a grace
 Bedecks thy body or thy face,
 But pimps within for me.
 Then tell me, &c.

SONG. BY THE EARL OF DORSET.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS POEMS.

CORYDON, beneath a willow,
 By a murmuring current laid,
 His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
 Thus address'd the charming maid.

“ O!

“ O! my Sacharissa, tell,
 How could Nature take delight,
 That a heart so hard should dwell,
 In a frame so soft and white !
 Could you feel but half the anguish,
 Half the tortures, that I bear,
 How for you I daily languish,
 You 'd be kind as you are fair.

See the fire that in me reigns,
 O! behold a burning man !
 Think I feel my dying pains,
 And be cruel if you can.”

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
 Cried, with an insulting look,
 “ Yes, I fain would quench your flame :”
 She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

T O K I N G J A M E S I I. 1684-5.
 O N T H E D E A T H O F K I N G C H A R L E S I I.
 B Y M R. S T E P N E Y; N O T I N H I S P O E M S.

AS victors lose the troubles they sustain,
 In greater trophies which the triumphs gain ;
 And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
 Forget the pain by which they purchas'd Heaven :
 So, when the Phoenix of our empire died,
 And with a greater heir the throne supplied,
 Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
 And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.

Myſterious

Mysterious Fate! whose one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse
Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight;
Since stronger Hercules supports the state!
England no more shall pensive thoughts employ,
On him she's lost, but him she has enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her Lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the God.

ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S REBUILDING THE LODGINGS
OF THE BLACK PRINCE, AND HENRY V.
AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY MR. TICKELL*; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth;
And

* Thomas Tickell, an English Poet of an excellent genius, was the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, a clergyman well-preferred in the North of England. Whilst fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, he so effectually made Mr. Addison his friend, by a complimentary copy of verses on "Rosamond," that he obtained the office of under secretary of state; and, when Mr. Addison's ill health obliged him to resign, he so effectually recommended Mr. Tickell to his successor Mr. Craggs, that he was continued in place till that gentleman's death.

And the Fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Out-stripp'd each rival in a student's gown.

In that coarse age were Princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell :
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muse's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short ;
To couch at curfew-time they thought no scorn,
And froze at matins every winter-morn ;
They read, an early book, the starry frame,
And liſp'd each conſtellation by its name ;
Art after art ſtill dawning to their view.
And their mind opening as their ſtature grew.

Yet, whoſe ripe manhood ſpread our fame ſo far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war !
Who, ſtern in fight, made echoing Creſſi ring,
And, mild in conqueſt, ſerv'd his captive king !

death. Mr. Tickell was appointed ſecretary to the lord juſtices in Ireland in June 1724, and held that office till his death in 1740. He had the care of an edition of Mr. Addiſon's works, to which he prefixed an account of his patron's life, and a poem on his death. The tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, which has been aſcribed to Tickell, was ſaid to be in reality the production of Addiſon, to prejudice that which Pope had juſt undertaken : a notion certainly without foundation. Mr. Watts, the printer, aſſured a friend of mine, that "the tranſlation of the firſt book of the "Iliad" was in Tickell's hand-writing, but much corrected "and interlined by Addiſon." He published "Oxford, a poem "inſcribed to the right hon. the lord Lonſdale, 1707," folio ; of which I have not yet been able to obtain a copy ; but am promiſed it, by a friend, for my next volume. N.

Who

Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays ;
 Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven, the praise !
 Thy nurselings, ancient dome ! to virtue form'd ;
 To mercy listening, whilst in fields they storm'd ;
 Fierce to the fierce ; and warm th' oppress'd to save ;
 Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the grave !

In tenfold pride their mouldering roofs shall shine,
 The stately work of bounteous Caroline ;
 And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
 From Heaven behold her Rival's fabric rise.
 If still, bright Saint, this spot deserves thy care,
 Incline thee to th' ambitious Muse's prayer :
 O, could'st thou win young William's bloom to grace
 His Mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
 How would that genius, whose propitious wings
 Have here twice hover'd o'er the Sons of Kings,
 Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
 And take in charge a third Plantagenet !

SONG, BY THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH*.

THE Persians stretch their votive arms
 To Phœbus in his rising state ;
 I gaze on dear Myrtil's charms,
 And meet those eyes that dart my fate.
 So the fond moth round tapers plays,
 Nor dreams of death in such bright fires :
 With joy he hastes into the blaze ;
 He courts his doom, and there expires.

* Baptist Noel, the fourth Earl of Gainsborough, was born May 23, 1708 ; and died March 21, 1751. His lordship is not mentioned as a writer by Mr. Walpole. N.

STAN-

STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND,

AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, 1712.

BY DR. WATTS; NOT IN HIS POEMS.

FAIR Nymph, ascend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:

Let favourites take thy lower sphere,
Not Monarchs are thy rival here.

The Court of Beauty, built sublime,
Defies all powers but thine and Time:
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,
Nor standards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's house, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning strikes with less surprize
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; she enslaves the mind:
We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns th' inimitable Fair.

DESCRIPTION OF FAME;

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL, ÆN. IV.

BY MR. MILBOURNE*.

A Dreadful pest, swift as infectious air,
 To whose least flight congenial ills repair.
 At first for fear she sneaks; then, bolder grown,
 Imagines all the wide expanse her own;
 Stalks o'er the groaning earth, her head lost quite
 In muffling clouds and everlasting night.
 Her, Mother-earth they say (whilst vex'd she rag'd
 At Heaven, whose flames her giant race ingag'd)
 The last undying hideous monster bore,
 More fear'd, more terrible, than all before.
 Her feet out-strip impetuous Northern winds,
 Her wings the rapid thoughts of labouring minds;
 Horrid and huge, on whose vast bulk appears
 As many watchful eyes, and listening ears,

* Luke Milbourne, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, M. A. rector of St. Ethelburga's, and lecturer of St. Leonard, Shore-ditch; author of a "Poetical Translation of the Psalms, 1698;" of a volume, called "Notes on Dryden's Virgil, 1698;" of "Tom of Bedlam's Answer to Hoadly, &c." He is frequently coupled with Blackmore by Dryden in his Poems; and by Pope in "The Art of Criticism;" and is mentioned in "The Dunciad." A whimsical copy of Latin verses, by Luke Milbourne, B. A. is in the "Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses, 1670," on the Death of Henrietta dutchess of Orleans. His abilities are very candidly discussed in Dr. Johnson's "Life of Dryden." He died April 15, 1720. N.

Stalks

And gaping mouths, as many tongues resound,
 As plumes on that prodigious bulk are found.
 By night, through middle air she wings her way,
 Her screaming notes the gloomy world dismay;
 Her breast with thin fantastic rumours fill'd,
 Her wakeful eyes to no soft slumbers yield;
 By day, she sits perch'd on some towering height,
 From whence large towns her noisy peals affright:
 Whole countries quake around at Fame's surprize,
 Whilst truth she rarely vends among a thousand lyes.

ALMAHIDE, A N O D E.

BY MR. HENRY ST. JOHN,
 AFTERWARDS LORD BOLINGBROKE*.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1701.

LONG had I wander'd from the Muses' seat,
 Where, ever present to the Poet's eyes,
 A thousand grateful objects rise;
 Whers all is gay, and all is sweet;
 Where when past images we find,
 By Memory with these combin'd,
 She from her store of fading sense can move,
 And frame no fancy but of joy and love;

Where

* This truly extraordinary genius is supposed to have been born in 1672 (or rather not quite so early). He was sent to Eaton when ten years old, and thence to Christ-Church, Oxford; where he received the title of LL.D. August 27, 1702. He married his first lady (Frances daughter of Sir H. Winchcomb of Bucklebury) in 1700; and took his seat in the house of commons for Wooton Bassett the same year.

Where every Muse, and every Grace resides,
 The sacred temple where Apollo hides,
 From the prophane or vulgar eyes,
 His awful mysteries.

This blooming garden of the Delian God
 Long since I left, new paths to try;
 On rough uneven ground I trod,
 And sought the gloomy dark abode
 Of Wisdom and Philosophy.

From

Having greatly distinguished himself in that assembly, he was appointed secretary at war, April 20, 1704; and resigned Feb. 12, 1707-8. He succeeded Mr. Boyle, as secretary of state, Sept. 21, 1710: was created baron St. John and viscount Bolingbroke, July 7, 1712; an honour which he received with much reluctance, having been disappointed of an earldom (extinct on the death of Paulet St. John, earl Bolingbroke, Oct. 5, 1711) and of the Garter; and was made lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Essex, Oct. 24, 1713. On the accession of King George, the seals were taken from him, and all the papers in his office secured. Soon after the meeting of the new parliament, perceiving himself in danger, he withdrew into France. On his arrival at Paris, he received an invitation from the Pretender, to enter into his service; which he declined, and endeavoured to soften his prosecution at home. Retiring to Dauphine, he continued there till July 1715, when he accepted a second offer of the seals from the Pretender. Having been discarded from the Chevalier's service before that year was well expired, he set to work in earnest to make his peace at home; and procured a promise

From hence escap'd, with joy to thee I come;
Thee I re-visit, now my native home.

That magic land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of those lethargic streams
That with their poison taint the blood,
And stop the sprightly purple flood;
That upward to the sickly head
Send lazy vapours, idle dreams.

Again

of pardon, on certain conditions, from the King; who, July 2, 1716, created his father baron of Battersea and viscount St. John. In 1717, Lord Bolingbroke drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of a letter to Sir W. Wyndham, which is written with the utmost elegance and address, and abounds with interesting and entertaining anecdotes. His Majesty having granted him a full and free pardon, May 28, 1723; he returned to his native country in June, at the very juncture when Bishop Atterbury was banished. Obtaining an act of parliament, in May 1725, to restore him to his family inheritance, and to enable him to possess any purchase he should make, he pitched upon Dawley in Middlesex; where he amused himself in rural employments, and in corresponding and conversing with a few select friends. He remained, however, still a mere titular Lord, not being admitted to take his seat in parliament. Inflamed with this taint, he again entered upon the public stage, and embarked strongly in opposition against Sir Robert Walpole; which he carried on with inimitable spirit, till, in 1735, on a disagreement with his principal coadjutors, he retired to France, with a full resolution never more to engage in public business. On the death

Again I'll taste of the prophetic rill,
 Which rises fast by the Pierian hill.
 Phœbus all other nymphs forsook
 To chace Castalia, young and fair :
 To bathe in her delightful waves,
 All other waters now he leaves.

of his father, at the age of ninety, in April 1742, he settled at Battersea, the ancient seat of the family, where he passed the remainder of his days in the highest dignity; and died Dec. 15, 1751. During the latter part of his life, he was much in the confidence of Frederick Prince of Wales, father to his present Majesty; and is supposed to have been the adviser of the most important steps taken by that Prince in his political conduct. — Lord Bolingbroke's second lady was the dowager marchioness de Vilette, niece to madam de Maintenon. His political character is fully discussed in the "Supplement to Swift." — Mr. Walpole says, "With the most agreeable talents in the world, and with great parts, Lord Bolingbroke was neither happy nor successful. He wrote against the King, who had forgiven him; against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; against the Pretender and the Clergy, who never will forgive him. He is one of our best Writers; though his attacks on all governments and all religion (neither of which he cared directly to own) have necessarily involved his style in a want of perspicuity." Two prologues by him are here printed; his verses to Clara are in Doddsley's Miscellanies; and Mr. Walpole, who says "Lord Bolingbroke had a natural and easy turn for poetry," mentions "an ironical copy of verses in praise of the Chef-d'oeuvre d'un Inconnu, prefixed to that book. The initial letters subjoined stand for his Lordship's name, titles, and employments, in Latin." N.

He loofens here his golden hair,
And plunges in the lucid brook.
Once the coy maid refus'd the grace,
And would not suffer his divine embrace :
Now, wiser grown, no more she'll fly,
But clasps the god, and hugs the naked deity.

As mariners their canvas wings distend,
Leaving the pole to every northern blast ;
Southward their courfes bend,
And, th' Arctic Circle past,
The Temperate Zone with pleasure meet,
With pleasure feel the growing heat ;
And, as they nearer to him run,
Salute the long-abandon'd Sun :
Thus from the frozen ikies,
Where once benumb'd she lay,
My Muse to milder regions flies,
And to Parnassus wings her way.

Methinks, already in my heart
I feel a secret warmth arise,
Which, thence diffus'd to every vital part,
Glow's in my face, and sparkles in my eyes.
I fee the fummit of the hill
With fpires of glory crown'd ;
And nearer now I fee the mound,
Such was Apol'o's will,
Rais'd by the Muses, to keep off the crowd
Of thronging Poets insolent and loud ;
Wretches, whom though he deigns not to inspire,
Would yet be plac'd among the golden choir.

Here Garth appears, to whom consign'd
 The double charge of Health and Wit we find.
 Apollo, griev'd to see his arts disgrac'd,
 Phyfic and Poetry at once debas'd,
 Their sacred ends, for public good design'd,
 Perverted to destroy and plague mankind,
 To Garth the double charge imparts,
 Of living Verse, and healing Arts.
 Him when the God resolv'd to send,
 He bid Hygeia on his steps attend,
 Bid every Muse, and every Grace prepare
 To warm the Bard with all their fires,
 To join his song with all their lyres,
 And make his matchless poem * all their care.

But now arriv'd, I mount the sacred hill,
 And joy and rapture all my senses fill.
 My melancholy thoughts retire apace,
 And fly like Dæmons from the place.
 I feel, I feel the God return,
 He takes possession of my breast,
 And I with all his fury burn.

Again I feel the pleasing smart;
 Love fills his ancient throne, my heart;
 A charming tyrant, and a welcome guest.

I know you well, ye silent groves,
 Conscious of my secret loves:
 Tell me how often have I found,
 Beneath your gentle shade,
 In pensive act upon the ground,
 The mournful Strephon † laid;

* The Dispensary.

† Lord Lansdowne.

Strephon,

Strephon, the glory of our British plains,
The wish of all the nymphs, and envy of the swains.
How often have I heard his charming voice,
Through all the neighbouring hills resound,
While greedy echoes catch the sound,
And to repeat the heavenly notes rejoice !
With Mira* he begins his lays,
And ends them all in Mira's praise ;
Nothing but Mira dwells upon his tongue,
Charm of his heart, and subject of his song.
Her beauty and her verse alike succeed,
Nor can oblivion fear ;
For after-ages shall with rapture read
What we with rapture hear.
The powerful lute, on which the Thracian play'd,
Was by the Muses to the skies convey'd ;
One more bright star shall in the field appear,
And Granville's pen adorn the glittering sphere.

But, soft ! I hear
The founding lyre,
And see, the God is near,
And all the tuneful choir.
I've reach'd the towering height,
'Tis here the Muses stay ;
From hence I 'll take my flight,
And wing my airy way.

* The countess of Newbourg ; against whom Dr. King wrote "The Toast," when she was grown old and ugly. N.

Aloft my Mufe and I will go,
She fcorns to aim at little things,
At heroes, or at kings :
She cannot stoop fo low.
To Almahide addrefs thy fong,
It does of right to her belong.
Soar like the Theban fwan on high,
Nor be afraid to venture nigh
The flaming region of the fky.

Go on, my Mufe, go on :
Boldly approach the Sun ;
And from his chariot-wheel
Attempt to fteal
The facred fire
That does the Gods infpire.
Then may'ft thou in immortal lays
A more than mortal Beauty praife.
Or fould thy melting pinions fail,
And I precipitate defcend ;
Should my unlucky ftars prevail,
And give my days this fatal end ;
Yet in the monuments of Fame
I fhall fecure a lafting name ;
And to have dar'd a thing fo great
Will place me far above the power of fate.
Then when I draw my lateft breath,
Should Almahide vouchsafe to fmile,
That would compenfate for my death,
And more than pay me for my toil.

Stay

Stay, foolish Muse, thy hurry stay ;
Where will thy madness run ?
To Almahide direct thy way,
And seek no other Sun.
'Tis she supplies,
With brighter eyes,
The distance of the God of Day.
When they are shut, in Britain then 'tis night,
And we eternal darkness fear ;
But, when the radiant balls appear,
We feel their warmth, and bless the rising light.
Thus shall my theme my song inspire,
And heat my breast with double fire ;
And thus my humble Genius raise
High as the Beauty that I praise.
Thus be my want of strength supplied !
Thus may she grant what Nature has denied !
I ask no inspiration but from Almahide.

In the World's early days,
When first Religion did appear ;
Religion, which has cost Mankind so dear ;
When Men began to raise
Gods to themselves, and then those Gods to fear,
Chose various Lords, and, tir'd of being free,
Of every Virtue fram'd a Deity :
Had Almahide been known,
Had she been born to shine,
They had ador'd no other shrine,
And she had rul'd the globe alone.

All these perfections are in her combin'd,
The form of Venus, and Diana's mind;
Her rays a lustre like the Sun's dispense,
And shed on all a bounteous influence.

A cruel glance from those fair eyes,
A word by her in anger spoke,
Gives more alarms
Than Jove in arms,
And swifter than his lightning flies,
And furer than his stroke.

Only below she could not dwell,
Or Hell would be no longer Hell.
At her approach the realms of woe
Would change their horrid face,
The burning flood forget to flow,
And Furies fly the place.

And see the lovely form appear
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Close to yon crystal stream the charmer lies.
Behold her, swains, behold her there;
Impending branches shield the Fair,
And beds of camomile the beauteous burden bear.

See, how, reclining on the grass,
In this clear brook, her faithful glass,
First she collects her scatter'd hair,

Then in tresses,
As she dresses,
Places every flower that's gay,
Places all the pride of May,
Not to adorn, but to compare.

In vain with her's their brightest colours vie;
The blushing rose
Its weakness knows,
And vanquish'd lilies own her victory.
Nor raises she her head, but, downward bent,
Approves her form, and, smiling, seems content.
Observe the troops of Loves,
That swarm about the groves,
Lean on their wings, and hanging, in the air,
Mistake the nymph, and think their mother there.
Gently, sweet Zephyr, gently blow,
And make th' injurious mantle rise,
And wound our hearts, and please our eyes.
Unveil the nymph, dear wind, remove
Those clouds that hide this world of Love:
And see the friendly breeze obeys,
Saluting he betrays.
Oh, give her slave to know
That sea of milk, those hills of snow,
And all the blissful vales of joy below.
He would, but can no more disclose;
Resisting robes oppose:
The thousand folds of that invidious vest
Enshrine their treasure and our sight arrest.
Corporeal eyes no farther reach:
But Fancy is not thus confin'd;
Fancy can enter through the smallest breach,
And through the subtle plaits a passage find.
Thus having pierc'd the screen,
Fancy relates what she has seen,
And tires the soul while she instructs the mind.

Thus

Thus we, fond wretches, court our fate,
 And when the pointed darts
 Increase the pains we might abate,
 And plunge them in our hearts;
 In vain we hope to find a cure,
 No remedy is nigh:
 Without relief we must endure,
 And without pity die.

Fair Almahide gives love to all,
 All that dare look her victims fall;
 But she herself receives from none,
 Or, what's the same to me, from One:
 One happy man that dwells within those arms
 Tastes all her joys, and rifles all her charms;
 While dying crowds of Lovers stand,
 And look, and gaze, and wish to share;
 But Virtue with her magic wand
 Encircles round the happy pair.
 Thus when the Moon on Latian Latmas lay,
 And rapt in pleasure laugh'd her hours away,
 Her beauty and her light to all mankind
 Without distinction shin'd;
 But to Endymion was her love confin'd*.

* The last thought and the last line are taken from a paper of verses of Lord Lansdowne's. I think myself obliged to own the debt, though I am unable to pay it. H. ST. JOHN.

PROLOGUE TO ALTEMIRA,

A TRAGEDY, BY ROGER EARL OF ORRERY,

WRITTEN BY MR. ST. JOHN.

AN ancient Poet will appear to-night,
 Rais'd from Elysium to the realms of light.

The softest charmer of a charming age,
 Assumes the buskin, and ascends the stage,
 To move your passions, and your hearts engage.

But, oh ! how hardly will he reach his aim,
 When Love and Honour are his only theme !

There was a time, when all those passions felt,
 And soothing Bards could stubborn heroes melt.

An amorous monarch fill'd a peaceful throne,
 And laughing Cupids perch'd upon his crown.

Still in some breasts the British spirit rose,
 Which scorns all chains but what the Fair impose.

Then Altemira might have hop'd success,
 A tender audience sharing her distress.

Then heroes, govern'd by severer rules,
 Had not been laugh'd-at for romantic fools.

But in this iron-age your souls to move,
 In vain we try by honour or by love.

The certain way to please your vicious taste,
 Are streams of blood and volleys of bombast.

Dancers and tumblers now the stage profane,
 Music and Farce alone our p'ays sustain,

And Art and Nature leave the trifling scene.

Yet

Yet Criticks, sure, for their own sake, to-day,
 The Poet dead, will not condemn the play.
 If you are wise, your usual spite forbear,
 Confine at least your follies to this sphere.
 Let not the Bard, who to Elysium goes,
 Your shame to all the fleeting shades expose.
 For living Wits your blasting censure save;
 But let our Poet's laurel skreen his grave.

PROLOGUE TO HEROICK LOVE,

A TRAGEDY, BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ST. JOHN.

HOW hard's the Poet's task, in these our days,
 Who such dull palates is condemn'd to please,
 As damn all sense, and only fustian praise!
 Charm'd with heroick nonsense, lofty strains,
 Not with the Writer's, but the Players' pains,
 And by the Actors' lungs judge of the Poet's brains!
 Let scribbling judges, who your pleasures serve,
 Live by your smiles, or by your anger starve;
 To please you in your vain fantastic way,
 Renounce their judgement, to secure their pay:
 By written laws, our author would be try'd,
 And write as if Athenians should decide,
 With Horace and the Stagirite for guide.
 Applause is welcome, but too dearly bought,
 Should we give up one rule those mighty masters taught.
 Yet

Yet some, methinks, I here and there descry,
 Who may with ancient Rome and Athens vie;
 To whose tribunal we submit with joy:
 To them, and only them; for, not to wrong ye,
 'Twould be a shame to please the most among ye.

Chiefly the softer sex he hopes to move,
 Those tender judges of Heroick Love:
 To that bright circle he resigns his cause;
 And, if they smile, he asks no more applause.

EPILOGUE TO HEROICK LOVE.

WRITTEN BY MR. BEVIL HIGGONS*.

WHAT will the Galleries, nay the Boxes say?
 There's not one man destroy'd in all our play.
 Murder and blood have long possess'd the stage,
 And pleas'd the genius of a barbarous age:
 But, since the Poet's task 's the soul to move,
 And with his objects make you grieve or love;
 Surviving wretches should more pity find
 Than they who die, and leave their woes behind.

On Athens' stage, when Greece the world gave law,
 Her sprightly dames our Agamemnon saw;
 They shar'd his sorrows, did his fate bemoan,
 And always made the hero's wrongs their own.

* Several poems by this writer have been given in these volumes. Some verses by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons (supposed to be his sister) are printed in the English Poets, vol. XXV. p. 182. among the poems of Lord Lansdowne, to whom they are addressed. They are also printed, with some variations, in the Biographical Dictionary, art. GRANVILLE. N.

But then the world was gay, and Nature young,
 Men's passions were more high, and fancy strong;
 Poets could either raise, or make so sad,
 That going home, whole audiences ran mad.
 In vain we would your colder hearts inspire,
 And blow up flames without the seeds of fire.

Three thousand years ago, illustrious Dames
 Attended camps, and gave the Heroes flames;
 Now every wench, when batter'd and decay'd,
 To Flanders fled, where straight the rampant jade
 At once the Colonel serv'd, and the Brigade.

If Poets have the privilege of laws
 To challenge juries, who must try their cause?
 To judge of wit, the Critic be debarr'd,
 Who often damns what he ne'er saw nor heard;
 Besides, he still to Poets bears a spite,
 For never yet was Critic who could write.

For you, the viler rabble of the Pit,
 Who want good-nature, though you have no wit,
 Maliciously you imitate the times,
 Like judges, try the men, and not their crimes;
 With noise and nonsense whom you hate decry,
 And, if demanded, give no reason why,
 But when no pity can the torrent stem,
 Attaint the Poet, whom you can't condemn.
 'Tis on that shining circle we depend, [*To the Ladies.*
 For you——

Our Poet writes, in gratitude defend:
 Of Love and Honour, he a pattern meant,
 And took the bright ideas that you lent:
 Your picture drawn, shew then the painter grace,
 Who fails in an inimitable face.

SONG,

TO A LADY MORE CRUEL THAN FAIR.

BY MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) VANBRUGH*.

WHY d' ye with such disdain refuse
An humble Lover's plea?

Since Heaven denies you power to chuse,
You ought to value me.

Ungrateful

* This excellent dramatic writer, descended from an antient family in Cheshire, discovered an early propension to poetry and architecture, and soon became eminent in both. He set out in life as an ensign in the army; and possessed a ready wit and an agreeable elocution. In some of his winter quarters he became acquainted with Sir Thomas Skipwith; who being a sharer in a theatrical patent, though little concerned in the conduct of it, young Vanbrugh shewed him the outlines of two plays; and Sir Thomas encouraged him to finish "The Relapse," which, being acted in 1697, succeeded beyond their warmest expectations, placed Vanbrugh in a high degree of reputation, and stimulated him (under the patronage of lord Halifax) to complete his "Provoked Wife;" which was successfully brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1698. Though both these comedies met with greater applause than the author expected, yet neither of them wanted enemies; and one of them is said to verify the observation of Pope,

"That Van wants grace, who never wanted wit."

In the same year, 1698, he brought out his comedy of "Æsop," which was acted at Drury Lane, and contains much general satire and useful morality. [A pretty fable from this comedy may be seen in p. 344.] "The False Friend," his next comedy, came out in 1702. During the

Ungrateful mistress of a heart,
 Which I so freely gave;
 Though weak your bow, though blunt your dart,
 I soon resign'd your slave.
 Nor was I weary of your reign,
 Till you a tyrant grew,
 And seem'd regardless of my pain,
 As Nature seem'd of you.

When

reign of queen Anne, he received the honour of knighthood, and enjoyed for some years the office of Clarencieux king at arms. By king George I. he was appointed surveyor of the works at Greenwich Hospital in August 1716; and was likewise made comptroller-general of his majesty's works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. On a visit to France, his curiosity and natural taste exciting him to take a survey of the fortifications in that kingdom, he was taken notice of by an engineer, secured by authority, and carried to The Bastile, where his confinement was so much softened by humanity, that he amused himself by drawing rude draughts of some comedies. This circumstance raised such curiosity at Paris, that he was visited by several of the noblesse, and by their means procured his liberty before any solicitation for it came from England. Sir John Vanbrugh had interest enough to raise a subscription of thirty persons of quality, at 100l. each, for building a stately theatre in The Hay Market; on the first stone that was laid of this theatre was inscribed the words **LITTLE WHIG**, as a compliment to a celebrated beauty, the toast and pride of that party. The house being finished in 1706, it was put by Mr. Betterton and his associates under the management of Sir John Vanbrugh and Mr. Congreve, in hopes

When thousands with unerring eyes
 Your beauty would decry,
 What graces did my love devise,
 To give their truths the lie?

To every grove I told your charms,
 In you my heaven I plac'd,
 Proposing pleasures in your arms,
 Which none but I could taste.

For

hopes of retrieving their desperate fortunes; but their expectations were too sanguine. The new theatre was opened with a translated opera, set to Italian music, called "The Triumph of Love," which met with a cold reception. "The Confederacy" was almost immediately after produced by Sir John, and acted with more success than so licentious a performance deserved, though less than it was entitled to if considered merely with respect to its dramatic merit. The prospects of the theatre being unpromising, Mr. Congreve gave up his share and interest wholly to Vanbrugh; who, being now become sole manager, was under a necessity of exerting himself. Accordingly, in the same season, he gave the publick three other imitations from the French; viz. 1. "The Cuckold in Conceit;" 2. "Squire Treeloby;" and, 3. "The Mistake." The spaciousness of the dome in the new theatre, by preventing the actors from being distinctly heard, was an inconvenience not to be surmounted; and an union of the two companies was projected. Sir John, tired of the business, disposed of his theatrical concerns to Mr. Owen Swinney, who governed the stage till another great revolution occurred. Our author's last comedy, "The Journey to London," which was left imperfect, was finished to great

For me t' admire, at such a rate,
 So damn'd a face, will prove
 You have as little cause to hate,
 As I had cause to love.

D I A-

advantage by Mr. Cibber; who takes notice in the prologue of Sir John's virtuous intention in composing this piece, to make amends for scenes written in the fire of youth. He seemed sensible indeed of this, when in 1725 he altered an exceptionable scene in "The Provoked Wife," by putting into the mouth of a woman of quality what before had been spoken by a clergyman; a change which removed from him the imputation of prophaneness. He died of a quinsy, at his house at Whitehall, March 26, 1726; and has left behind him monuments of fame which can never perish but with taste and politeness. He lived esteemed by all his acquaintance, and died without leaving one enemy to reproach his memory. Mr. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," vol. III. p. 152, says, "However partial the court was to Vanbrugh, every body was not so blind to his defects. Swift ridiculed both his own diminutive house at Whitehall, and the stupendous pile at Blenheim. Of the first he says,

' At length they in the rubbish spy
 ' A thing resembling a goose-pye.'

" And of the other,

' That if his Grace were no more skill'd in
 ' The art of battering walls than building,
 ' We might expect to see next year
 ' A mouse-trap-man chief engineer.'

" Thus far the *satirist* was well *founded*; party rage warped his understanding, when he censured Vanbrugh's plays, and left him no more judgement to see their beauties, than

" Sir

DIALOGUE, IN THE RELAPSE.

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

C U P I D.

THOU bane to my Empire, thou spring of contest,
 Thou source of all discord, thou period to rest;
 Instruct me what wretches in bondage can see,
 That the aim of their life is still pointed to thee.

H Y M E N.

Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,
 From whence all thy subjects have taken the mode
 To grow fond of a change to whatever it be;
 And I'll tell thee why those would be bound, who are free.

C H O R U S.

For change, we're for change, to whatever it be,
 We are neither contented with freedom nor thee.
 Constancy's an empty sound;
 Heaven, and earth, and all go round;
 All the works of nature move;
 And the joys of life and love
 Are in variety.

“ Sir John had, when he perceived not that they were
 “ the only beauties he was formed to compose.” — This
 polite writer, perhaps, was not aware of the handsome apo-
 logy Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope have made, in the joint preface
 to their Miscellanies: “ In regard to two persons only we
 “ wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment,
 “ though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of
 “ Sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit, and of honour;
 “ and of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from
 “ every lover of learning.”

N.

Z. 3

C U P I D.

C U P I D.

Were Love the reward of a pains-taking life,
 Had a husband the art to be fond of his wife;
 Were Virtue so plenty, a wife could afford,
 These very hard times, to be true to her lord;
 Some specious account might be given of those
 Who are tied by the tail, to be led by the nose.
 But sure 'tis the fate of a man and his wife,
 To consume all their days in contention and strife:
 Since, whatever the bounty of Heaven may create her,
 He's morally sure he shall heartily hate her;
 I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
 And the volleys of Love on the herd to discharge.

H Y M E N.

Some colour of reason thy counsel might bear,
 Could a man have no more than his wife to his share;
 Or were I a Monarch so cruelly just,
 To oblige a poor wife to be true to her trust:
 But I have not pretended, for many years past,
 By marrying of people, to make them grow chaste.
 I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
 Thou'd find I'm the strength and support of thy throne;
 For hadst thou but eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,
 How smoothly the dart
 Slips into the heart
 Of a woman that's wed;
 Whilst the shivering maid
 Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.

C H O R U S.

For change, &c.

SONG,

SONG, IN THE RELAPSE.
BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

“I Smile at Love, and all its arts,”
The charming Cynthia cried;

“Take heed, for Love has piercing darts,”
A wounded swain replied.

“Once, free and blest as you are now,
I trifled with his charms;

I pointed at his little bow,
And sported with his arms:

Till, urg’d too far, “Revenge!” he cries,
A fated shaft he drew;

It took its passage through your eyes,
And to my heart it flew.

To tear it thence, I tried in vain;

To strive, I quickly found,
Was only to increase the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.

Ah! much too well, I fear, you know

What pain I’m to endure.
Since what your eyes alone could do,
Your heart alone can cure.

And that (grant, Heaven, I may mistake!)

I doubt is doom’d to bear
A burden for another’s sake,
Who ill rewards its care.”

FABLE, BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.
FROM THE COMEDY OF ÆSOP.

The Beau observes to Æsop, “ It is very well; it is very
“ well, old spark; It is very well; because I han’t a pair
“ of plaid shoes, and a dirty shirt, you think a woman
“ won’t venture upon me for a husband. — Why now to
“ shew you, old father, how little you philosophers know
“ of the ladies, I’ll tell you an adventure of a friend of
“ mine :

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attack’d a Lady’s heart together :

The Band, in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead

Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books, and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talk’d of management;
What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry;
And truly he must be so free,
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powder’d wigs, and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his soul!)
But prate and talk, and play the fool.

He

He said, 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
 And that to be the dearest wife
 Of one who labour'd all his life
 To make a mine of gold his own,
 And not spend six-pence when he'd done,
 Was Heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
 The Feather (as it might be me)
 Steps out, fir, from behind the skreen,
 With such an air and such a mien :
 Look you, old gentleman ! in short,
 He quickly spoil'd the statesman's sport.

It prov'd such sunshine weather,
 That you must know, at the first beck,
 The lady leap'd about his neck,
 And off they went together."

SONG, IN THE PROVOKED WIFE.

WHAT a pother of late
 Have they kept in the state,
 About setting our consciences free !

A bottle has more
 Dispensations in store,
 Than the king and the state can decree.

When my head's full of wine,
 I o'erflow with design,
 And know no penal-laws that can curb me :
 Whate'er I devise
 Seems good in my eyes,
 And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

No faucy remorse
 Intrudes in my course,
 Nor impertinent notions of evil;
 So there's claret in store,
 In peace I've my whore,
 And in peace I jog on to the devil.

TO SETH BISHOP OF SARUM.

BY DR. WOODFORD*. 1679.

MINDFUL, whence first she learnt the early skill,
 In humble strains Almighty love to sing;
 And then of her, to whom she her works does bring,
 The church, and colledge, both whose names instil
 Like sentiments, and shall Fame's records fill
 With worthies, fit to employ the noblest string
 Of Heaven-tun'd verse, and almost tire its wing,
 To bear them, hence translated, up its hill:
 My Muse to you, my Lord, and your great name,
 This legend of the one and t'other love,
 (As different as their ends and natures prove)
 Doubly inscribes; that thence her purer flame
 To Heaven, so offer'd, may more grateful rise;
 The grosser parts be wood for th' sacrifice.

* See above, p. 261.—This Sonnet is taken from a collection of Dr. Woodford's poems annexed by him in 1679 to his "Paraphrase on the Canticles." The "Voyage" is there also printed very differently from the copy of it which I have taken from Dryden. N.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS AND CORRECTIONS.

V O L U M E I.

P. 4. *I'll be a Thracian, &c.*] One may go into a country, without being one of it. There is very little merit in following him, if she is not liable to be drowned, and if she is sure of becoming a constellation; which is more suitable talk for Ovid's ladies than a modern Christian. Sailors are not apt to pray on looking at stars; and there is no reason from the account in the Bible to believe that Jonas was pleased with his host, or *vice versa*.

P. 8. *Loose to the winds, &c.*] Lady Sarah B. was observed to neglect her dress for some time before she retired.

P. 16. l. 26. r. "Ah, Phyllis, if you would not love
"The shepherd, do not hear."

P. 18. l. 20. *Persians of the pit.*] In the Spectator's time, the pit was the seat of criticism.

P. 19. l. 15. *sun's much warmer beams;*] Cattle are not fond of the sun, but seek shade.

P. 20. l. 8. r. "Some favourite clown." — L. 27. *He that lives the longest, dies but young.*] He that lives the longest, lives but a very short time in comparison with a much longer period, or eternity: but this is not dying young. A worn-out young debauchee may be old; i. e. have many of the complaints of old age: but no really old man dies like a vigorous blooming young man, in full strength of body and perfection of senses and understanding. V. Barzillai and David.

P. 21. Theocritus, in the burden of his charm, constantly uses *Inyx*, which is our bird called Wryneck.

P. 24. l. 15. r. "The love, that leech-like," &c.

P. 29.

P. 29. l. 15. Dr. Chetwood is here inaccurate. Though London hath enveloped several villages, yet it doth not occupy one whole county.—In the note, l. 5, 6. r. “and had
 “been chaplain to the English forces in Flanders under the
 “earl of Marlborough.” See p. 70; and add to it, “He was
 rector of Risington Magna and Risington Parva in Gloucester-
 shire; was buried at Tempsford in Bedfordshire (where he had
 an estate), with this inscription: “Knightley Chetwoode,
 “egregius sane et singularis vir, ingenio adeo sublimi et ve-
 “nusto, adeo divinis et humanis literis exculto, ut nihil supra.
 “Ecclesiæ et patriæ amicissimus, catholicæ fidei rigidus ser-
 “vator. Immortalitatem adivit, annum exigens sexagesimum
 “octavum, tertio nonas Aprilis, 1720.

Τὸ Δυσκὸν τῆτο ἐνδύσῃαι ἀθανασίαν.

Three single Sermons by Dr. Chetwood are in print, one, under the title of “Solomon’s Choice,” preached at Eton College, 1700, 4to; 2. “Practical Goodness on Christian Principles,” on Spital Tuesday, 1702, 4to; and the third (on 1 Kings ii. 19.) 1715, 4to.

P. 30. l. 2. FRITH *must the nation undertake.*] At that time Frith and Pym were two eminent builders. The one was too modest to perpetuate his name, the other gave his to *Frith* street near Soho square. And the friend, from whom I received this note, who has some land in that street, has in his possession an assignment from *Richard Frith* and *William Pym*, dated Jan. 28, 1679, on which the former is styled “citizen
 “and bricklayer of London,” and the latter “of St. Martin
 “in the Fields, gentleman.” The square abovementioned is there also styled *Frith square*: it was afterwards King square, and a court in it still retains that name.

P. 30. The third stanza contains a good picture of Wolsey’s housekeeping.

P. 31. l. 1. It is a very curious fact that they should build churches, which cannot now be whitewashed *within, without* setting a parish in a flame.

P. 33. l. 7. r. "proud nymph, there are."

P. 34. l. 15. r. "May the world," &c.

P. 35. l. 6. r. "wondering field."

P. 42. On this poem it has been observed, that "no
" Scholar died, but his Epitaph proclaimed that he was,
" *Poeta, Orator elegantiss. disertiss. Theolog. præstantiss. &c.*
" Nor is it true in any sense, however qualified, that Athens
" and Rome ever had such a finished poet as Waller."

P. 43. note, l. 4. *without a degree.*] This is, and was more, the case of most fellow-commoners or gentlemen, till now that a vote for members of parliament becomes an object of the smaller nobility.—L. 6. r. "Oratione."

P. 44. His contemporaries certainly saw that Waller had softened our tongue (see p. 129); yet it has been observed that the writers some time before were smooth and harmonious. See an attempt to refine and polish the English language, by Sir Thomas Smith, so early as Q. Elizabeth's time. Biog. Brit. VI. i. 3716 [E]. and an Harmonious Ode by Sir H. Wotton, VI. 4351 [DD]. and Dean Percy's "Reliques."

P. 44. note. See a remarkable anecdote of the mother of Lord Ruffel, Gentleman's Magazine, 1779, p. 354.

P. 45. l. 14. r. "when most high."

Ibid. l. 14. The poet will have enough to do, to persuade us, that these qualities, if true, however quaintly he may express them, "harangue and talk," are not infinitely above "to sing."

P. 47. When in Bedlam, Lee was visited by Sir Roger L'Estrange; who said, "I believe you don't recollect me, Mr. Lee." He replied, "Yes, I do very well—

"Faces

“Faces may alter, names can’t change;

“I’m *strange Lee* alter’d, you are still L’Estrange.”

See more of Lee, Biog. Brit. VI. 2913.

P. 50. l. 13. *Whom I —*] This seems a happy imitation of Ovid: but is weakened by what follows.

P. 51. This poem is pretty, but the title of it is inaccurate. “The Snuff of a Candle” doth not properly give the idea of a candle near upon going out; nor do the two first lines of the poem express what they should; nor the last stanza of the song in p. 52.

P. 53. I did not know, when this chapter of Mrs. Wharton’s fine Paraphrase was printed, that she had finished the Lamentations in the same manner. The other chapters shall find an early place in the fifth volume.

L. 9. r. “now turn’d thy foes.”

L. 24. r. “are, like hunted harts, become

“Breathless and faint,” &c.

P. 54. l. 13. r. “her end so nigh:”

Ibid. l. 19. r. “Even the heathen, of whom God had said

“They should not, in her holy temple tread.”

P. 57. l. 14. r. “the Crescent in decay?” i. e. the Mahometan standard; see p. 106 and 110.—L. 20. r. “single fate.”

In the note, l. 5. add, “if any challenge can be called so. If private persons were to take their own revenge for wrongs, there would be no stop.”

P. 60. *note*. Jacob probably mistook Eton for Westminster.

P. 63. *Free-filling spirit*.] Old Ben filled his glass *freely*. See Leges Conviviales over the chimney-piece in the great room of the Devil Tavern.

P. 64. l. 13. “These times, thus living,” &c.

L. 17. *Things common*, &c.] An obscure imitation of Horace, “Difficile est *proprie communia dicere*.”

P. 69. l. 16. *Like curing-gold.*] The piece of gold given to a poor person by the King at the healing.

P. 70. l. 7. *Some dæmon.*] Meaning now generally bad.

P. 74. note. The left gate, *anum* — *Sæpe finistrâ cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix* — *Si mens tam læva fuisset.*

P. 75. The duke said, “he would not exchange his dead son, for any living one in England.”

P. 78. l. 14. r. “The more with Hercules stepdame” &c.

P. 85. l. 16. The Nile runs due North and South, so does not run *with* the sun.

P. 86. note. l. 4. r. “she has given both in a play and in a novel.” The intelligence she gave was of the Dutch design to burn our fleet; and it afterwards appeared that her intelligence was well-founded.

P. 87. note. l. 7. r. “sister-in-law, i. e. his wife’s sister.”

P. 89. note. r. “gentleman-commoner”

P. 90. The short, but expressive, character of Shakspeare seems to confirm his not having had learning.

P. 93. Add to note. “aged 95.”

P. 96. Dr. Johnson, in his 37th Rambler, has given this very rational definition of Pastoral Poetry: “Pastoral, being the representation of an Action or Passion, by its effects on a Country Life, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to Rural Imagery, without which it ceases to be Pastoral.”

A simplicity of style may, perhaps, be equally necessary.

P. 104. l. 11. *A mournful house.*] For his father, who killed himself for him, and through his mistake.

P. 112. note. Promontories, still called so, perhaps, as little islands; Sheer-nefs, Oxford-nefs, Foul-nefs, &c.

P. 120. note. l. 5. r. “The Tragedies of the last age considered and examined by the practice of the Antients, and by the common sense of all ages. In a Letter to Fleetwood Shepheard, Esq.” Part I. 2d edition. “A short View of Tragedy;

“Tragedy; its original, excellency, and corruption. With
 “some reflections on Shakespeare and other practitioners for
 “the stage. Both by Mr. Rymer, Servant to their Ma-
 “jesties.” He published, in folio, “A Poem on the Arrival
 “of Queen Mary, Feb. 12, 1689.”

P. 121. l. 13. r. “beam’d around the chair.

P. 122. l. 29. This line suggests what appears strange,
 that Waller should be celebrated for politeness, and yet that
 the only two *bon mots* of his on record should both be extremely
 rude. That to king Charles II. (in regard to his poem on
 Oliver Cromwell) is well known, and might easily and indeed
 ought to have been avoided. His reply to the observation of
 king James II. that “queen Elizabeth’s wisdom was owing
 “to her council,” was equally remarkable—“And when
 “did your majesty ever know a foolish prince chuse a wife
 “counsellor?”

P. 127. l. 18. r. “robb’d.”

P. 130. l. 7. See vol. III. p. 312.

P. 131. l. 4. To make trees, as old as the creation, look
 green and flourishing, is one of the many errors of *Poeta errans*
in Historiâ Naturali. See Mr. Aikin.

P. 134. note. Strike out “or Attick.”

P. 144. l. 20. r. “Too Manly,” alluding to the principal
 character in the “Plain-dealer.”

P. 146. l. 14. *Hercules Pillars*] A not uncommon alehouse
 sign.

P. 147. l. 9. Better, “Since Water, Earth, and more,” &c.

P. 154. Sir Robert Howard’s poem on the “Fear of
 “Death” is printed in vol. III. p. 330. Four good lines on
 this subject, by the same writer, may be seen in vol. I. p. 162.

P. 156. l. 4. If this alludes to his killing in a duel the earl
 of Shrewsbury, whose wife, drest as a page, held the duke’s
 horse, there was little courage or innocence in that business.

P. 157.

P. 157. l. 8. *Layer*, means the place where he laid down. When cattle lay down well, they are said to take their *lay* or *layer* well.

P. 170. note. l. 6. r. "M. A."

P. 172. The celebrated "Salisbury Ballad" will be printed in vol. V.

P. 174. l. 2. *puzzle*.] Altered by the author to *welcome*.

P. 182. note. l. 8. r. "Sir Carr Scrope."—The person of quality was lord Mulgrave; not Villiers duke of Buckingham, as has been by some supposed. The poem by Dryden, which is mentioned in the last line, I have since recovered; and have printed it in vol. II. p. 92.

P. 186. l. 6. *that hung 'twixt bell and heaven*] Falsely said of Mahomet's coffin.

P. 187. l. 6. Hence the price of admission into the boxes appears to have been then four shillings.

P. 189. l. 21. r. "whoop and hollow."

P. 195. The MSS. of the dutchess of Newcastle, I am informed, were given to St. John's college, Cambridge, where her husband had been a member; and where they are now to be found in good order. See what Granger says of her, vol. IV. p. 60.

P. 207. l. 12. r. "What she with reason thought
"A certain pleasure, &c.

P. 208. l. 26. r. "To reach those bays," &c.

P. 210. In Dryden's King Arthur, is a song by Mr. Howe, "You say, 'tis Love creates the pain," &c.

P. 218. l. ult. r. "to bear-out." i. e. endure to the end.

P. 230. note. l. 6. r. "M. A."

P. 231. *the scaly flock*] This is another instance of *Poeta errans in historia naturali*. Seals are *hairy*, not *scaly*.—Of Aristeus, see vol. II. p. 58.

P. 233. l. 6. r. "flew to hear the song."

VOL. IV. A a P. 236.

P. 236. Mr. Granger seems to have caught his idea of Lord Falkland from the traits of his ingenious friend Mr. Walpole; who declares, "There never was a stronger instance of what the magic of words and the art of an Historian can effect, than in the character of this Lord, who seems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding; who got knocked on the head early in the civil war, because it boded ill; and yet, by the happy solemnity of my lord Clarendon's diction, Lord Falkland is the favourite personage of that noble work." Royal and Noble Authors, vol. II. p. 216. The whole character is well worth attention; though too long for the present purpose. — A picture of Lord Falkland, with that of Lord Stafford, hangs in the master's lodge at St. John's College, Cambridge. It is believed that he was a member of that college; but there is no certain evidence of it, as the register books begin a few years later.

P. 249. l. 5. r. "His men," &c.

P. 255. *Fortune-plots.*] The Fortune playhouse, near Whitecross-street, which had belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, who rebuilt it. Doddsley's Old Plays, IX. 175:—The Mermaid was not a playhouse; but a tavern often mentioned by Ben Jonson, where he used frequently to write.

P. 261. l. 11, 12. r. "strike" and "enflame."

P. 273. l. 4. *pyed hood*] What at Cambridge is called the *white hood*, is *black* lined with *white*.

P. 275. l. 25. r. "the life's heat clings about the heart."

V O L U M E II.

P. 7. Tate published "A Collection of Poems by several hands, 1685;" and also a collection of "Loyal Poems."

P. 16. *note*, r. "Connexion of Roman and Saxon Coins."

P. 54. I find, since this page was printed, the *Loery* described, in Dr. Goldsmith's "Animated Natures," as a par-

rot of a species perfectly *white*. Lady Giffard's seems to have been of a different species.

P. 144. The *Aston* whom the earl of Mulgrave satirizes might possibly be *Lord Aston*.—There was much later an *Anthony Aston*, an itinerant player, author of many humorous scenes, and one play, called "Love in a Hurry, a Comedy, 1709." And see Musical Miscellany I. 161.

P. 156. l. 25. r. "Mœnia."

P. 161. note, l. 13. r. "Eglintoun."

P. 170. l. 23. r. "rich Sidonian."

P. 183. note, l. 17. "wrote the prologue."

P. 189, 199. Dauly, better known by the name of Dahl, was really a painter of eminence and practice. While he was drawing Archbishop Wake's picture, Bishop Sherlock, who was sitting by him, and was remarkably plain (as described by Mrs. Pilkington), said, "Mr. Dahl, I have often had my picture drawn, but it never has been like." To which the painter replied, "So much the better, my Lord." D.

P. 303. last line, r. "mourn me dead."

P. 334. l. 24. r. "on Venice."

VOLUME III.

P. 19. I now find that the "Bibliotheca" was the production of another writer. Instead of *King*, therefore, read *Newcomb*, to all the notes.—Thomas Newcomb, M. A. (son of a worthy clergyman in Herefordshire, and great grandson by his mother's side to the famous Spenser) was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and was chaplain to the second duke of Richmond, and rector of Stopham in Suffex, near his Grace's seat.—Besides the "Bibliotheca," he was author of several poems of merit; particularly of "The last Judgment of Men and Angels, a poem in twelve books, after

“ the manner of Milton, 1723,” folio, adorned with a fine mezzotinto portrait; of a poem, which Jacob commends, “ To her late Majesty Queen Anne, upon the Peace of Utrecht;” “ An Ode to the Memory of Mr. Rowe;” and another, “ to the memory of the Countess of Berkeley.” He also translated several of Addison’s Latin poems; and Philips’s Ode to Mr. St. John, English Poets, vol. XXI. p. 29.

P. 44. It since appears that Mrs. Wharton (wife to Thomas Wharton, esq; before he succeeded to a peerage) is the same whose poems are printed in these volumes. Her article in the General Dictionary is a short one; but the notes on it contain two letters from her to her husband, and twelve from Dr. Burnet to Mrs. Wharton. The marquis’s second wife had also poetical abilities, as will appear in vol. V. p. 10. A small epigram by the marquis is preserved in the Supplement to Swift.

P. 105. *note*, l. 8. r. “ Earl.”

P. 118. I have been favoured with some valuable unpublished poems of Dr. Evans, too late for the present publication; they shall be printed in the next volume.

P. 161. Dr. Evans ‘on Blenheim’ reminds me of Lord Chesterfield telling Geo. Wade, after Lord Burlington had built him a house in Burlington Gardens, with a most elegant front, but very inconvenient within, that he did not make the proper use of it. “ How so, my Lord? I live in it.” — “ True,” says the Earl; “ but, if I were you, I would take “ a house over against it, to admire that beautiful front.” D.

P. 207. Mr. Foxton was author of “ The Tower,” a descriptive poem, printed in the Whartoniana.

P. 263. That Martin Parker was a real character, is plain from “ The Nightingale warbling forth her own disaster; “ or

“ or the Rape of Philomela. Newly written in English verse.

“ By Martin Parker. London 1632.” 8vo.

P. 312. *note.* r. “ Ne’er to these chambers,” &c.

VOLUME IV.

P. 65. Besides Dr. Brady’s Sermon, I have now by me three others on St. Cæcilia’s day; one, by Ralph Battell, sub-dean of their majesties chapel royal, 1693; Dr. Hickman’s in 1695; one by S. Estwick, B. D. in 1696, when the meeting was held on Nov. 27; Dr. Brady’s was in 1697. Bound up with these is, a Sermon preached at Tiverton in Devon, by John Newton, M. A. rector of Tiverton, some time fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, Sept. 13, 1696, on occasion of an organ’s being erected in the parish-church; “ the first organ erected in that diocese (out of the city) after the great rebellion had destroyed the use of them in “ many places.”

P. 167. This poem is very possibly by J. Philips, the nephew of Milton. See p. 283.

P. 199. The name of *Youlding* this writer is said to have changed, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, by a poetical licence only, into *Yalden*. He was domestic chaplain to the famous Bp. Saunderson, and for many years vice principal of Magdalen Hall.

P. 286. An assize sermon by Dr. Broome, 1737, 4to. with one earlier single sermon by him, is in print.

P. 304. In the “ Supplement to Swift’s Works,” I have taken some pains to collect such particulars of his life and character as had escaped the notice of former editors; and am happy to find that my labours have been favourably accepted. If they furnish any new lights to future Biographers, and particularly if they suggest a single hint to the bright luminary of English literature, I shall receive my best reward,

*358 ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

reward.—One striking anecdote, which has been communicated to me since that publication, is so remarkable, that I shall insert it here: it is extracted from a letter of Dr. Charles Davenant, dated Sept. 22, to his son Harry, secretary and chargé d'affairs for Q. Anne at Francfort. “I desire you
 “to deliver the inclosed to Col. Parks (aid-de-camp to the
 “Duke of Marlborough). The chief subject of it is to be-
 “speak his kindness for *my cousin Swift* to be his chaplain
 “against he has a regiment. My cousin has gained immor-
 “tal honour by *having had the principal hand* in a book lately
 “published, called *The Tale of a Tub*, which has made as
 “much noise, and is as full of wit, as any book, perhaps
 “that has come out these last hundred years.” It needs not
 be added that the application was unsuccessful. To the duke
 of Marlborough, however, Swift (who without scruple “li-
 “belled the whole junto round”) appears to have entertained
 no animosity. The refusal probably was noble; and Swift’s
 conduct to the duke was equally liberal. He disliked his
 principles; but “prevented many hard things being said of
 “him.” And in the Journal to Stella, Jan. 8, 1711-12, it
 appears the duke desired nothing so much as to contrive some
 way how to soften Dr. Swift; who says, “Those things that
 “were hardest against him were not written by me. And I
 “am sure, now he is down, I shall not trample on him: al-
 “though I love him not, I dislike his being out.”

P. 320. Mr. Milbourne published 31 single Sermons, be-
 tween 1682 and 1720.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

THE Proceſſion : on the Funeral of Queen Mary.

By Mr. Steele.	1695.	- - -	Page 1
Horace, Book I. Ode VI. applied to the Duke of Marlborough.	By the ſame.	- - -	13
To Mr. Congreve.	By the ſame.	- - -	14
Epigram from Martial.	By the ſame.	- - -	18
Prologue to Lucius.	By the ſame.	- - -	19
To Captain Steele, on his Poetry.	By Mr. Biſhop.	- - -	20
Mr. Biſhop to his Miſtreſs.	- - -	- - -	21
To a Lady, who in the late Storm juſt left her Chamber before a Chimney fell on the Bed where ſhe lay.	By the ſame.	- - -	22
On an enſuing Storm.	By the ſame.	- - -	23
On reading an Apology for Self-murder.	By the ſame.	- - -	<i>ib.</i>
Song.	By the ſame.	- - -	25
The Cure.	By the ſame.	- - -	<i>ibid.</i>
On Cloe's Patches.	By the ſame.	- - -	27
On her Maſk.	By the ſame.	- - -	28
Ode to St. Cecilia.	By the ſame.	- - -	<i>ibid.</i>
To the Duke of Marlborough.	Anonymous.	- - -	31
Horace, Book I. Ode IX. Imitated by Mr. Fenton.	- - -	- - -	33
Catullus, Epig. V. Tranſlated.	By the ſame.	- - -	36
Claudian's Old Man of Verona.	By the ſame.	- - -	37
Martial, Lib. X. Epig. XLVII.	By the ſame.	- - -	38
Horace, Book III. Ode III.	By the ſame.	- - -	39
The Roſe.	By the ſame.	- - -	42
Epigram, out of Martial.	By the ſame.	- - -	<i>ibid.</i>
VOL. IV.	B b	- - -	Ode

358 C O N T E N T S O F

Ode by the same. In Imitation of Horace.	43
To the Hon. Charles Montague. By Mr. Prior.	46
Apology to a Lady, who told me, I could not love her heartily, because I had loved others. Pro- bably by the same.	47
Against Modesty in Love. By the same.	48
On a young Lady's going to Town in the Spring. By the same.	49
When the Cat's away, the Mice may play; a Fable inscribed to Dr. Swift. Probably by the same.	50
The Widow and her Cat. A Fable.	53
The Wreck. A Satire. By Mr. James Gardiner.	55
Ode. By Mr. Smith.	62
Ode in Praise of Music. Composed by Mr. Charles King, in Five Parts, for the degree of Batche- lor of Music, performed at the Theatre in Ox- ford on Friday the 11th of July 1707. Possi- bly written by Mr. Smith.	64
Love's Conquest. By Mr. Jackson.	66
The Contrary Agreements. By the same.	67
Under a Lady's Picture. By the same.	68
Essay on a First Principle of Des Cartes, "I think, therefore I am." By the same.	<i>ibid.</i>
Song. By Col. Henningham.	70
The Indifferent. A Song. By Charles Earl of Orrery.	<i>ib.</i>
Song, from Anacreon, by Mr. Boyle.	72
Ode on the Spring. From Steele's Collection.	73
To Belinda—To Flavia—On Nicolini's leaving the Stage. From the same.	74
Imitation of a French Author. From the same.	75
A Sigh. From the same.	76

A So-

THE FOURTH VOLUME. 359

A Soliloquy out of Italian. From Steele's Collection.	76
Anacreon, Ode XLV. From the same.	77
Anacreon, Ode XXX. From the same. -	78
Mary Queen of France, to Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk. From the same. -	79
The Story of Cippus. By the same Writer.	84
The Lover's Prayer. From Steele's Collection.	86
Woman. From the same. -	87
Verfes sent to a Lady, with the Tragedy of Cato. From the same. - -	88
The Spring. From the same. - -	89
From Sannazarius. From the same. - -	91
To a Painter, on his drawing a Lady's Picture. From the same. - -	92
Song. From the same. - - -	<i>ibid.</i>
Bion Imitated. From the same. - - -	93
To Aristus, in Imitation of a Sonnet of Milton. From the same. - - -	94
Prologue, at the Opening of the Theatre Royal the Day after his Majesty's Public Entry. From the same. - - -	96
Ode on his Majesty's Return. From the same.	97
Prologue, written by several Hands, designed for Mr. D'Urfey's last Play. - -	99
Love's Relief. From Steele's Collection.	100
St. Julian's Prayer. Imitated from La Fontaine. From the same. - -	101
On a Beautiful Lady with Cataracts in both Eyes. By a Gentleman who has an Impediment in his Speech. From the same. -	111
Song. From the same. - -	112

360 C O N T E N T S O F

To a Jealous Mistrefs. From Steele's Collection.	113
In Amorem Tami et Ifidis. - -	114
Thames and Ifis, in Imitation of the preceding Poem. 1708. - -	115
Martial, Lib. X. Ep. XLVII. Imitated. By the same Writer. - -	<i>ibid.</i>
Song. By the same Writer. - -	116
To an Old Bed-Maker, who had scandalized me. Imitated from Buchanan. -	<i>ibid.</i>
Hymn to Venus, from the Greek of Sappho. From Steele's Collection. - -	117
To Mr. A. Philips, on his Distrest Mother.	118
Epistle to D——. - -	119
Solomon's Song, Chap. IV. From Steele's Collection.	120
Written in a Lady's Prayer Book. From the same.	123
To Mr. Addison, on his Cato. From the same.	<i>ibid.</i>
On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.	124
On the happy Disappointment of the French Invasion, in Favour of the pretended Prince of Wales, 1707. From the same, -	<i>ibid.</i>
On a Tobacco-Box. From the same. -	126
Song. From the same. - -	127
Verfes by Mr. Eufden, on a Lady who is the most beautiful and witty when ſhe is angry.	128
To Charles Lord Halifax, occaſioned by tranſlating into Latin two Poems by his Lordſhip and Mr. Stepney. By the ſame. -	131
Written by Mr. Eufden, and ſpoken at a Cambridge Commencement. - -	134
Claudian's Court of Venus. By the ſame.	143
	Pluto's

THE FOURTH VOLUME. 361

Pluto's Speech to Proserpine. From Claudian. By Mr. Eufden. - - -	148
To Mr. ——. By the same. - - -	150
On a Dispute with a Gentleman about the Excel- lence of some of Mr. Dryden's Writings, when a Lady, being asked her opinion, blam- ed them. By the same. - - -	151
To the Author of the Tatler. By the same.	152
Mr. Eufden to a Lady, who wept at hearing Cato read. - - -	155
Verfes by Mr. Eufden, on the Spectator's Critique on Milton. - - -	157
Imitations of Statius. By the same.	158
On the Death of Cowley, and his Burial in West- minster abbey. By Roger Earl of Orrery.	163
Description of the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.	167
From J. S. Esq; to C. S. Horace, Book I. Ep. X.	177
Epigram on Waller. - - -	179
Mr. Harrifon to Mrs. M. M. With a Bough of an Orange-tree. - - -	180
In praise of Laudanum. By Mr. Harrifon.	181
To a very young Lady. By the same. -	182
On the Death of a Lady's Cat. By the same.	<i>ibid.</i>
The Passion of Sappho. By the same. -	183
Prologue. By Mr. Joseph Haines. -	186
Epilogue. By the same. - - -	189
Prologue at Oxford. - - -	191
Verfes to a Lady, on drawing me for her Valentine.	192
Epigram. - - -	193
On the Death of a Lady. - - -	194
Paraphrafe on Psalm CXXXVII. -	195

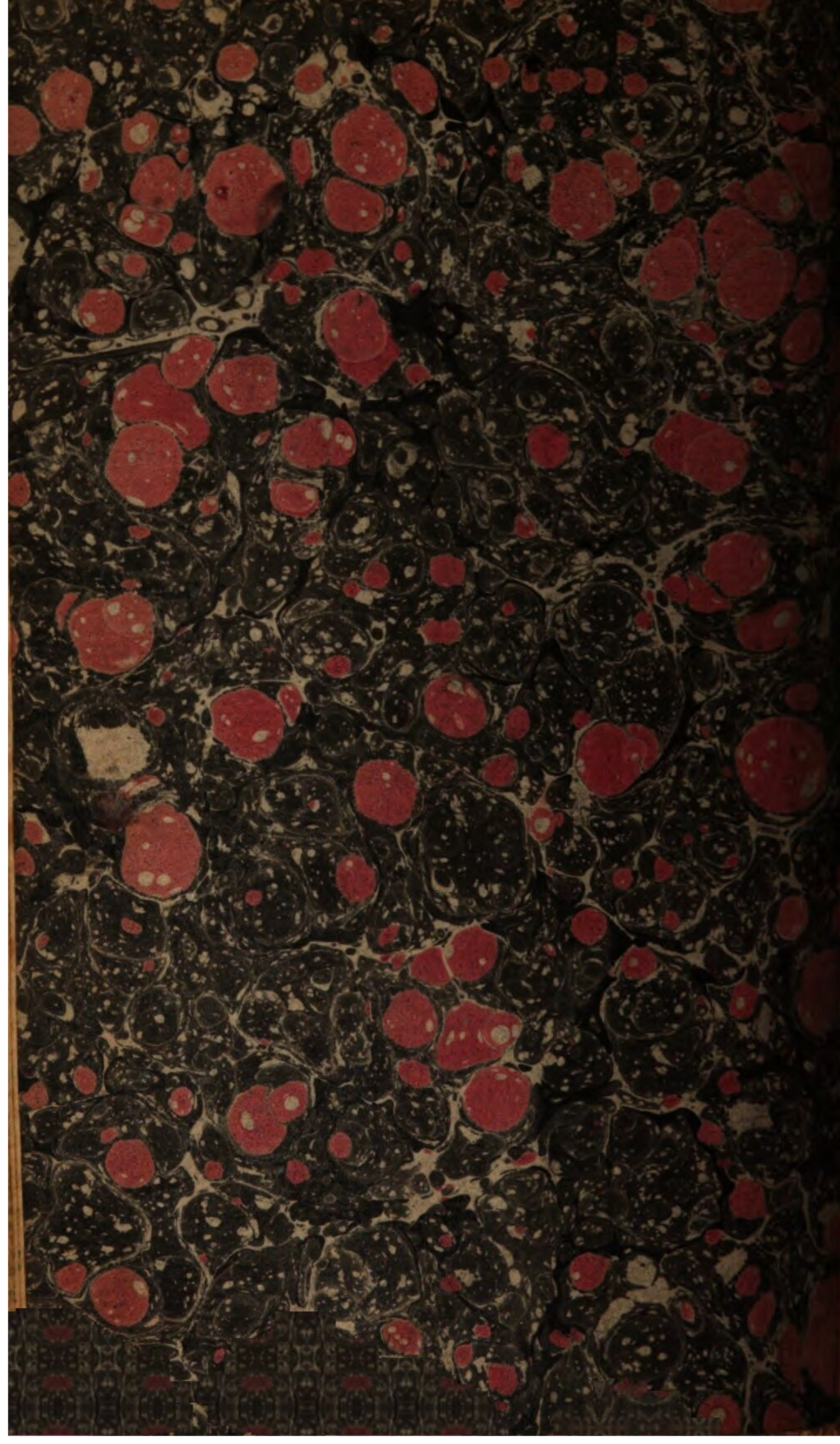
The Choice. On Reading a Line in Pomfret.	196
Æsop at Court; or, Select Fables. By Dr. Yalden.	
Æsop to the King.	198
Fable I. The River and the Fountains.	199
II. The Lion's Treaty of Partition.	201
III. The Blind Woman and her Doctors.	203
IV. The Satyr's Address.	205
V. The Farmer and his Dog.	206
VI. The Fox and Bramble.	208
VII. The Fox and Weazle.	209
VIII. An Owl and the Sun.	211
IX. The Sea and the Banks.	213
X. The Nightingale and Cuckow.	215
XI. The Sun and the Wind.	216
XII. The Boar and Forest.	218
XIII. The Fox and Flies.	220
XIV. The Bear and Mountebank.	221
XV. The Peacock proclaimed King.	223
XVI. A Laconick condemned.	225
To Dr. Bentley, on opening Trinity College Chapel. By Mr. Eusden.	226
On the Duke of Marlborough's Victory at Audenard. By the same.	229
Medea, Act IV. last Chorus. By the same.	232
Hero and Leander. By the same.	234
The Courtier. A Fable.	249
A Chorus from Seneca. By Mr. John Glanvill.	251
Horace, Book I. Ode XIII. By the same.	253
Horace, Book I. Ode XXIII. By the same.	254
Horace, Book II. Ode XII. By the same.	255
Song. By the same.	257

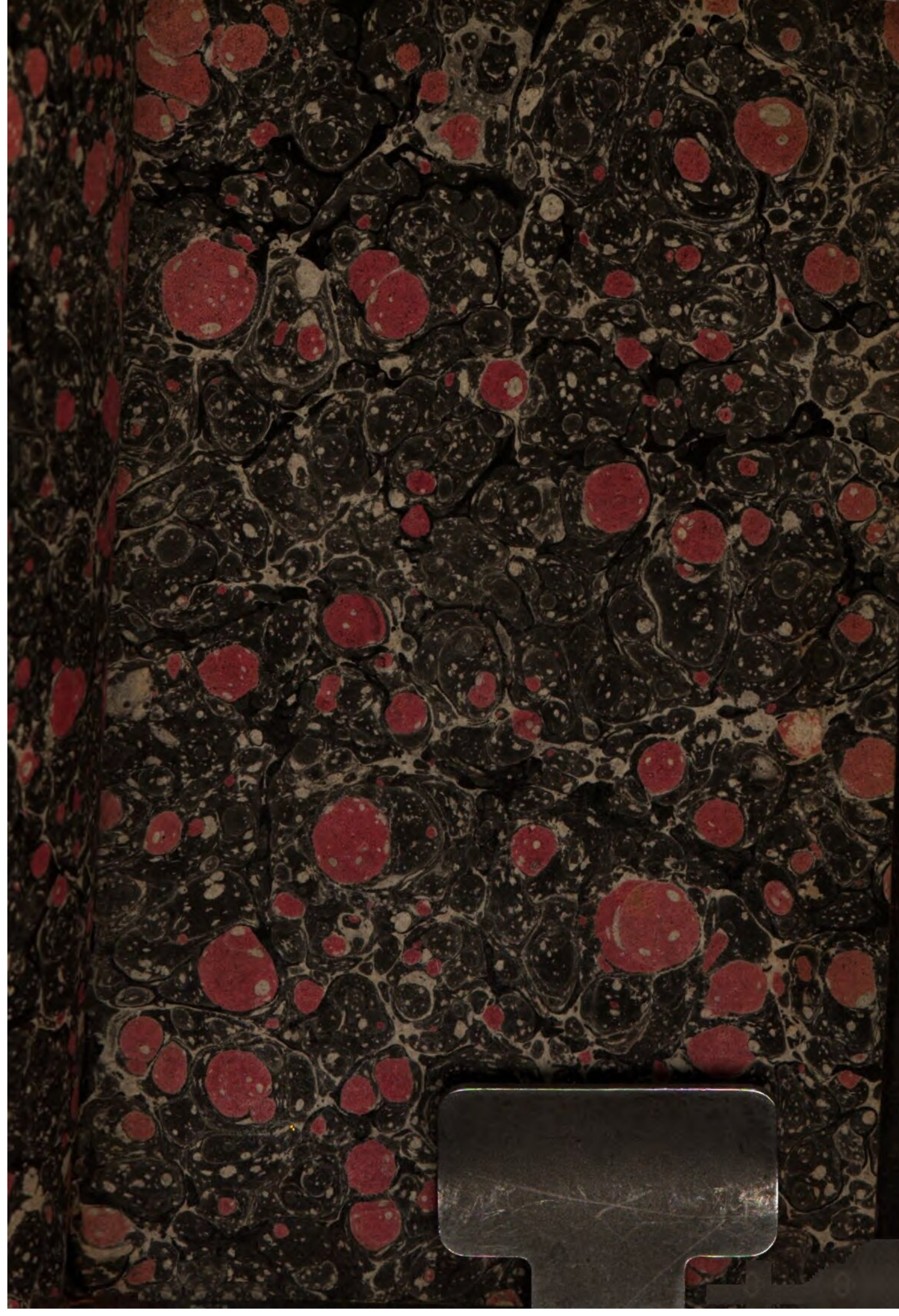
THE FOURTH VOLUME. 363

A Short Visit.	-	257
Enquiry after his Mistress. By Mr. Hor. Townshend.		258
The Praise of Pindar. From Horace, Book IV.		
Ode II. By Mr. Townshend.	-	260
The Voyage. By Dr. Samuel Woodford.		261
On Mrs. E. Montague's blushing in the Cross Bath. By Mr. Flatman.	-	272
Cerealia, by Mr. J. Philips; an Imitation of Milton.		274
Bachanalian Song. By Mr. Philips.	-	281
On a Lady's Picture. By Dr. Broome.	-	283
On the Birth-day of Mr. R. Trefusis. By the same.		287
To a Gentleman of Seventy, who married a Lady of Sixteen. By the same.	-	288
Epistle to Mr. B——. By Mr. F. Knapp.		289
Happiness of a Retired Life. By Mr. C. Dryden.		293
On the Toasts of the Hanover Club. By A. Philips.		296
Written at Hanover, upon the Marriage contracted, but not then consummated, between the Prin- cess Sophia and the Prince Royal of Prussia.		298
Epigram on Mrs. Tofts. By Mr. Pope.		299
To Sir Godfrey Kneller. By Mr. Pope.	-	300
Verfes to a Lady. By Mr. Hughes. With a Drawing of Cupid.	-	301
Ode to King William when in Ireland. By Dr. Swift.		303
Cantata. By Dr. Swift.	-	305
Epigram Extempore. By the same.	-	307
Fragments of a Rhapsody on the Art of Preaching. By Mr. C. Pitt.	-	307
Mr. C. Pitt's Invitation to the Right Hon. Geo. Doddington. In allusion to Horace, B. I. Ep. V.		310
		Mr.

To Mr. C. Pitt, on his having a Fit of the Gout.	311
Verfes by Mr. Pope to Mr. C. St. James's Place.	313
On the Church. From Dr. Z. Grey's MSS.	<i>ibid.</i>
Verfes by Lord Halifax. From the fame.	314
Song, by the Earl of Dorset.	<i>ib.</i>
To King James II. 1684-5. On the Death of King Charles II. By Mr. Stepney.	315
On Queen Caroline's re-builbing the Lodgings of the Black Prince and Henry V. at Queen's College Oxford. By Mr. Tickell.	316
Song, by the Earl of Gainſborough.	318
Stanzas to Lady Sunderland at Tunbridge-Wells, 1712. By Dr. Watts.	319
Description of Fame; in Imitation of Virgil, <i>Æn.</i> IV. By Mr. Milbourne.	320
Almahide, an Ode. By Lord Bolingbroke.	321
Prologue to <i>Altemira</i> . By the fame,	333
Prologue to <i>Heroick Love</i> . By the fame.	334
Epilogue to <i>Heroick Love</i> . By Mr. B. Higgons.	335
To a Lady, more cruel than fair, By Sir J. Vanbrugh.	337
Dialogue, from <i>The Relapſe</i> . By the fame.	341
Song, from <i>The Relapſe</i> . By the fame.	342
Fable, from Vanbugh's <i>Comedy of Æſop</i> .	344
Song, from <i>The Provoked Wife</i> . By the fame.	345
Dr. Woodford to Seth Bp. of Sarum.	246
Corrections and Additional Remarks.	347—350

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.





Nichols, John

A Collection of Poems With Notes, Biographical And Historical

Bd.: 4.

London (1780)

P.o.angl. 73-4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10745587-2